

Forty Cents

APRIL 8, 1966

# TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

# Is God Dead?

VOL. 87 NO. 14  
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



The front hall.  
One of the active rooms.

**The floors for  
the active rooms:  
Armstrong vinyl floors.**



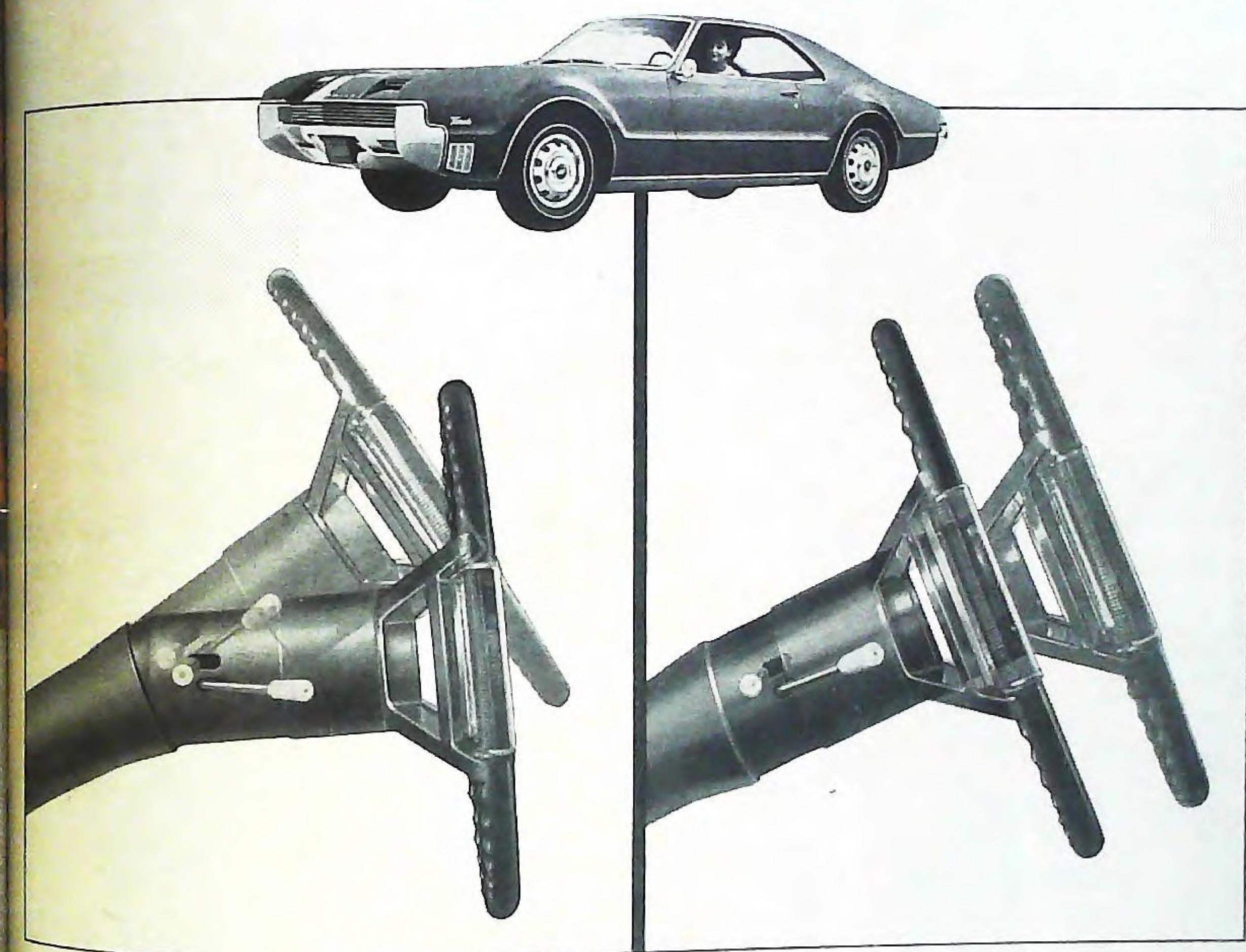
Busy all day long, your front hall must make a good first impression—time after time. Armstrong vinyl floors belong in your front hall and in all the other active rooms of your home. They add so much welcome, so little care.

**Armstrong**

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Oldsmobile?**



**Just a little pull!**

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And you get a good feeling, knowing that if your *Pussycat* has a breakdown, a VW dealer will fix it with the same parts and the same speed and the same prices

that a VW Sedan gets fix with.

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The Volkswagen  
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TIME, APRIL 8, 1966



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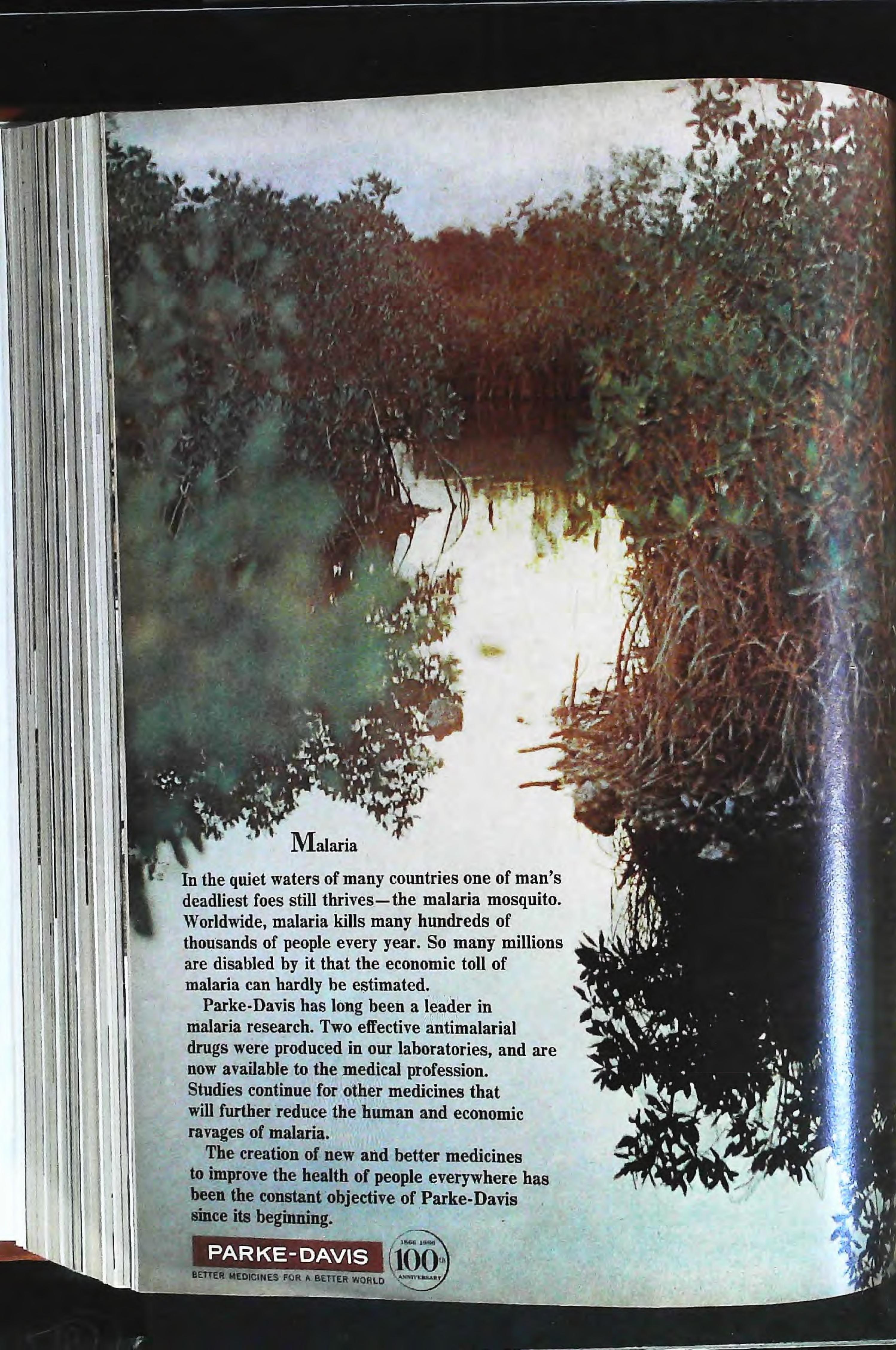
Here's a good example of why so many men ask for suits with "Dacron". The superbly cut chalk stripe of 55% Dacron\* polyester, 45% worsted wool is typical of the up-to-the-minute styling. And the light, luxurious fabric is tops for holding a press. Your favorite store has a great new selection of suits with "Dacron". Stop by and ask for one—and get the best of everything in your next suit.

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## TIME LISTINGS

### TELEVISION

Thursday, April 7

**HIGHLIGHTS OF THE 1966 RINGLING BROTHERS, BARNUM & BAILEY CIRCUS** (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.)\* Roy Rogers and Dale Evans are hosts for the 96th edition of the Greatest Show on Earth.

**REVOLUTION OF THE THREE R'S** (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). This special explores some of the innovations in school curriculum and teaching methods developed to correct the shortcomings of today's educational system.

Friday, April 8

**COURT MARTIAL** (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). Premiere. Joan Hackett guest-stars in the first episode of a series about two young lawyers assigned to the Judge Advocate General's office during World War II.

Saturday, April 9

**MASTERS GOLF TOURNAMENT** (CBS, 5-6 p.m.). The 30th annual tournament, with Jack Nicklaus defending his title against top U.S. and foreign professionals and amateurs.

**GOLF WITH SAM SNEAD** (NBC, 5:30-6 p.m.). Golf lesson for one and all.

Sunday, April 10

**MUSIC OF THE RESURRECTION** (NBC, 2-3 p.m.). An Easter special that will present music from the 5th century to the present, including works by Bach, Brahms, Poulenc and Tournemire.

**CBS SPORTS SPECTACULAR** (CBS, 2:30-4 p.m.). "The World Ski Flying Championships" from Planica, Yugoslavia, features ski jumping that is twice as high (over 400 feet) and twice as long as usual.

**THE TWENTIETH CENTURY** (CBS, 6:6:30 p.m.). "Jackpot in Libya" explores the ramifications of the oil strike in this desert country—2½ times the size of Texas.

**BELL TELEPHONE HOUR** (NBC, 6:30-7:30 p.m.). John Forsythe hosts a musical salute to spring, Passover and Easter. Guests include Richard Tucker, Gabriella Tucci, Nancy Ames, the Serendipity Singers and the Sholom Secunda Chorale.

Tuesday, April 12

**CBS REPORTS** (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). "The Other War in Viet Nam" will focus on Binh Dinh province, detailing the scope of the joint U.S. and South Vietnamese rural construction and development activities currently under way in key areas of South Viet Nam.

### On Broadway

**MARK TWAIN TONIGHT!** Hal Holbrook takes more than three hours putting on his Mark Twain makeup, but he has spent 13 years getting into Mark Twain's psyche. The result is a one-man show that is wise, warming and witty.

**WAIT A MINUTE!** Light of hand, light of heart and light of foot, this musical revue from South Africa is keenly aware of and distinctly amused by more magnetic centers of civilization.

**PHILADELPHIA, HERE I COME!** The immigrant is an archetypal role in American experience, and now from Dublin,

\* All times E.S.T.

TIME, APRIL 8, 1966

Playwright Brian Friel sends a reminder of the wrench at leaving the other side. As a double exposure of the young Irish hero, Donal Donnelly and Patrick Bedford do not miss a trick or a tear.

**SWEET CHARITY**. Gwen Verdon, danseuse distinguée of the U.S. musical stage, is fetchingly exuberant as a taxi dancer seeking a wagon for her unhitched star, Bob Fosse's choreography pumps vitality into Neil Simon's flabby book.

**INADMISSIBLE EVIDENCE**, by John Osborne, is one man's violent outburst at how he has marred his life and how life has maulled him. Poisoned arrows of wit and vituperation fill the air, and Nicol Williamson is an actor-archer with deadly aim.

**THE PERSECUTION AND ASSASSINATION OF MARAT AS PERFORMED BY THE INMATES OF THE ASYLUM OF CHARENTON UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE MARQUIS DE SADE**. While the lines of Peter Weiss's philosophical argument of the social revolutionary v. the anarchic egoist are a trifle jaded, the theatricality of his drama, as performed by the Royal Shakespeare Company under the direction of Peter Brook, is totally jarring.

**CACTUS FLOWER**. France is fertile soil for sex farces, and Director Abe Burrows has deftly pruned this recent sprout to make it thrive in the Broadway landscape. Lauren Bacall and Barry Nelson reap a rich harvest of giggles and guffaws.

### RECORDS

#### Jazz

**ORNETTE COLEMAN'S At the Golden Circle, Stockholm, Vol. 1** (Blue Note) is his first recording in three years, and shows the happy effects of his welcome in Sweden as a cultural force—the Willem de Kooning of jazz. Coleman has been such a successful musical iconoclast that his music no longer sounds far "outside," although his alto sax still skips and dips in a blithe, wild way. Here, it occasionally turns into a little tune and then suddenly wrenches free again. His string bass player, David Izenzon, provides a wonderfully eerie foggy bottom in *Dawn*.

**DENNY ZEITLIN** is both a pianist and an M.D. in psychiatric training who likes to analyze his music ("I attempted to build layer upon layer of tension to generate an organic shape"). In *Live at the Trident* (Columbia), he plays standards and some pieces of his own in a wide variety of moods and forms. Although he pays allegiance to Ornette Coleman as the most significant jazzman of the decade, Zeitlin himself plays it much safer and at times seems to be simply entertaining at the cocktail hour.

**LEE MORGAN**, a junior Dizzy Gillespie, last year unexpectedly found his jazz LP, *The Sidewinder*, winding its way well up the bestseller charts. Now comes *The Rumpole* (Blue Note), overflowing with Morgan's fluent and expressive trumpeting and some good tenor-sax playing by Joe Henderson. The title piece is a bit ponderous, with more rump than roll, but Morgan's composition *Echipo* is a humorous bit of hopscotch through calypso land, and *The Lady* is a dreamlike, moving ballad for Billie Holiday.

**HORACE SILVER** has led a successful quintet for ten years now, featuring his own melodic but hard-driving piano and

compositions both bright and silvery blue. The title piece of his *Cape Verdean Blues* (Blue Note) is a spunky bit of funk with a samba beat. In *Nutville, Bonita and Mo' Jo*, Veteran Trombonist J. J. Johnson adds a third horn to the trumpet and sax of the mellow, swinging combo.

**BILL EVANS**, who usually stresses simplicity, has surrounded himself with strings for some improvisations on Bach, Chopin, Scriabin and Granados (*Bill Evans Trio with Symphony Orchestra*, Verve). It is best, and easy, to forget that Bach had anything to do with the gentle, romantic schmalz called *Valse*, but this and the other adaptations are pleasant displays of Evans' skilled, introspective and sometimes sentimental piano playing.

**WES MONTGOMERY** keeps his guitar swinging (in *Naptown Blues*) and singing (in *End of a Love Affair*). He is backed by a highly charged battery of eight brasses and five woodwinds conducted by Arranger Oliver Nelson, who can be counted on for vigorous and arresting instrumental settings. The album: *Goin' Out of My Head* (Verve).

### CINEMA

**MORGAN** Two gifted young British actors, David Warner and Vanessa Redgrave, enliven a way-out comedy about an eccentric London painter who is destroyed by his love for his divorced wife, his mother, Karl Marx and King Kong.

**HARPER** As a private eye on a kidnapping case, Paul Newman bites off a chunk of the grand old Bogart tradition and spits it out in slick '60s style. Lauren Bacall, Arthur Hill, and Julie Harris help to complicate the plot.

**THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. MATTHEW**. The life of Christ in a fresh and fascinating film based wholly on Scripture and played like an act of faith by a non-professional cast under Director Pier Paolo Pasolini, an Italian Communist.

**OTHELLO** Sir Laurence Olivier, in sometimes distracting blackface, plays Shakespeare's Moor as a one-man show.

**DEAR JOHN** A sex-starved seagoing man (Jarl Kulle) spends a weekend with a waitress (Christina Schollin) whose attractions turn out to be more than sin-deep in Swedish Director Lars Magnus Lindgren's tender, funny and lusty study of a love match in the making.

**LOVING COUPLES** Another Swedish piece, this one contrived by Film Star turned Director Mai Zetterling. Anti-marriage, anti-sex, anti-men, *Couples* is a long lively closeup of three young women and the ne'er-do-wells they cannot say no to.

**SHAKESPEARE WALLAH** The sunset of colonialism in India colors a wry, wistful and poetic comedy by U.S. Director James Ivory, who delicately explores a love triangle composed of a young man (Shashi Kapoor), a native film star (Madhur Jaffrey), and an ingenue (Felicity Kendal), who are touring the provinces with an English Shakespeare troupe.

**THE GROUP** Under the expert tutelage of Director Sidney Lumet, eight captivating young actresses rediscover the Roosevelt era in an irresistible drama based on Mary McCarthy's bitchy, college-bred bestseller about what happened to Vassar's class of '33 after commencement day. Joan Hackett, Jessica Walter, Shirley Knight and Joanna Pettet are the most active alumnae.

**THE LAST CHAPTER** Quietly narrated by Theodore Bikel, this collection of rare film clips avoids the chamber-of-horrors

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It does it with a beam of light 100 million times brighter than a spot of equal size on the sun. Controlling this beam so that it would make a hole half the size of a human hair exactly where we wanted it took a lot of work. Particularly since an operator cannot directly watch the beam in action. (We

solved that problem with closed circuit television.)

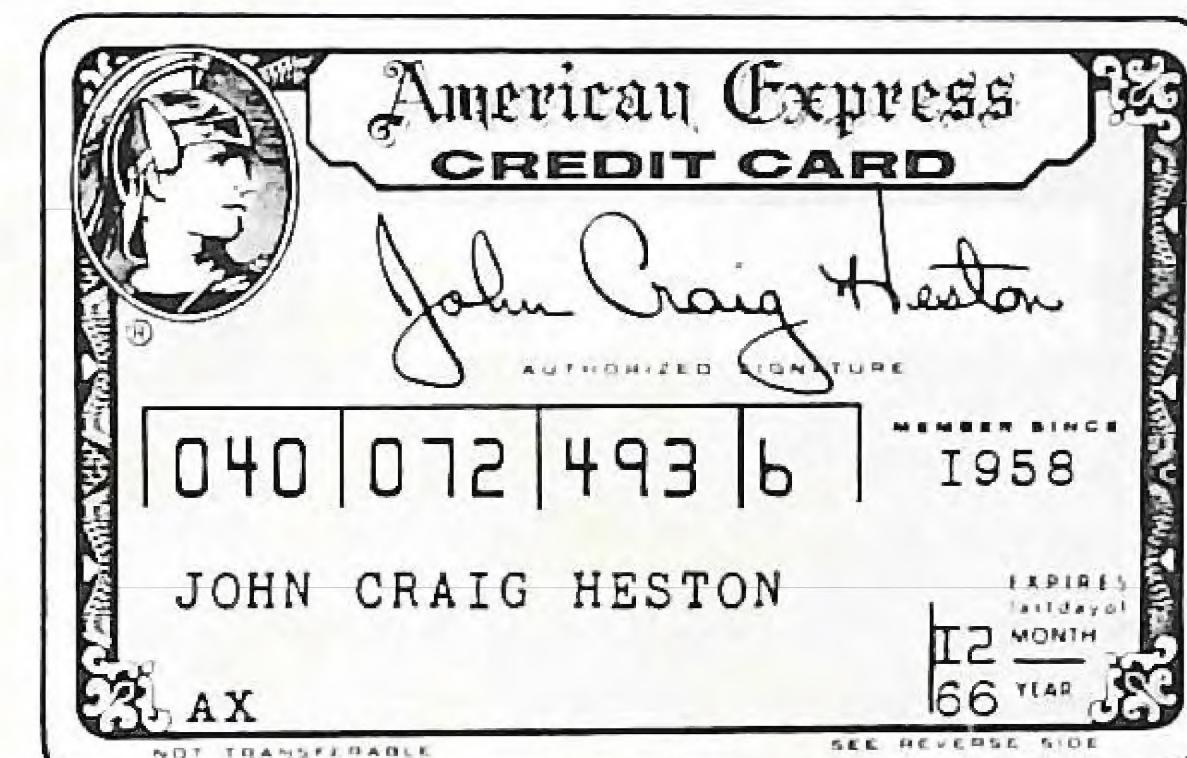
This use of the laser will help us save thousands of dollars this year, and more in the future, on wire and cable. But the laser holds the promise of significant savings in many other areas, too. And our engineers are hard at work converting that promise to reality.

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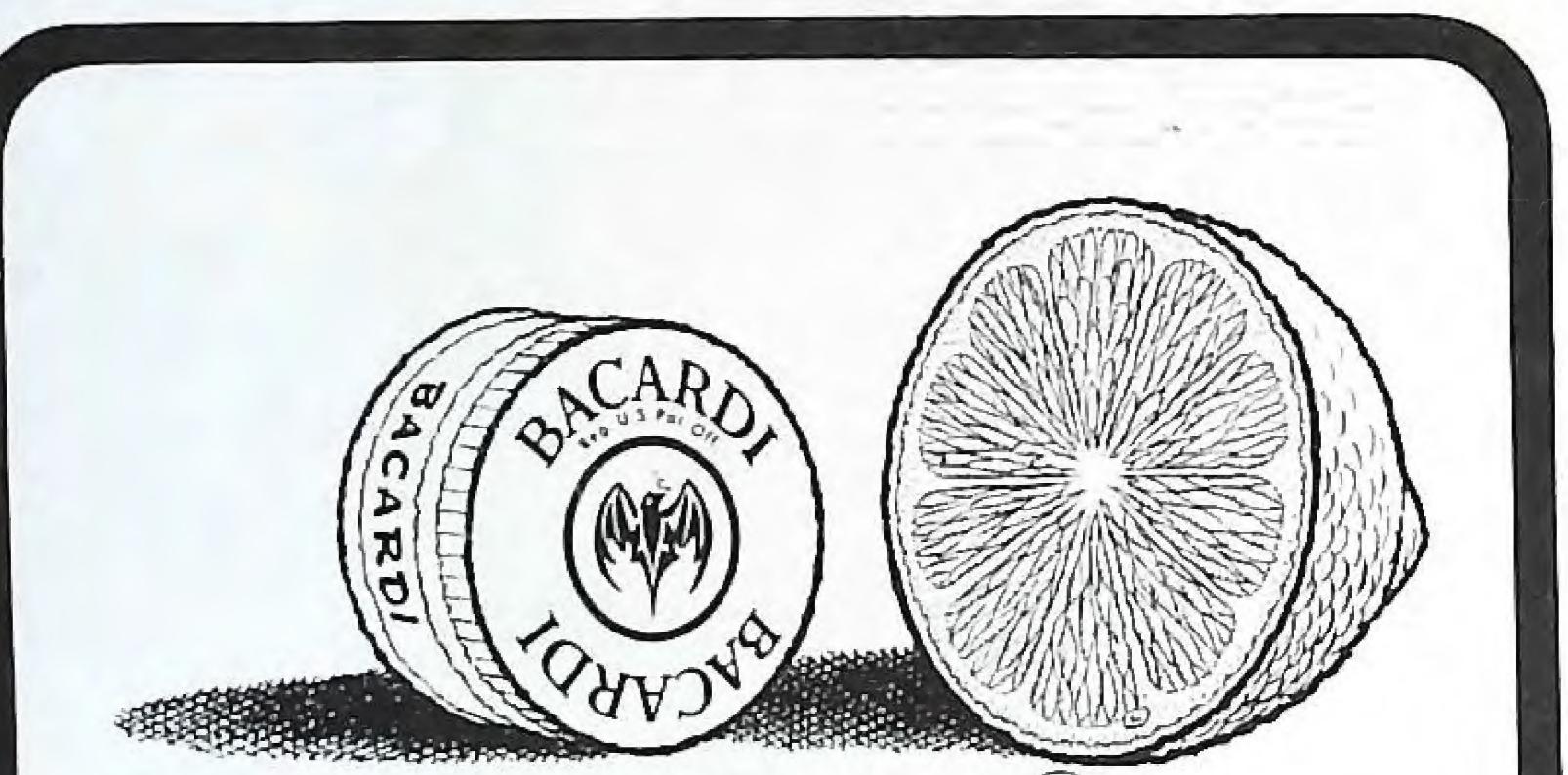
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## Royal Regiment by Max Factor



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approach in recalling the almost unbearably poignant history of Poland's Jews. **THE SHOP ON MAIN STREET** This *Once* drama hurls the question of universal *right* into a tranquil, Nazi-occupied Slovace village in 1942. The case concerns a little Aryan nobody (Josef Kroner) who is put in charge of the business, and the fate of a shiningly innocent old Jewish shopkeeper (Ida Kaminska).

## BOOKS

### Best Reading

**THE LAST BATTLE**, by Cornelius Ryan. With meticulous detail, Author Ryan (*The Longest Day*) paints an exciting, often terrifying account of the final death agonies of Berlin and Hitler's Third Reich during World War II.

**A GENEROUS MAN**, by Reynolds Price. The wild and wandering pursuit of an escaped python through a North Carolina pinewoods provides the epic setting for this perceptive, humorous novel of an adolescent boy's march into manhood.

**TOO FAR TO WALK**, by John Hersey. Though his fictional sense is slightly askew, Author Hersey's finely tuned portmortal ear is near perfect in this Faustian spoof about a morose sophomore who temporarily strikes a bargain with the Devil.

**THE DOUBLE IMAGE**, by Helen MacInnes. Another well-mannered and innocent hero, another band of dastardly international spies, and—presto!—Master Spy writer MacInnes produces another of his literate and first-rate suspense tales.

**GARIBALDI AND HIS ENEMIES**, by Christopher Hibbert. Author Hibbert has drawn a clear and coherent portrait of the red-shirted romantic who led Italy from anarchy to nationhood a century ago.

**THE SADDEST SUMMER OF SAMUEL S.** by J. P. Donleavy. A writer who can see the humor in human despair. Novelist Donleavy here disburses another慷慨的 portion of his inexhaustible wit in time about a man who embarks on a successful search for hopelessness.

**BRET HARTE**, by Richard O'Connor. Historian O'Connor does well with figures who never quite hit it big and Bret Harte never did: despite all he wrote, his literary crown rests on two stories and a bit of very bad verse.

### Best Sellers

#### FICTION

1. *The Source*, Michener (1 last week)
2. *The Double Image*, MacInnes (2)
3. *Valley of the Dolls*, St. John (3)
4. *The Embezzler*, Auchincloss (5)
5. *Those Who Love*, Stoule (4)
6. *The Billion Dollar Brain*, Deighton (8)
7. *Tell No Man*, St. John (7)
8. *The Comedians*, Greene (6)
9. *The Lockwood Concern*, O'Hara (6)
10. *The Adventurers*, Robbins

#### NONFICTION

1. *In Cold Blood*, Capote (1)
2. *The Last 100 Days*, Toland (3)
3. *The Proud Tower*, Tuchman (2)
4. *Games People Play*, Horne (2)
5. *The Last Battle*, Ryan (5)
6. *A Thousand Days*, Schlesinger (6)
7. *A Gift of Prophecy*, Montgomery (7)
8. *Kennedy*, Sorensen (8)
9. *The Penkovskiy Papers*, Penkovskiy (9)
10. *Yes I Can*, Davis and Boyd (10)

TIME, APRIL 12, 1968

**They said nothing useful could grow  
on these abandoned cotton fields**



**Then Weyerhaeuser turned them into thriving pine forests**



Mourning doves on a Weyerhaeuser southern pine tree farm.

Years ago cotton farmers gave up on lands like these and let the brush take over. For decades such areas lay idle and unproductive.

Foresters knew if the stubborn brush could be licked, the land would grow valuable pine forests for pulp and plywood.

Finally, a revolutionary brush-killing spray technique was developed. As the brush died off, life-giving sunlight came through. Then we went to work planting seedlings—55 million so far.

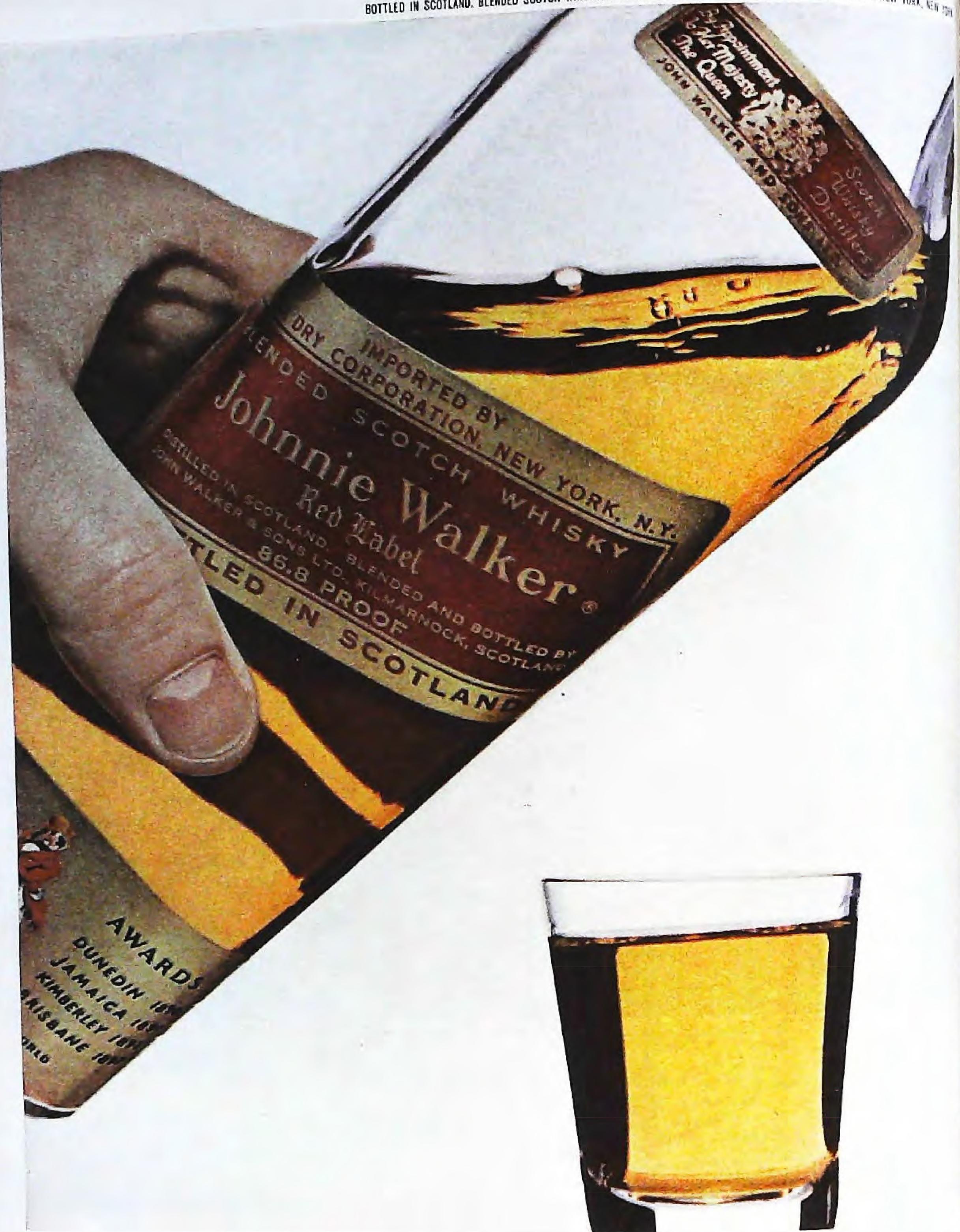
Today thousands of acres in Mississippi and Alabama have been put back to work growing trees. When these fast-growing pines are harvested, we'll start over with another planting. Again and again.

This is only one way Weyerhaeuser combines science, ingenuity and muscle to make sure America will have green and growing forests tomorrow—and still have the wood products we need today. Write for our free booklet, "Tree Farm to You," Box A-21, Tacoma, Washington 98401.



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## LETTERS

### Doing the Job

Sir: So educators complain they have too much responsibility over students' lives because grades are a factor in draft deferments [March 25]. Draft boards must decide which men to take. Army classification people must decide which men to train for combat, which for jobs behind the lines. The Pentagon must decide which units to send to Viet Nam, which to non-combat areas. Leaders in Viet Nam must decide which units to send into combat. The platoon leader must decide which squad to send on patrol. I don't think it's too much to ask the educator to do his job and grade his students according to their ability.

BILL SUNSTRUM

Oskaloosa, Iowa

Sir: I propose that each prospective college man be asked by the Government to sign a contract guaranteeing the student deferment for four years or until he got his degree, whichever came first. The student would also agree to serve in the armed forces for three years after graduation. His marital status would have no effect on the contract. If he dropped out of college, he would be classified 1-A. If he elected not to sign, he would go into the draft pool and take his chances with his less fortunate, less wealthy or less intelligent fellow citizens.

DAVID L. McDANIEL

Imperial Beach, Calif.

Sir: Richard Bereza's comment that people "who aren't quite as capable are better able to endure the boredom of military life" is an ignorant affront to U.S. armed forces. I doubt that Bereza would be alive to say this were it not for the professional military men who led our civilian soldiers with magnificent brilliance in World War II.

JOSEPH N. HOSTENY III  
Midshipman 2C, U.S.N.R.  
Marquette University  
Milwaukee

### Noblesse Oblige

Sir: My mother, two feet shorter than Wilt Chamberlain [April 1] and 40 years his senior, discovered that they lived at the same address when he permitted her to hold the front door open for himself and his dogs. Intrigued with this bit of noblesse oblige, I inquired if he had rewarded her in the customary fashion with "thank you." "I don't recall that he did," my mother replied. Only sportsmen will understand.

PHYLIS R. SUSSKIND  
(MRS. DAVID SUSSKIND)

New York City

### Looking at the Veep

Sir: I appreciate TIME's recognition of the vitality and skills of Vice President Humphrey [April 1]. A favorite teacher has become a favorite statesman. Thank heaven for his glands!

ALLEN DALE OLSON

Washington, D.C.

Sir: It's no use trying to build up Humphrey. He has let us liberals down; we won't forget it. He has sold out to expediency, tossed away his birthright for a mess of Administration pottage, even spews out the Viet Nam lump with a smile.

J. WILLIAMS

Newark

Sir: I was impressed by the cover picture of Humphrey. It's the first time I've seen him with his mouth shut.

(MRS.) CHARLOTTE MULFORD  
Monroe, Conn.

Sir: You quote me as comparing certain critics of Humphrey's Viet Nam position to John Birchers. The quote is accurate, but the category emerges indistinctly. When I used the term Birchers of the Left, I referred to those who, in apocalyptic frenzy, denounce all who disagree with them as immoral sell-outs. A number of fine liberals disagree with the Vice President's views on Viet Nam (and mine), but it would no more occur to them to accuse him of selling out than it would occur to me to call them comsymps or appeasers. What is characteristic of Birchers of all persuasions is their repudiation of the standards of civility that make meaningful discourse and serious argument possible.

JOHN P. ROCHE  
Professor of Politics

Brandeis University  
Waltham, Mass.

### Crosstown Competition

Sir: I read your fine Essay, "Why Cars Must—and Can—Be Made Safer" [April

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TIME, APRIL 8, 1966

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I] on the day we won Senate passage of a historic tire safety bill, I congratulate you for a thorough analysis of this emotion-filled issue without repeating the cliché that a safe car would look like a Sherman tank. There is an awakening interest in this issue in both houses of Congress. A number of us will continue fighting for safe cars; we appreciate your help.

**GAYLORD NELSON**  
U.S. Senator from Wisconsin  
Washington, D.C.

Sir: Though there is room for improvement in cars, there's not much that present models won't do in the hands of educated, courteous drivers on roads not cluttered with "booby traps," governed by horse-and-buggy regulations or filled with drivers in worn-out cars who consider driving a right rather than a privilege. The good Senator Ribicoff [March 25] should try a few laps in the Hartford cross-town competition some cold, rainy night—Sebring is safer!

**CHARLES B. CORT**  
West Hartford, Conn.

Sir: Perhaps Congress could embarrass the manufacturers into providing standard safety equipment by requiring them to label all new cars, "Caution: automobile driving may be hazardous to your health."

**MRS. CLARKE F. O'REILLY**  
Seattle

**Assassinating the Assassins**

Sir: I applaud David O. Merrick's stand on critics [March 25]. For years I have fought a one-man battle against these freeloading character assassins, though they have generally been good to me. It has always been a mystery to me why of all man's endeavors, only the creative arts should be constantly exposed to public and generally destructive criticism.

**FELIX DE COLA**  
Hollywood

**Catch It If You Can**

Sir: I have read TIME's Essay on the virtues of patience in America [March 25] with interest and concern. All too often is indecision, ignorance of a solution, or "letting the other guy do it" synonymous with patience. We have a plaque in the wardroom and on the bridge of U.S.S. *Krishna* with this inscription: "Impatience and sense of urgency tempered with realism can never lead to complacency." Impatience in today's world is a virtue, not a vice.

**EUGENE C. RUEFF**  
Lieut. Commander, U.S.N.  
Commanding Officer, U.S.S. *Krishna*  
Viet Nam

Sir: All things come to him who waits, as long as he does something while waiting.

**A. R. ESSER**  
Milwaukee

Sir: Our childhood family maxim: Patience is a virtue./Catch it if you can./Seldom in a woman,/NEVER in a man.  
(MRS.) EDNA VON HILLEBRANDT  
San Juan, P.R.

**Magnificent Unknowns**

Sir: The Connolly reading list [March 25] is hopelessly provincial. However you define modernism, it is an international phenomenon. Yet Connolly leaves out Ibsen and Strindberg, Nietzsche and Rilke,

Tolstoy and Chekhov, all of whom surely have "helped shape the contemporary mind" to a far greater degree than is Compton-Burnett or Henri Michaux. What about Marinetti and Cavafy and Karel Capek and Federico Garcia Lorca and other influential thinkers who did not happen to write in English or French?

**SIMON KARLINSKY**  
Associate Professor of Slavic  
Languages and Literatures  
University of California  
Berkeley

Sir: That Connolly excluded *Huckleberry Finn* and Henry Adams is justifiable: *de gustibus non est disputandum*. To exclude the major German, Russian and other European writers merely because, it appears, Connolly could not read them in the original is unpardonable. We might as well ignore the Bible because we cannot read it in the original Aramaic and Greek.

**J. C. VORVOREAN**

London

**Stamp for the Postcard**

Sir: Your "good things in small packages" analysis of the sale of the postage size Hubert Van Eyck oil [March 25, 1969], and mention of the advantages of the rare stamp [p. 88], made me check the value of the world's most valuable postage stamp, the British Guiana 1856. Last year this 1-sq.-in. stamp was displayed at Royal Festival Hall in London, insured for a healthy \$560,000—the portable rare-painting market still has some distance to go to catch up with the portable rare stamp.

**FRED S. JACOBY, M.D.**

New York City

**Cleverness or Craftsmanship?**

Sir: "A Peek at the Pros" [March 25] is entertaining, but it leaves a distinct impression of continuing legal education. Dean Shapiro's organization is one of 30 states, all sponsoring courses in which many of the nation's lawyers are. Those of us who know Shapiro well know a man who is not so much a P. T. Barnum as a dedicated, considerate, high-priced lawyer.

**EDWARD J. KLOSKY**

Institute on Continuing Education of the  
Illinois Bar  
Springfield, Ill.

Sir: Watching staged courtroom battles can be fun; Perry Mason has proved that. But it is doubtful if one learns much. What is usually carried away is the conviction that cleverness rather than craftsmanship wins the suit. If your son reflected the goings-on at Ann Arbor judges and professors who paraded should be required to write 100 pages.

**DID NOT THINK!**

**PAUL O. PRIEST**  
U.C.L.A.  
Bordeaux, France

**Tiffany's Hoving**

Sir: In your April 1 issue there is a damaging statement about me. You say that Maxey Jarman "lacked" me at Genesco Inc. There is no truth in this whatsoever. The facts are that Maxey Jarman's surprise, I resigned as director of Genesco and as president of Bonwit Teller in June 1960. I remained as chairman of Tiffany & Co. and as chairman of a group of associates, purchased it

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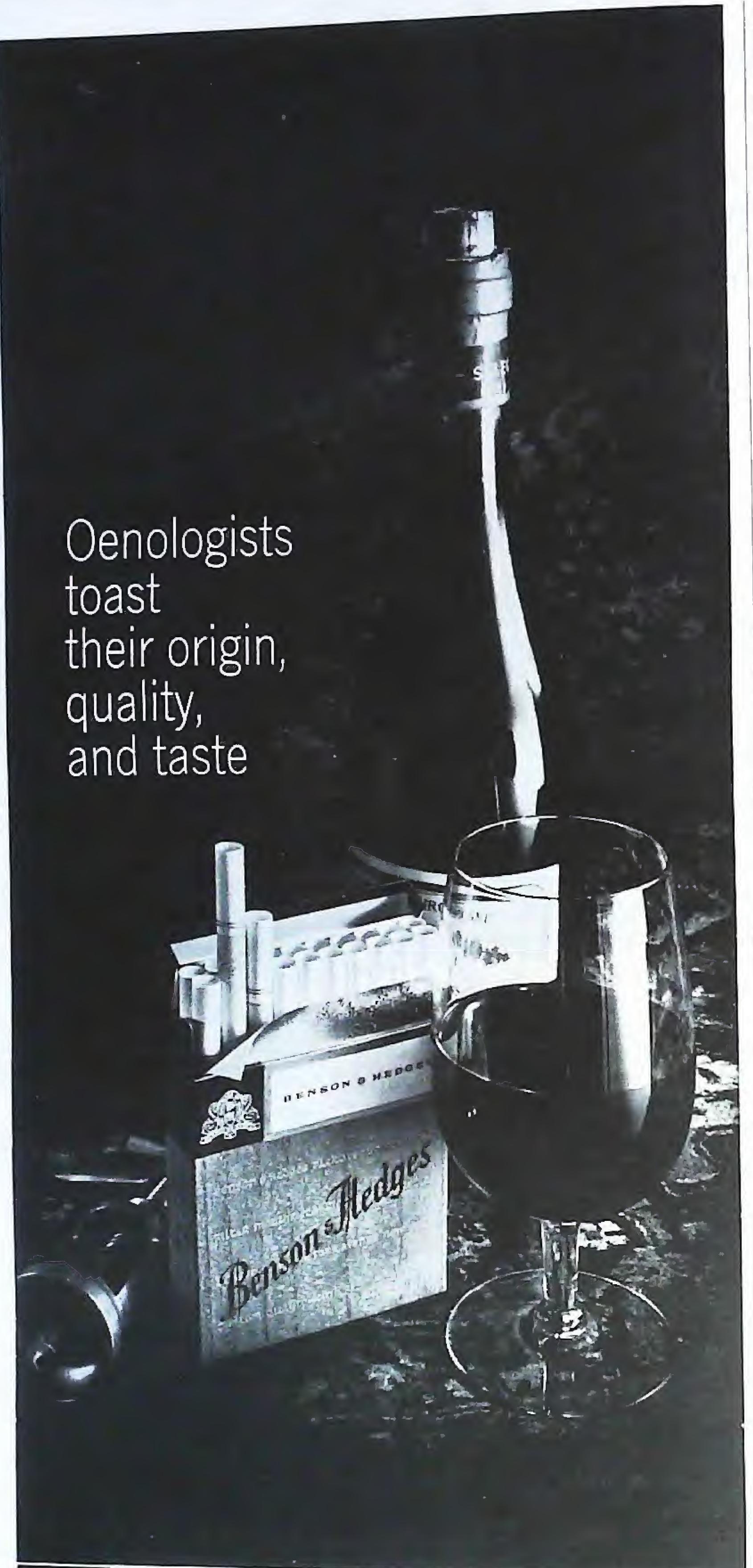
It is brilliant in performance and acceleration (although not more so than some domestic cars selling for \$500 to \$700 more).

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Genesco in October 1961. There is another inaccurate statement that may be just a typographical error. You say, "For at least six years Hoving has tried, failed, to take over Garfinckel & Co." It was Mr. Jarman who wanted Garfinckel's. I have never had the slightest interest in buying Garfinckel's.

New York City WALTER HOWING

► TIME is happy to have Tiffany Chisman Hoving clear up the record.

Sir: Regarding the article concerning Walter Hoving and me, this is a one-sided matter as far as I am concerned, as I have no fight with Hoving. A few years ago, he tried to back down on a agreement with me, and it took a long time to settle the matter in our favor. I admire Hoving's ability and wish his success in his business. I do not know his motives in opposing our offer to buy the stock of Julius Garfinckel & Co., Washington, D.C., at a higher price than stockholders have ever had a chance to receive before. But I presume he had some business reasons.

MANLEY JAMES  
New York City

### Question of Progress

Sir: Judge Heller, quoted in "Prisons" [March 25], might be surprised to learn that those "genuine subhumans" he refers to are regular humans. And his statement seems to imply that in the case of "genuine subhumans" we are justified in maintaining institutions "with few, if any, facilities for genuine treatment and rehabilitation of the mentally ill." The judge's attitudes, betrayed in remarks that at first sound like the product of an enlightened age, may indicate that we have not progressed so far in our conception of what constitutes mental illness as we like to think.

MAX J. HEINRICH  
Etna, N.Y.

## Fox on Guard

Sir: The "basic protection plan" advocated by Professors Keeton and O'Ceal for auto accident victims [March 15] would be as unworkable as letting a fox guard the henhouse. Every time bumpers touched, two motorists would rush to file a claim, the plan lacks a safety incentive. Incidentally, this "solution" dates back to at least 1910. It was outlined in a *Harvard Law Review* article, "A Compensation Plan For Highway Accident Claims" (1910, 148) by

**Automobile Legal Association**

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# TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

April 8, 1966 Vol. 87, No. 14

## THE NATION

### THE ECONOMY

#### The Virtues of Penny Pinching

It was Washington's No. 1 topic last week: overpowering talk of Viet Nam, Charles de Gaulle and the Sino-Soviet split. Lyndon Johnson, who had hoped that the subject might vanish of its own accord, now found himself devoting an extraordinary amount of time to talking and thinking about it. "I remember," he told a convention of municipal officials at the Washington Hilton Hotel, "when you couldn't walk into any hostess's home without them saying, 'What do you think about McCarthy?'" A month ago, it was "What do you think about the pause?" Now it is "What do you think about inflation?"

Inflation was certainly on almost everyone's mind. The housewife could see it on almost every price tag in the supermarket, the businessman in the price he pays for raw materials, the consumer in the rising cost of services. In fact, inflation is so much a topic of conversation that when Los Angeles Dodger Pitchers Sandy Koufax and Don Drysdale signed last week for a new joint contract totaling some \$240,000, it was widely—and wryly—noted that their raise exceeded the President's 3.2% anti-inflationary wage guidelines by quite a bit. The increase for the two amounted to about 70%, despite the fact that their 1965 productivity rose by only 32% (from 37 victories to 49).

Still, the very talk of inflation has itself been somewhat inflated. Though there are ample signs of danger, the U.S. is not yet suffering from the serious inflation that precedes, and frequently causes, severe economic trouble. Lyndon Johnson noted last week that, as far as he could tell, the economy was not "shooting off into outer space." It is to make sure that this does not happen that Johnson all week over telephone and microphone—exhorted everyone from housewife to Governor, head, to fight off inflation by clamping a tight rein on his

spending. "The amber light is on," he warned. "We must see that some restraint is applied."

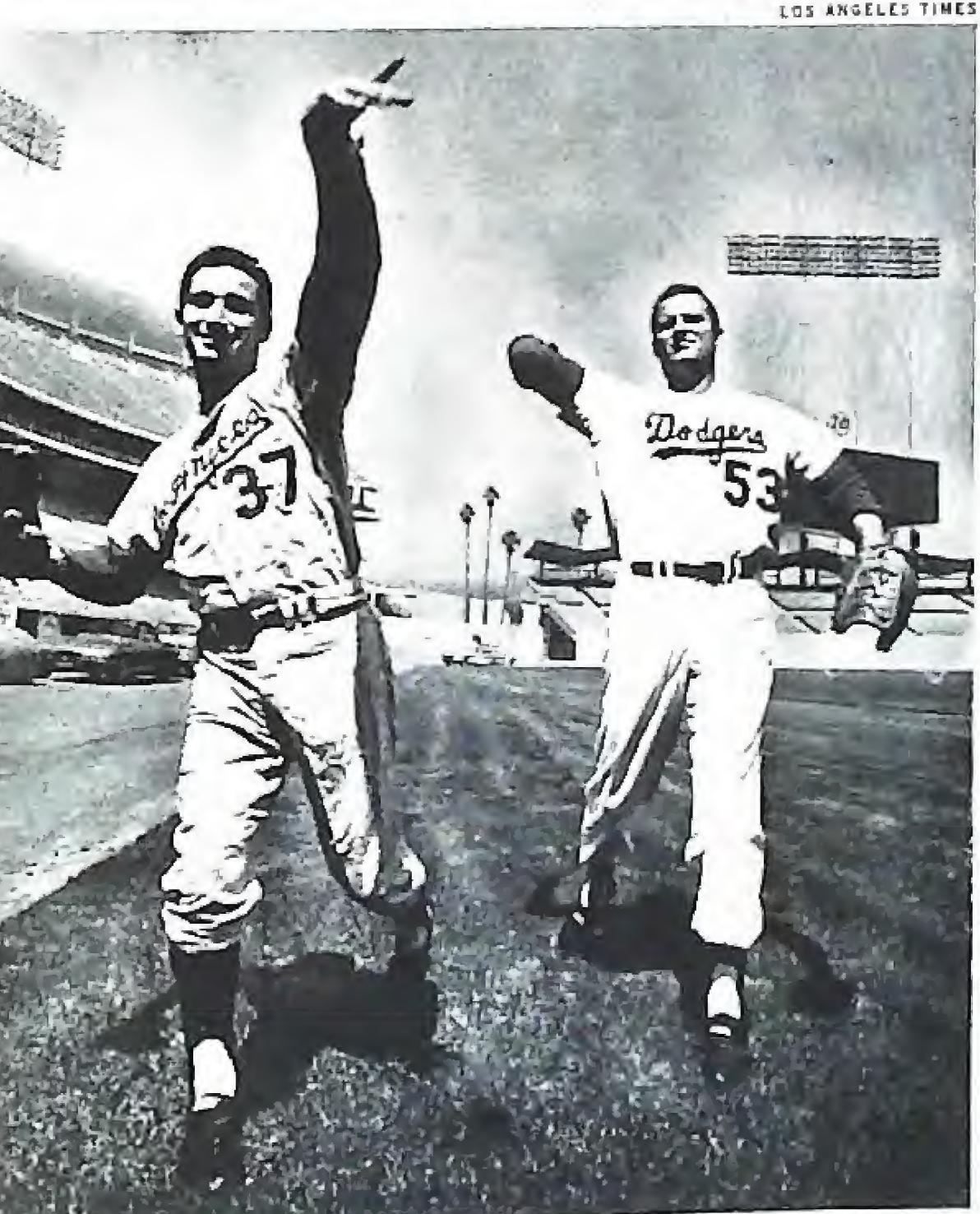
**Favorite Worry.** Only a few weeks ago, the President felt confident that inflation was not a serious worry. His top economic consultants advised him that the economy was not "full of helium," and businessmen in whom he places trust assured him that inflation was not a real threat. "The favorite American pastime is worry," Johnson told a group of White House fellows when the talk turned to inflation. "It's their favorite jag." But the light turned amber—and Johnson called for an application of the brakes—when he got a look last week at a fresh stream of statistics that showed that inflation, if nothing to get panicky about yet, is certainly something to be dealt with.

First off, the President discovered that retail sales for January hit an all-time high of \$25 billion despite assurances that he had received, on the basis of early data, that they had leveled off—an anti-inflation sign he publicly welcomed two weeks ago. Price rises were

announced for shoes, sheet glass, fertilizers and, despite Administration efforts to avert it, most cigarettes (a penny more a pack). Most worrisome of all was a half-percent rise in the crucial consumer price index for February, caused largely by spiraling meat, milk, poultry and vegetable costs. It was the largest increase for any February since 1951, and it came after several other monthly rises and on the heels of an even greater spurt in the monthly wholesale price index.

"Prices are moving up too fast to be comfortable," the President complained to a convention of mayors. "Increases at these rates cannot long be tolerated." The President then brought up a subject that has become just about the major source of speculation in Washington: the possibility of a tax increase. Despite widespread urgings by such economists as M.I.T.'s Paul Samuelson that taxes be hiked to head off inflation, Johnson has repeatedly said that he considers a tax hike a last resort and that he has not made up his mind to ask for one. If the price situation worsened, however, he noted last week, he would have little choice. While "I don't like to recommend a tax increase, I think that Congress would rather have a modest increase—5%, 6%, 7%, corporate and personal—then to see inflation and the value of the dollar go down."

**Miserly Mood.** Before he makes up his mind about a tax increase, the President seemed determined to talk the entire nation into a miserly mood in order to cool off the economic advance. Dining with some 200 businessmen at the White House, he asked: "How many of you would recommend tomorrow a tax increase for the purpose of restraining our economy? Those of you that would, I wish you would raise your right hand." Not a hand went up. In that case, said Johnson, he would expect them to defer, stretch out or abandon at least \$6 billion of a total of \$60 billion in planned capital expenditures. Several agreed to try. Campbell Soup President Wil-



KOUFAX & DRYSDALE AT DODGER STADIUM  
The amber light was definitely on.

liam B. Murphy ordered aides to cut back on all capital expenditures except those that are "absolutely required," and not to be outspent, H. J. Heinz Co. Board Chairman H. J. Heinz II ordered a similar review. Alcoa, Continental Oil and Reynolds Metals promised to try to trim their outlays.

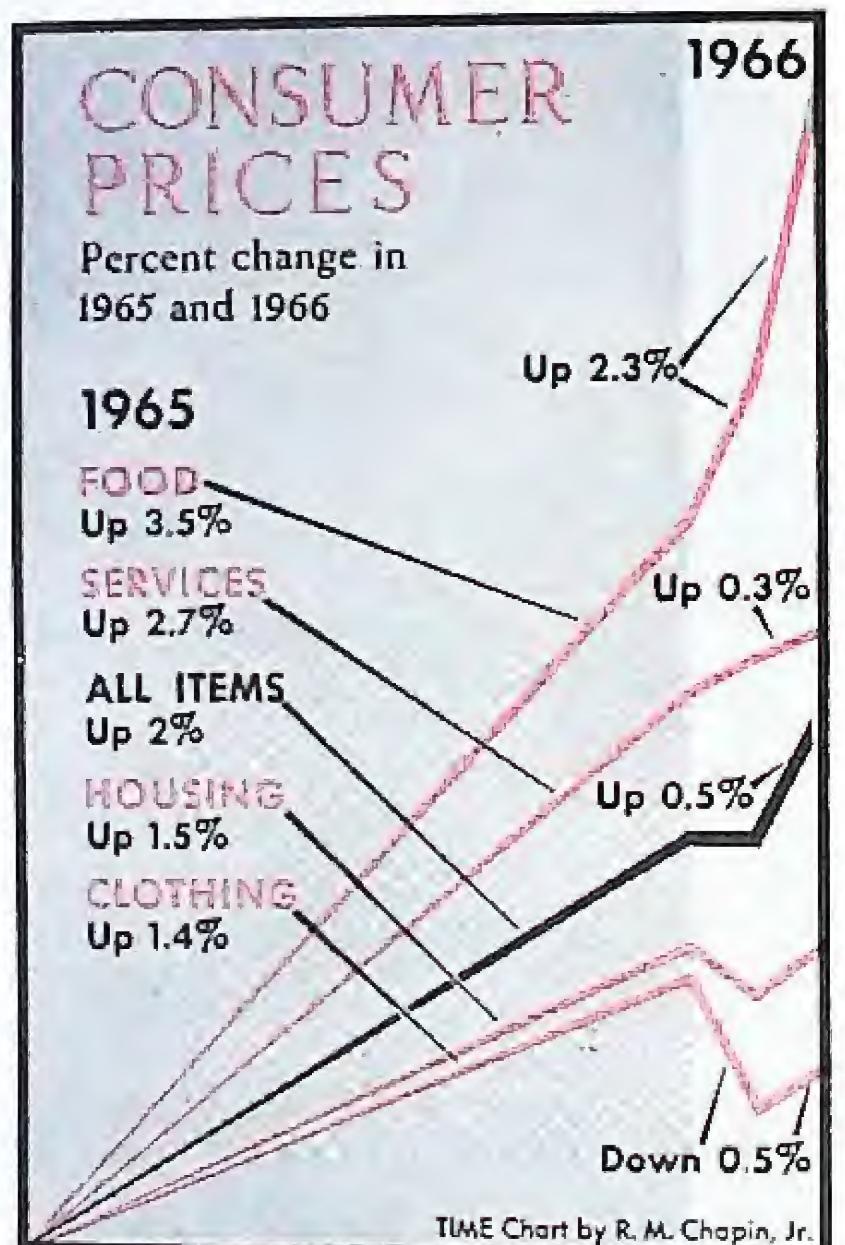
To show that his Administration was doing its share, Johnson asked his Cabinet to reduce spending by \$1.1 billion over the next three months in order to cut the budget deficit to \$5.3 billion. He asked the mayors to cut spending too. "The Federal Government is doing it," he said. "I have asked the Governors to do it. I have asked the businessmen, the private managers, to do it, and I am asking the mayors to do it." Very shortly, he added, he would ask "the leaders of the workingmen of this country"—most notably A.F.L.-C.I.O. President George Meany—to do it. And he wanted the ladies to get in on the act.

"I just wonder," said the President, "if the women of this country couldn't get out their lead pencils and put on their glasses and look at some of these price lists and say goodbye to those products that insist on going up and up. Just say, 'I don't have to have that. I will just substitute.'" The President had already revealed that he had asked Lady Bird to buy cheaper cuts of meat for the White House. Now he confessed that they had long been planning to add "two little rooms" to their house on the L.B.J. ranch. "But I asked Mrs. Johnson last night to defer those two rooms. That is a little thing, but if everybody does that, it won't get too tight, it won't heat up too much, the economy won't get out of our hands, and prices won't go up 5% in the next five months."

**Rifles v. Ruffles.** If the President's unorthodox strategies fail, stronger medicine may be in order—though probably not as strong as the dose that Lester Pearson's Liberals last week readied for Canada. To "pace the prosperity" there, the government hopes to raise income taxes 8%, cut back government construction 10% and levy a 5% tax on industry's cash profits, refundable with interest 18 to 36 months after payment. In the U.S., Johnson's Republican opposition insists that the most effective medicine would be a cut in domestic spending. Accordingly, when a \$2.5 billion money bill hit the House floor last week, G.O.P. Congressmen saw it as an issue of "guns v. butter," or as they now call it, "rifles v. ruffles." Since much of the money was earmarked for pensions and pay raises for Government employees and servicemen, the Republicans aimed instead at what they considered to be two Great Society ruffles: a \$12 million rent-subsidy program for the poor and a \$10 million Teachers Corps project for impoverished neighborhoods. During a seven-hour, bitterly partisan debate, the Republicans tried to strike out the rent-subsidy funds. But the Democratic leadership had done its work well. The at-

tempt failed narrowly, 198 to 190, with six Republicans helping to foil it. Later the entire bill passed by a comfortable 269-to-122 margin.

The Republicans obviously intend to make spending a major issue in this fall's campaign. If the Administration does not cut spending, says Minority Leader Gerald Ford, a tax hike is inevitable, and that "will hurt Democrats and help Republicans in November." Johnson is keenly aware of the issue's potency—and so far has handled it with considerable skill. Some Johnson buffs are convinced that he has intended all along to ask for a tax increase but has held off so as to get himself in the position of being urged to ask for one. If he feels it necessary to act, all the talk has so thoroughly prepared Americans for a tax increase that, according



to one poll, four of every five citizens fully expect one soon.

**Lucky Breaks?** Still, Johnson figures that with a couple of lucky breaks he might just manage to squeeze by without one. A tapering off in Viet Nam outlays would be one such break—though that depends, of course, on how the war goes in the next few months. Another would be a leveling off in wholesale and consumer prices. To a certain extent, that may already be happening. Last week Agriculture Secretary Orville Freeman noted that in the month and a half since the figures were compiled for the latest price indexes, the prices of several key foods have dropped; preliminary figures for the latest wholesale price index also turned down slightly.

For the time being, says the President, "I'm going to sit steady. We don't want to put both feet on the brakes and turn us into a skid that is a recession or depression." For that reason, the President's voice is likely to be heard often over the land in the coming weeks of spring, earnestly preaching the virtues of penny pinching

## THE PRESIDENCY

### Back to the Old Ways

Engrossed though he was with economy, the President somehow managed to be in on just about everything else in Washington last week. Since Lyndon Johnson has stayed more or less to himself in the White House, showing little of the freewheeling quality of his pre-operation days. Last week he seemed to break out and for the first time in months, become truly himself again—that is to say, elements energetic, maddeningly moody and utterly unpredictable.

Johnson set the tone for the week by dancing into the wee hours at Indian Prime Minister Indira Gandhi's state dinner in her honor at the White House. He signaled the scarlet-coated Marine Band to strike up *Hello, Dolly!* fox-trotted with more than a dozen partners. Despite the rule that nobody leaves a social event before the President does, only a handful of the 14 guests managed to outlast him. His Aides Marvin Watson and Jack Valenti, one of whom usually escorts the President to his White House bedroom at night, ducked out quietly while the boss danced on.

**"I Sat Trembling."** Ever since the President decided on the spur of the moment to drop in on the Gridiron Club dinner last month, Washington has quite known just where he will turn up next. He unexpectedly stayed for Mrs. Gandhi's black-tie dinner at the Indian embassy. Later in the week he popped over to a United Service Organizations dinner for Bob Hope at the Washington Hilton, presented the comedian with a plaque commanding him for his entertainment of U.S. servicemen. "It's nice to be here in Washington," said Hope, "or, as the Republicans call it, *Cap Runamuck*. It's nice to be here in this land." The President was equal to the occasion. Hope, he said, "is an old friend, who isn't, as far as I know—at least now—running for public office. And he is a frequent visitor to Viet Nam."

To join his staff as the \$30,000-a-year secretary to the Cabinet, Johnson named hard-driving Robert E. Kintner, 56, who just three months ago left his

All week, Johnson showed the old hunched-down, lapel-tugging virtuosity, his hands flying, his words pulsing, his fists mashing the air for emphasis, an unexpected and impromptu press conference after a Cabinet room ceremony, he twirled the *pix* for predicting trouble over a supplemental bill that had just passed easily. "That was a great issue, and you all had your backgrounds up on the future fall of the Johnsons," he said. "I sat trembling, waiting for the announcement of that roll call. He scowled at the reporters for swallowing a Washington Post report, apparently based on a tip from the State Department, that Ambassador John Johnson would be named Ambassador to Japan. 'I do not want my wife to be a

\$200,000-a-year job as president of the National Broadcasting Co. (after a well-muffled company dispute). Less surprisingly but no less provocatively, he named as a special presidential assistant Walt Whitman Rostow, 49, a Kennedy-picked M.I.T. economic history professor who served as a White House aide before but left in 1961 to become a State Department policy-maker because he did not get along with McGeorge Bundy.

When a reporter asked if it could be said that Rostow would be Bundy's successor, the President replied: "It could be, but that would be inaccurate. It would not be true. Most of the men play any position here, we hope." He added that Bundy's job has been split among White House Aides Robert Komer, Jack Valenti and Bill Moyers, and that Rostow would pick up some other pieces of it—"principally, but not necessarily exclusively, in the field of foreign policy, as well as special coordination of Latin American development." Rostow should feel at home: he has made several troubleshooting trips to Europe and Asia, helped to administer Latin American aid.

As for Kintner, a Johnson pal since the two first met in the early '30s while Kintner was a New York Herald Tribune reporter in Washington and Johnson was a young congressional secretary, even the President seemed a bit uncertain about where the gregarious ex-executive might wind up. There was a broad hint, though, that he just might be dealing with the press. "He will be at the service of the President, and if he needs to play first or second or third base, I hope he can do it," Johnson told reporters. "I don't want him to play any position too long because he gets too familiar with you, and familiarity breeds contempt."

## FOREIGN RELATIONS

### A New Bloom

Practically everywhere she went on her U.S. visit, Indian Prime Minister Indira Gandhi was smothered with roses, which are her symbol as well as her late father's. Lady Bird Johnson handed Mrs. Gandhi a dozen red American Beauties right after she disembarked from a helicopter on the White House lawn, later the Indian leader was variously presented with more red roses, yellow roses, artificial roses, an impressionistic painting of a rose and a gilded rose from Tiffany's. All of them could serve well to symbolize the result of her five-day visit: a new flowering in the relations between the world's two largest democracies.

President Johnson and Mrs. Gandhi, who had met before during the then Vice President's 1961 trip to India, hit it off well right from the start. Towering over the 5 ft. 2 in. visitor as they stood on the White House lawn, Johnson called for "that frankness and candor and detail that always mark conversa-



PRIME MINISTER & PRESIDENT  
Poised, proud and understanding.

tions between good friends." He got it "India and the U.S." replied Mrs. Gandhi, "cannot and should not take each other for granted or allow their relations to drift." Later she said of the President: "He goes right to the point without a lot of chitchat beforehand. I like that. I like to talk business first and then have the pleasantries later if there is any time for them."

**No Dancing.** Starting with an hour-and-a-half get-acquainted talk in the White House, Johnson and Mrs. Gandhi had several private chats about India's domestic problems, the threat of Communist China and the presence of the U.S. in Southeast Asia. But there was plenty of time for pleasantries too. The President flattered Mrs. Gandhi by walking her home to Blair House half a block away, that night at a dinner in the White House described her as "not only a woman with an understanding heart but also a leader with a sense of vision." Wearing a gold-embroidered purple sari, her toenails painted red, Mrs. Gandhi chatted *tête-à-tête* with the President before and after the meal, left as soon as Violinist Isaac Stern finished his performance and before the dancing began. Explained she: "My countrymen would not approve if they heard I had been dancing."

Next day, in a talk before the National Press Club, Mrs. Gandhi showed more sympathy for the U.S.'s plight in Viet Nam than any other Indian leader had ever done before. "The Americans are in a difficult situation, and I can understand their difficulties now," she said. "I have been in my talks with Mr. Johnson impressed by the sincerity of the President's desire for a peaceful settlement in that war-torn country." Later, in a joint communiqué, the President and Mrs. Gandhi agreed that there

should be a "just and peaceful solution of this problem" and that Red China's aggressive policies "pose a threat to peace, particularly in Asia." That night, calling at the Indian Embassy ostensibly to make a brief farewell visit, the President stayed so long talking with Mrs. Gandhi that he was finally invited to remain for the black-tie dinner. "I'm happy to be asked," said the business-suited Johnson, thus causing a protocol scramble and breaking his own practice of never accepting reciprocal invitations from state visitors.

**Warm Invitation.** Mrs. Gandhi left Washington with several specific aid promises from the U.S. To expand education in India, the President announced plans for an Indo-American Founda-

other. Mrs. Gandhi proved to be not only "a very proud, gracious and very able lady," as the President called her, but a fiercely independent ruler with a determination to equal his own. As if to illustrate that independence, she flew off from London in a Soviet plane to visit Russia's rulers in Moscow before returning to India.

### Underlining China

When the Fulbright hearings on Red China ended last week, they had produced little to cause the Administration to change its basic policy. Since Americans are more aware of and more interested in Europe, the sessions did perform a useful function in getting China into the headlines. Chairman J. William

implacable enmity and toward iniquitously more aggressive policies. Only one of them, however, felt that the U.S. should not be in Viet Nam at all and should let the Chinese reign in their own "sphere of influence." He was the University of Chicago's Hans Morgenthau, a long-term critic of U.S. Viet Nam policies, who declared last week that all of Asia is China's proper sphere and disdained military containment of the Chinese as a step that will lead "sooner or later to war."

Far from being wrong, testified Walter H. Judd, former Minnesota Republican Congressman, U.S. China policy since 1950 has been "hardheaded and realistic." Judd, a former medical missionary in China, insisted that a sober attitude would not only betray the Nationalist Chinese but destroy the faith of U.S. allies elsewhere. He caustically recalled that efforts to placate Japan in the late '30s "did not lead to peace, they led to Pearl Harbor," and snapped that many of the critics who preceded him were advocating that "same general approach to aggression in Asia today."

Though he is against isolating Red China and in favor of universal membership in the U.N., the University of California's Robert A. Scalapino rejected the arguments that the U.S. should not be fighting in Viet Nam. "By virtue of its strength and resources," he said, "the U.S. cannot escape from a powerful element of unilateralism." I see no point in naively or romantically railing against this fact." Nonetheless, he urged the Administration to "urge the Administration to live up to itself" "a broad range of policy to natives" in Southeast Asia. "If we continue to live by the all-or-nothing philosophy—either all in or all out—we cannot possibly sustain our values or our interests."

**Blunt Reply.** Even as the Singers finished their testimony, Red China leaders were making the whole seem slightly academic. Peking's official press voice, Jenmin Jih Pao, bluntly discarded a recent suggestion by President Johnson that the two countries exchange visits of newspapermen, scientists and scholars. Under the headline *OUTRAGED NEW CONSPIRACY*, the newspaper said the U.S. of "feigning innocence to prove Sino-U.S. relations to deserve public attention from its deployment for aggression against China."

### THE FIRST LADY

#### Home on the Range

Still carrying a slight cough from a two-day bout with viral laryngitis, Lyndon Johnson last week set out on her most ambitious sightseeing trip since becoming First Lady. It was, appropriately, east within the borders of Texas. In San Antonio, where the Johnsons were married in 1934, he turned on the new scenic lighting system for the San Antonio River, then headed down



INDIRA GANDHI RECEIVING AN IMPRESSIONISTIC ROSE AT LINCOLN CENTER\*

Illustrating independence on a Russian plane to Moscow.

tion, to be financed by \$300 million in rupees held by the U.S. in Indian Food for Peace payments. To alleviate India's food shortage, he proposed shipping an additional \$500 million worth of U.S. surplus commodities to India by year's end (\$500 million worth is already scheduled) and appealed to other nations to match the U.S. contribution.

Mrs. Gandhi extended a warm invitation to the President to visit India, then moved on to Manhattan for a brief stop before flying to London to see Prime Minister Wilson. She gave a poised speech before the New York Economic Club, inviting private enterprise to socialist-leaning India and maintaining that India's troubles, though serious, are not really as bad as they are sometimes portrayed. With foreign assistance, she said, "we shall tide over the famine without too great suffering."

**No Escape.** The main point made by the opponents of the Administration during the hearings was that the U.S. is ignoring the Chinese, driving them into

\* With (from left) William Schuman, president of the Center, Joel Hahn, the artist; New York's Mayor John Lindsay and John D. Rockefeller III, the Center's chairman.

illuminated water on a barge while crowds lined the banks and local songsters serenaded her from bridges and landings. Lady Bird cited San Antonio as a model for the beautification and preservation efforts of other American cities. "Here is a great example of what can be done," she said. "It says to every city—look around and find the individual charm, the bounty of nature, the heritage of the past with which to rebuild."

From San Antonio, Lady Bird and her entourage, 70 strong, flew to the desert mountain fastnesses of Big Bend National Park, where she was greeted by a crowd of 4,200, including, one local noted, "every living critter around here." So stark and jagged that astronauts have visited it to see what they will encounter on the moon—yet fiercely beautiful withal—Big Bend receives far fewer visitors than most other national parks, was thus a prime spot for one of the First Lady's See America First promotion trips.

With a doctor beside her to treat possible rattlesnake, tarantula or scorpion bites, Secret Service men and rangers nearby to fend away any stray panthers or bobcats (Big Bend counts 28 species of snakes and 60 different species of animal), Mrs. Johnson hiked up the Lost Mine Trail for a look across the Rio Grande. She ate dinner beside a campfire at sunset, listened to Western songs from local troupes and gene-tale tall tales by a folklorist imported from the University of Texas.

Big Bend had not seen such commotion since Pancho Villa tromped over the border in 1916, and it was hardly prepared for the crush. Extra telephone lines and fast-transmission Telex machines were jammed into ranger headquarters at Panther Junction to handle

press copy, and a car stood ready to rush outgoing material to the airstrip 120 miles away. For Lady Bird's five-hour raft journey through the wild gorges of the Rio Grande, rangers had floated box lunches, soft drinks and coffee, and portable toilets to the sand bar where the party was to stop for lunch. The river, which frequently falls so low that rafts cannot negotiate it, was also up to the occasion—a full 1 ft. 9 in.

### LABOR

#### Walking the Rails

The largest U.S. railway walkout since 1946 (when Harry Truman threatened to draft strikers) last week tied up passenger and freight trains in 38 states of locomotive firemen and engineers against eight major railroads, immediately stranding 32,000 commuters in Chicago, another 12,000 in Boston. Mail service was disrupted and transport problems forced manufacturers to cut back production. More than 200,000 workers found themselves on short schedules or off the job altogether. Ostensibly, the brotherhood was de-

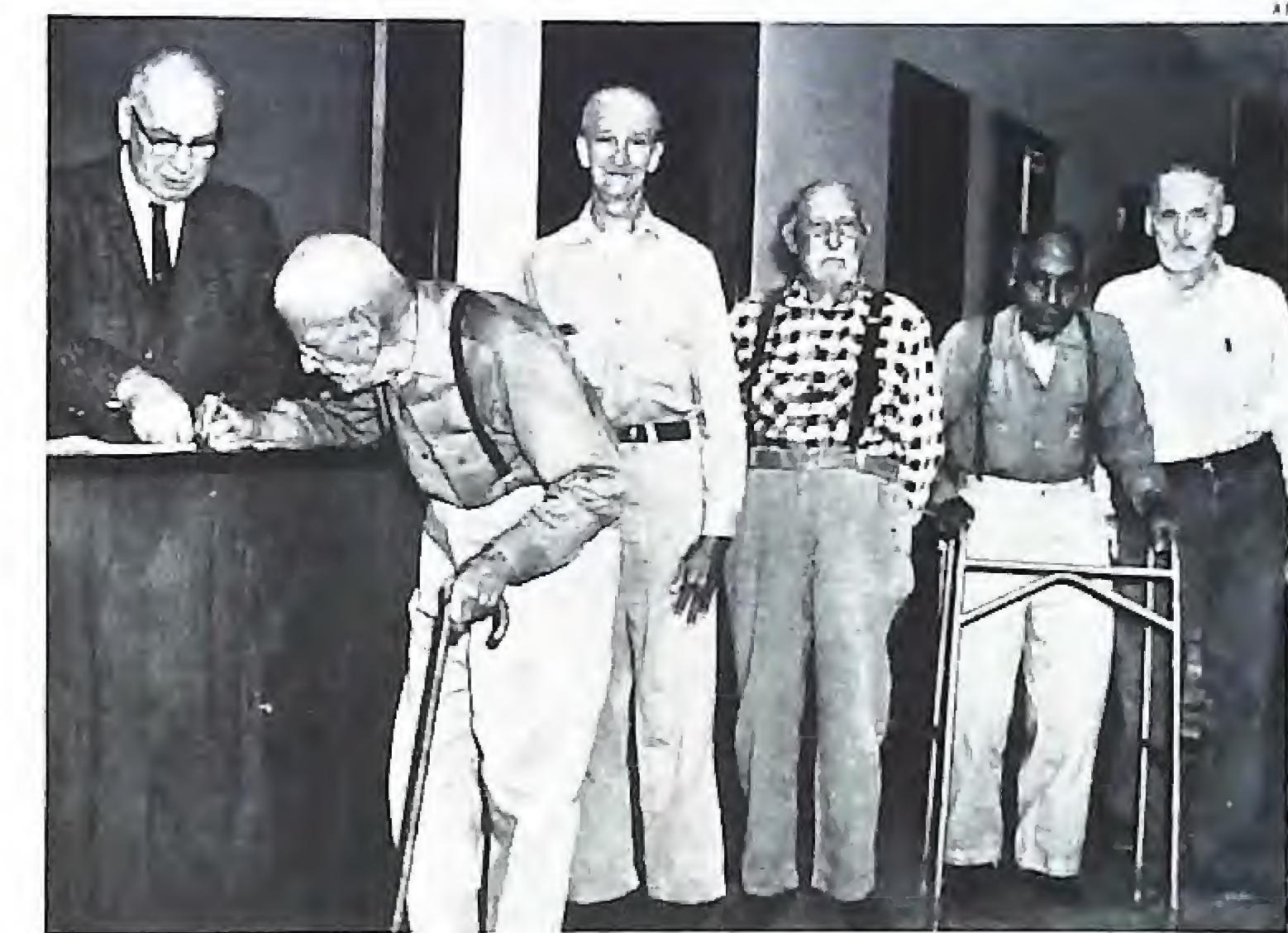
manding an apprenticeship program to train firemen for engineer positions. It was clear, however, that Brotherhood President H. E. (Ed) Gilbert was angling to recoup the power lost by his union in 1963 when Congress, to break a negotiations impasse over featherbedding, enacted the first peacetime compulsory-arbitration law. The arbitration board subsequently approved the elimination from yard and freight crews of nine out of every ten firemen jobs. At least 18,000 jobs have since vanished.

Reacting promptly to the walkout, Federal District Judge Alexander Holtzoff held that the union had failed to properly mediate its demands and ordered the strikers back to work. Instead of complying, Gilbert said that he would

Representatives is expected to go along.

Medicare benefits become available July 1 for virtually everyone over 65. Medicare Part 1, providing primarily for hospital expenses, is paid for by payroll deductions and provides automatic coverage for those in the Social Security and Railroad Retirement Systems. Medicare Part 2, which will pay most physicians' bills and other costs not defrayed by Part 1, is financed half by the Government and half by beneficiaries' contributions of \$3 a month. It was to get oldsters to sign up for this bargain that the Great Society waged its great sales campaign.

The drive, which began in September, at first proved a dud. By Dec. 31, only 8,000,000 had enrolled, and the



OLDSTERS SIGNING FOR MEDICARE BENEFITS IN INDIANA  
Until every sheep has heard the shepherd's horn.

call off the pickets only if management promised to bring neither damage nor contempt suits. Holtzoff held the brotherhood in contempt of court, as a starter fined it \$25,000 a day for the duration of the strike. This week, a court of appeals upheld Holtzoff's decision—and the union ordered its men back to work.

### THE ADMINISTRATION

#### Great Salesmanship

Having 90% of the people respond favorably to one of his proposals is not enough for Lyndon Johnson. Last week

as the deadline came for signing up for the full benefits of the new medicare program, one of the widest and most successful canvassing drives in history had enrolled all but 10% of the 19 million eligible. But if one sheep be lost, would not Lyndon Johnson leave the flock to go in search of it? At the very last minute, he asked Congress to extend the initial deadline for enrollment by two months, until May 31, thus rescuing those who had not signed up from being excluded from the plan until 1967. The Senate approved the proposal the very next day, and the House of

rate was a discouraging 120,000 a week. The Government reacted with follow-up mailings to those who had not responded to the first one, printed promotional pamphlets in 22 languages, retained a public relations firm and hired an additional 1,800 employees for the last weeks of the job. The Office of Economic Opportunity contributed \$2,000,000 and 8,000 workers. Using planes and dog sleds for transportation in remote areas of Alaska, and a horse to reach at least one Maine community, Government workers combed the cities and the countryside for subscribers.

By week's end, some 17 million people had been enrolled—including 500,000 who had at first turned down the initial mail solicitation. About 1,000,000 still declined and another 1,000,000 are uncommitted. Meanwhile, the President has turned to pushing yet another section of the Medicare Act, a federal-state program to give medical assistance to the poor, with emphasis on children, that requires states rather than individuals to sign up. "The world's wealthiest nation," said Johnson in formally beginning the campaign, "must also be the world's healthiest."

## PROTEST

### The Wrong Place

The handful of youngsters who actively oppose the nation's draft seem intent on making a public display of their protest. So far, the public has been remarkably forbearing of their demonstrations, but last week the Vietnamese picked the wrong place to stage a protest: South Boston. There, the predominantly Irish inhabitants not only retain a good bit of the rough and tumble of their immigrant ancestors but take most unkindly to unpatriotic displays. Trouble was in the air as eleven Viet Nam demonstrators reached the steps of the South Boston courthouse, where two of them calmly burned their draft cards and two others put the torch to their draft-reclassification notices.

Though the burnings had been announced in advance, no uniformed police were present. But a crowd of 150 high school students were on hand for the show—and they did not like what they saw. "Kill them! Shoot them! Commie!" cried the gang. They surged forward, knocking some of the demonstrators to the ground and slugging and kicking them until the cops finally arrived to rescue them. Said a veteran police captain: "Anyone foolish enough to commit such an unpatriotic gesture in South Boston can only expect what these people got." Later, in court to face charges stemming from an earlier sit-in at the Boston Army Base, the protesters were found guilty of loitering. Nine of them began serving jail sentences rather than pay \$20 fines; the other two plan appeals.

When it comes to outright draft dodging, as opposed to demonstrations, the authorities have little patience. In Hartford, Conn., Bookseller David Mitchell, 23, who had refused to report for induction and declared the U.S. "morally bankrupt and criminally liable" in Viet

Nam, was given the maximum prison sentence of five years for draft evasion. In a New York City crackdown, 38 men, including several fathers and their draft-age sons, were indicted for participating in one of the biggest draft-dodging schemes ever. They had allegedly bought stolen Defense Department documents for as much as \$5,000 each, falsified them to satisfy draft boards that the youths belonged to reserve units and thus were ineligible for induction.

## CIVIL RIGHTS

### Toward Outlawing Murder

In the inexorable tide of new rights bills that has flowed from an increasingly enlightened Congress in the past decade, there has remained one area of ironic negligence: the lack of strong federal laws against racial murder. Given the intransigence of many Southern juries, often nothing more than a fuzzy, fragile bit of Reconstruction legislation stands between segregationist killers and total freedom. Last week the U.S. Supreme Court moved to sharpen the focus—and the teeth—of those 19th century laws in decisions that dealt with two of the South's most wanton racist slayings: the June 1964 murder of three civil rights workers near Philadelphia, Miss., and the shotgun killing along a Georgia highway three weeks later of Lemuel Penn, a Washington Negro educator. In both cases, the court reversed rulings by Southern federal-court judges and opened the way for further Justice Department prosecutions.

**"Color of Law."** In the Philadelphia triple killing, the state of Mississippi refused to bring murder charges against 18 suspects, including Neshoba County Sheriff Lawrence Rainey, Deputy Sheriff Cecil Price and Philadelphia Cop Richard Willis. Because murder is not a federal offense except when it occurs on U.S.-owned property, Government attorneys prosecuted the 18 on fed-

eral charges growing out of an 1875 law. The Government accusations were based on two parts of the law. Section 241 makes it a crime punishable by 10 years in prison and a \$5,000 fine for "two or more persons to conspire to injure, oppress, threaten or intimidate any citizen in the free exercise or enjoyment of any right or privilege secured to him by the Constitution or laws of the U.S." Section 242 prohibits people from acting "under color of any law" to deprive anyone of his federal rights, an offense punishable by one year in prison and a \$1,000 fine.

The case came up in Jackson, Miss., in February 1965 before Federal District Judge William Harold Cox. He threw out the indictments under Section 241 on grounds that murder, even if it did involve civil rights, was not within federal jurisdiction. Cox allowed to stand against Rainey, Price and Willis only the charges under Section 242, reasoning that as law officers they were the only suspects actually operating under "the color of law" when the crime was committed.

In a blunt and unanimous reversal of Cox, written by Justice Abe Fortas, the Supreme Court ruled that the suspects must be tried under both sections. Private persons, jointly engaged with state officials in the prohibited action, are acting "under color of law," said Fortas. As for the more punitive Section 241, "Its language embraces all of the rights and privileges secured to citizens by all of the Constitution and all of the law of the U.S." Thus Rainey, Price and Willis must face trial again.

**Persons & Commodities.** In the Georgia slaying, Penn, a Negro who directed vocational schools in the District of Columbia, was gunned down while traveling to Washington after a two-week Army Reserve stint at Fort Benning, Ga. A pair of admirals, Klipsch and Joseph H. Sims, and Civil W. McRae, were charged with the killing and accused of murder in a state court. Federal attorneys subsequently accused them of violating Section 241, but like Mississippi's Cox, Federal District Judge W. W. Cox, Jr., dismissed the charges.

The Supreme Court sent the case back to Bootle's court for trial. The majority opinion, written by Justice Potter Stewart, pointed out that the constitutional right to travel from one state to another occupies a position fundamental to the concept of our Federal Union. He wrote: "If one comes to protect persons, as the dominant purpose of a plot is to do, not merely to travel, 'then, whether by racial discrimination or the like, becomes a proper object of the criminal law.'"

**Knights & Shotguns** Armed and encouraged by the court's rulings, Justice Department officials convened to prosecute under federal laws such as the Civil Rights Act of 1964, which authorizes the Secretary of Commerce to set minimum

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sidewalk slaying of the Rev. James Reeb in Selma, the Birmingham church bombing in which four Negro girls died and the killing of Seminarian Jonathan Daniels in Hayneville, Ala. Indeed, FBI agents last week wound up an intense 76-day investigation in Mississippi with the arrest of 14 White Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, who were indicted under Section 241 and the 1965 Voting Rights Act in connection with the Jan. 10 fire-bomb attack on the Hattiesburg home of Vernon Dahmer, 58, a Negro who had been president of the local NAACP in 1964. When Dahmer tried to flee his blazing house, he was forced back into the flames by a fusillade of shotgun blasts, later died of his burns. Shocked Mississippi law-enforcement authorities cooperated fully with the FBI in an investigation.

Although a Mississippi murder charge will more than likely be forthcoming in this case, it is clear that the Federal Government needs a strong law to deal with Southern segregationists' violence. In its decision last week, the Supreme Court made it clear that such legislation is not only necessary but welcome. Six of the court's nine justices agreed in principle with Justice Tom Clark that Congress does have the power to "enact laws punishing all conspiracies—with or without state action—that interfere with 14th Amendment rights."

## HIGHWAYS

### Steps Toward Safety

Auto safety has become such an urgent and popular issue (TIME Essay, April 1), particularly in Washington, that hardly a week passes without some action on several fronts:

In hearings before the Senate Commerce Committee, New York's Senator Robert F. Kennedy echoed earlier pleas that the Administration strengthen its pending safety legislation and push up the deadline by which manufacturers would have to meet safety standards from the 1970 to the 1968 models. A persistent critic of Detroit's safety record, Kennedy pointed out that astronauts and test pilots undergo much greater shocks than do people in many auto accidents—and survive. He asked the Government to force automakers to do something about protecting passengers from the "second collision" when they slam into a car's interior. "Our automobiles," he said, "are simply designed to protect the passengers under these shocks." When military commanders want money to improve safety at airbases, added Kennedy, they place the boots of dead pilots on the conference table before them. The past and future—are on the table before us. It is time to act."

The Senate passed, 79 to 0, an Administration measure authorizing the Secretary of Commerce to set minimum



SENATOR KENNEDY



"Why does baloney reject the grinder?"

standards for tires, effective in August 1967. The bill would give the Secretary authority to force Detroit to equip its new cars with stronger load-bearing tires and to bar from the road so-called "cheapies," the substandard tires with fancy names that have an unfortunate history of blowouts.

The Department of Health, Education, and Welfare told manufacturers that, effective with 1968 models, all cars sold in the U.S. must be equipped with devices that will curb exhaust fumes, which pollute the air in almost every major U.S. city and are potentially a major killer. HEW hopes that its new regulations, which will cut out about half of the carbon monoxide and hydrocarbon pollutants, will clear the air somewhat by the end of the decade, as new cars replace older smoky models.

To focus legislative attention on the chief causes of accidents, about which auto experts have little precise data, the Cornell Aeronautical Laboratory announced that it will conduct a three-year study of accidents in Buffalo, N.Y. Said Dr. B. J. Campbell, head of the laboratory's accident research division: "We don't want to make a massive allocation of the country's resources to combat an accident cause that maybe ranks only 87th among causes." The study will be financed with \$800,000 from the Automobile Manufacturers Association.

## POLITICS

### The Bill & Bobby Show

Robert F. Kennedy and William F. Buckley Jr. have much in common. They are both young, attractive, wealthy, Roman Catholic, of Irish descent and Ivy League background. Both married daughters of wealthy families and chose to spend their lives in politics (and related professions) rather than in merely enlarging the fortunes their industrious fathers gave them. Both are aggressive combatants.

There the similarities end. Senator

Kennedy is a liberal Democrat who is pitching his woe farther left. *National Review* Editor Buckley, who last year ran unsuccessfully for mayor of New York, wants to make the Republican Party more conservative. With both now calling New York home base, conflict is inevitable. "We will soon have a vendetta going," Buckley said happily last week.

Kennedy declined to debate Buckley last fall on the grounds that he was not a candidate in the municipal election. Now Buckley is starting a television series matching himself against liberal sparring partners. He invited Kennedy to appear on the first show, scheduled to be broadcast this week, offering him 1) a choice of time because the program is taped, 2) a \$500 honorarium and 3) a role in planning the format. Kennedy had an aide send terse regrets. As to why Kennedy refused, Buckley explains: "Why does baloney reject the grinder?"

Buckley, whose forte is devastating repartee delivered in a droll drawl, intends to conduct a debate with or without Kennedy. Indeed, he keeps writing about Kennedy in his column, "On the Right," carried in 148 papers. Last week he had a piece titled "The Inevitability of Bobby Kennedy," which reported with some humor and without alarm that Bobby is headed for higher things.

"He is indestructible," wrote Buckley. "He can say silly things, as he did all over Latin America, and somehow, not be taken as silly. He can say outrageous things, as for instance that he would not object to American blood flowing into Viet Cong veins, and when the public winces, he will issue a torrent of explanations and modifications which are gratefully and instantly accepted, and emerge as the forward-looking thinker. He can back the machine and somehow escape the normal consequences. It is, so far, a winning combination."

With praise like that, does Bobby need enemies?





# THE WORLD

## GREAT BRITAIN

### The Labor Sweep

Seldom had so smashing a victory come out of so dull and humdrum a campaign. For three weeks, Britons had barely suppressed yawns as the Conservatives and Laborites exchanged salvos of slogans. Searching for an issue, the Tories attacked Labor for not being eager enough to join the Common Market, for rising prices, for trade-union strong-arm methods, and for just about everything else untoward that has happened in the British Isles for the past 17 months. The Laborites shucked off the attacks, arguing that they had done

party workers at Labor clubhouses swilled beer and danced with joy as one red pin after another replaced blue ones on election maps, indicating that yet another Tory constituency had fallen to Wilson. At the final count, Labor won 363 seats v. the Tories' 253. The Liberals picked up two seats for a total of twelve. It was Labor's best showing—and the Tories' worst—since 1945, and it gave Wilson an absolute majority of 97 seats in the House. Cried he: "This has been a great victory."

Wilson carried his own constituency of Huyton, a working-class suburb of Liverpool, by 20,940 votes. Of all the Labor victories, the happiest belonged

HENRY GROSSMAN



WILSON RETURNING VICTORIOUS FROM LIVERPOOL  
Markedly different from the hot eyes of 1945.

their best, considering the mess that they had inherited after 13 years of "Tory drift and indecision."

British voters were plainly uninterested in such issues. Hence the campaign centered on personalities: Labor's Harold Wilson against the Conservatives' Ted Heath. The odds were on Wilson. Gone was the reputation as a slippery opportunist that had hurt him in the 1964 election. Instead, though operating with a bare three-seat majority, Wilson had proved to be an able statesman who could handle his own left wing, was not afraid to slap down raise-happy trade unions. In Parliament his acerbic wit and quick thrusts had continually kept the Opposition off-balance. Heath had no such advantages. He had taken over a badly divided party only eight months ago, and not entirely succeeded in closing the rifts. As a leader, he did not begin to shed his image of aloofness until the last ten days of the campaign. By then it was too late.

**Happiest Victory.** All the polls had predicted a Wilson sweep. On election night, the very first returns indicated that they might be right. The next reports confirmed it. All across Britain,

to Patrick Gordon Walker, whom Wilson had appointed Foreign Secretary in his first Cabinet. But Gordon Walker lost in 1964 in a campaign marred by racism in the Midland town of Smethwick, then lost a "safe" by-election at Leyton last year and had to step down. This time Gordon Walker won Leyton handily, will probably be rewarded with a Cabinet post—perhaps as the minister to explore the possibilities of Britain's entry into the Common Market.

**Dangers of Defeat.** While losing 51 seats, the Conservatives took not one seat away from another party. Swept out of the House were a dozen former Tory ministers, including onetime Chancellor of the Exchequer Peter Thorneycroft, former Aviation Minister Julian Amery, and onetime Minister of Agriculture Christopher Soames. Ted Heath managed to hold on to his seat in the genteel London suburb of Bexley, but his majority fell by 50%.

**As the dimensions of Labor's victory became clear, the normally ebullient Heath spoke soberly to reporters. Privately, he had not thought that he could beat Wilson, but he had hoped to hold Labor to a lean margin. "Our campaign**

over Western Europe and even Asia. In any case, tobacco farmers could not lose very much, for the government had guaranteed purchase of this year's entire crop if necessary, at prices only slightly lower than last year's. To the chagrin of the British, economic disaster seemed as far away for the Smith government as ever.

As for that other major embargo, the ban on selling oil and gasoline to Rhodesia, it was faring no better. Smith's friends in South Africa and the Portuguese colonies of Mozambique and Angola have been openly smuggling in enough petroleum to keep his industries running, his trucks on the road and his taxis on the streets. So heavy has been the flow of oil, in fact, that the government may have to cut it off for a while. "There is more oil in the country than we can find space for," said one oil company official last week.

## NATO

### Who Pays the Bill?

Having broken the lease last month, French Landlord Charles de Gaulle last week told his NATO tenants precisely when he expects them to clear off French property. In messages to each of his 14 NATO "partners," he also pointed French evacuation from NATO's integrated commands. His timetable for all au revoirs:

► By July 1 of this year, the 23,000 French troops and two tactical air squadrons based in West Germany will be withdrawn from joint commands. Whether they physically remain on German soil will depend, says De Gaulle, on bilateral arrangements with Bonn.

► By the same date, French officers in

NATO's two military headquarters at Rocquencourt and Fontainebleau must pack their duffel bags and go home to strictly French military duties.

► By April 1, 1967, the NATO military headquarters themselves must be dismantled, and all U.S. and Canadian troops now in France moved elsewhere. Delays may be possible in certain cases, such as an aircraft-repair complex near Châteauroux, which just happens to employ 2,900 French civilians.

De Gaulle's latest ultimatum coincided with a regular meeting in Paris of the NATO council, the political arm of the defense community, which De Gaulle has given leave to stay on in France in the hope of emphasizing a Gallic distinction: that France is withdrawing from NATO's military structure while remaining a member of the Atlantic Alliance. That is a bit of window dressing the U.S. is little disposed to allow De Gaulle. If the other NATO members will go along, Washington will likely try to move the NATO agents, and anyone caught leaking information about salaried agents was subject to two years in prison.

Smith's tobacco curtain seemed to have a few other questions. Who was paying off. There was no way to say how the sales were going. But Smith said as much as \$1 billion? Ball argued that it ought to be France, which had

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unilaterally abrogated the NATO agreements. "Why should France contribute to an organization of which she is not a member?" replied a Gaullist spokesman loftily. In that case, hinted the U.S., NATO just might not move on De Gaulle's schedule—and then what would he do? Cut off the gas and electricity like any petty French *proprietaire*?

## COMMUNISTS

### A Do-Nothing Congress

To many of the 6,000 comrades who swarmed into Moscow last week for the 23rd Communist Party Congress, getting there was hardly fun. The Rumanian delegation, led by Nicolae Ceausescu (TIME cover, March 18), was forced to land in Kiev; Czech Party Boss Antonin Novotny had to wait 16

fortunately remain unsatisfactory," but Russia is still willing to meet "at any moment with the leadership of the Chinese Communist Party." Brezhnev trotted out routine Soviet attacks on "U.S. aggression" in Viet Nam, with "more than 200,000 U.S. troops, aircraft carriers, huge bombers, poison gases and napalm." He promised continued aid to North Viet Nam and the Viet Cong, and was rewarded—doubtless to Peking's chagrin—with warm speeches from Hanoi Party Secretary Le Duan and the Viet Cong's female representative, Nguyen Thi Binh, who praised the Russians as "the true combat friends of the people of South Viet Nam."

**Soviet Doubletalk.** It had all the earmarks of a do-nothing Congress, but Brezhnev jolted a few staunch anti-Stalinists by proposing that the Soviet



BREZHNEV ADDRESSING COMRADES  
Heavy going in Russian or Quechua

hours in Leningrad for the Moscow fog to lift. Once they arrived, the delegates wandered the city like conventioners anywhere, clicking pictures of the Spassky Gate, shopping at GUM, or lining up to peek at Lenin, whose tomb was banked in flowers and bedecked with signs reading "Glory to Communism."

Others belted vodka in their freshly painted hotel rooms and watched the proceedings on television, or listened to highlights of the Congress broadcast in 54 languages, including Zulu, Nepalese and Quechua—a language spoken by Indians in Ecuador, Peru and Bolivia.

**True Friends.** In any language, they would have found the opening address of Soviet Party Boss Leonid Brezhnev heavy going. For 44 hours he droned on, neither reading the Red Chinese nor the Communist movement nor declaring war on the U.S. His few references to Peking were apparently calculated to avoid polemics and make Moscow look mature and dignified. Relations with Peking, he allowed, "un-

Party Presidium be renamed Politburo—a title that won infamy under General Secretary Stalin prior to 1952. But Moscow City Boss Nikolai Egorychev, who proposed a return to the General Secretary label, hastened to point out that both terms were "Leninist" in origin. Egorychev was tapped by his superiors to deliver a lengthy speech explaining the difference between the sins of Stalin and the heroism of the Stalin era, a piece of Soviet doubletalk that left most listeners tranquilized but at least assured them that Stalin was not about to be personally or politically rehabilitated.

Meanwhile, Mao Tse-tung and the Chinese Communists, who caustically refused to attend the Moscow Congress, were busy with other things. Not only did a Chinese delegation gather buzzas in Pakistan, but Peking last week celebrated the 95th anniversary of the Paris Commune. The ceremony came replete with a 400-item exhibition including a Commune sword, a badge reading "République des Communes," and a Red Flag editorial that lambasted Russia for "embarking on the path of restoring capitalism."

## SOUTH VIET NAM

### The Capital of Discontent

Sleeping beside the River of Perfumes, the Imperial City of Hué in central Viet Nam seems to have no purpose beyond its past. Once, a century ago, the Nguyen princes ruled nearly all of Viet Nam from their proud palaces with their gardens and lagoons in Hué (pronounced whey). Today their palaces are crumbling, and Hué is a subdued and ceremonial city of 105,000 without a newspaper, scarcely a telephone, and little traffic beyond bicycles and canvas-topped cyclo taxis. The only industry is a lime plant employing 50 people. Lunch is a leisurely three-hour affair. A woman dropping her cooking pans can shatter the tree-shaded

12-ft. banners. A two-day general strike was called for civil service employees—and like others in recent weeks, was happily honored by the citizens of Hué. Indeed, Hué and the five northernmost provinces of the I Corps, in which it is the principal city, are virtually under the control of militant Buddhist Leader Thich Tri Quang and the Hué students. Though Ky's government remained in control in Saigon, the Hué infection was all too evident.

On the public holiday commemorating Emperor Hung Vuong, who founded Viet Nam more than 3,000 years ago, Saigon's Buddhists asked the government for a license to celebrate the occasion in the city's central market. Ky and the generals agreed, provided that no more than 600 took part and that

DICK SWANSON



BUDDHIST DEMONSTRATORS IN HUÉ  
Just a warm-up for the Week of Anger.

silence at midday for blocks around. The facade is deceiving. The site of Viet Nam's first university in 1918, Hué is the intellectual—and Buddhist—capital of the nation. It is also the capital of the nation's discontent, a place where politics is an obsession and proud factionalism the overarching fact of life. Under the French, the people of Hué mounted some sort of rebellious trouble at least once a year. More recently, the agitations that ultimately toppled Diem, then General Khanh, then Chief of State Phan Khac Suu, all began in Hué and rippled southward to Saigon like an infection. And for the last month, the waves of political unrest aimed at swamping Premier Nguyen Cao Ky have been rolling out of Hué in measured but ominously mounting intensity across Viet Nam.

**Chauffured Monks.** Last week Hué provincial police staged a protest march against the recall of their chief to Saigon, after a weekend protest march of 20,000 civilians and even some uniformed soldiers demanding "Down with [Chief of State] Thieu and Ky" in

there was no antigovernment tone to it. Saigon Buddhist Leader Thich Tam Chau promised as much—or as little. But several thousand gathered at the market, led by five well-known agitators. They pinned up pictures of Ky and other generals on the stakes used for public executions, together with a sign that read: "This is the plaza of demagoguery. Ky, Thieu and Co. must be executed." With that, the Buddhist monks slipped into their chauffeur-driven cars and sped away, while the agitators used megaphones to turn the assembly into an antigovernment, anti-American, anti-war parade through Saigon. Their banners, in English, were often antigrammatical as well. Samples: "Down with U.S. Obstructions," "Our Nation's Sovereignty Must Be Conserved," and "Down with the Americans' Attempt of Objecting to the Forming of a Vietnamese National Assembly."

**In Quest of Power.** What the Buddhists say they want is a constitution, an elected civilian government and a National Assembly. Ky has told them they can have all three—in good time.

The extremist Buddhists led by Thich Tri Quang are unwilling to wait even though ousting the generals would cut off the Buddhists' best chance of getting a constitution. The Buddhists are maneuvering to get the Assembly chosen from provincial and city councils—which Buddhists control so far refused, and with good reason. A Buddhist-dominated Assembly would draw up the new constitution in the hope of capturing them. They had indeed discovered the enemy—a full battalion of entrenched Red troops. As the forest erupted in gunfire, Tam Chau seems willing to compromise with the government on the Assembly, but so far the fiery Tri Quang has refused—and is using the demonstrations to improve his leverage.

Meanwhile the Communist agitators are using the Buddhists' mobs to demonstrate that they are worth, and at week's end demonstrations boiled up dangerous. Some 5,000 turned out in Hué for a warm-up for the "Week of Anger" Quang scheduled in the city this week. Another 10,000 marched in Da Nang. Government offices were looted in Nhon, where 10,000, including 200 soldiers—among them several senior officers—demonstrated. In Saigon, Buddhist students brandishing bicycles and sticks took to the streets, overturning autos, throwing rocks and shouting "Yankees go home" in the most ugly outburst of the crisis thus far.

When some 300 Buddhists refused to break up a sit-down protest around national radio station, Saigon police last cracked down, wielding clubs and sticks. Da Nang was now in Communist hands according to Premier Ky, who announced that the government soon would launch military operations there to regain control. Ky blamed Da Nang mayor, a 37-year-old doctor, who has been in office since January. "Either Da Nang's mayor is shot or government will fall." Whether so a threat would quell the unrest, as it did fan it, a nervous Saigon—and anxious Washington—waited to see.

### Back to the Valley of Death

While the political agitators in cities railed against South Viet Nam, the government and the U.S. presence, allies went on with the grim and daunting task of preserving the nation's battlefields. For six days the renaissance helicopters of the 1st Cavalry Division (airmobile) hummed mountaintops, darted down the sides of valleys, recklessly trying to fire—which would prevent an enemy from taking cover in the elephant grass below. In the familiar terrain: the Chu Pong and Ia Drang valley in the highlands near Cambodia, the "Valley of Death," where the division had fought the bloodiest battle of the war. Chu Pong was a perfect place to hit the enemy off balance as he prepared his campaigns for the monsoon, and Air Cav

TIME, APRIL 8, 1966

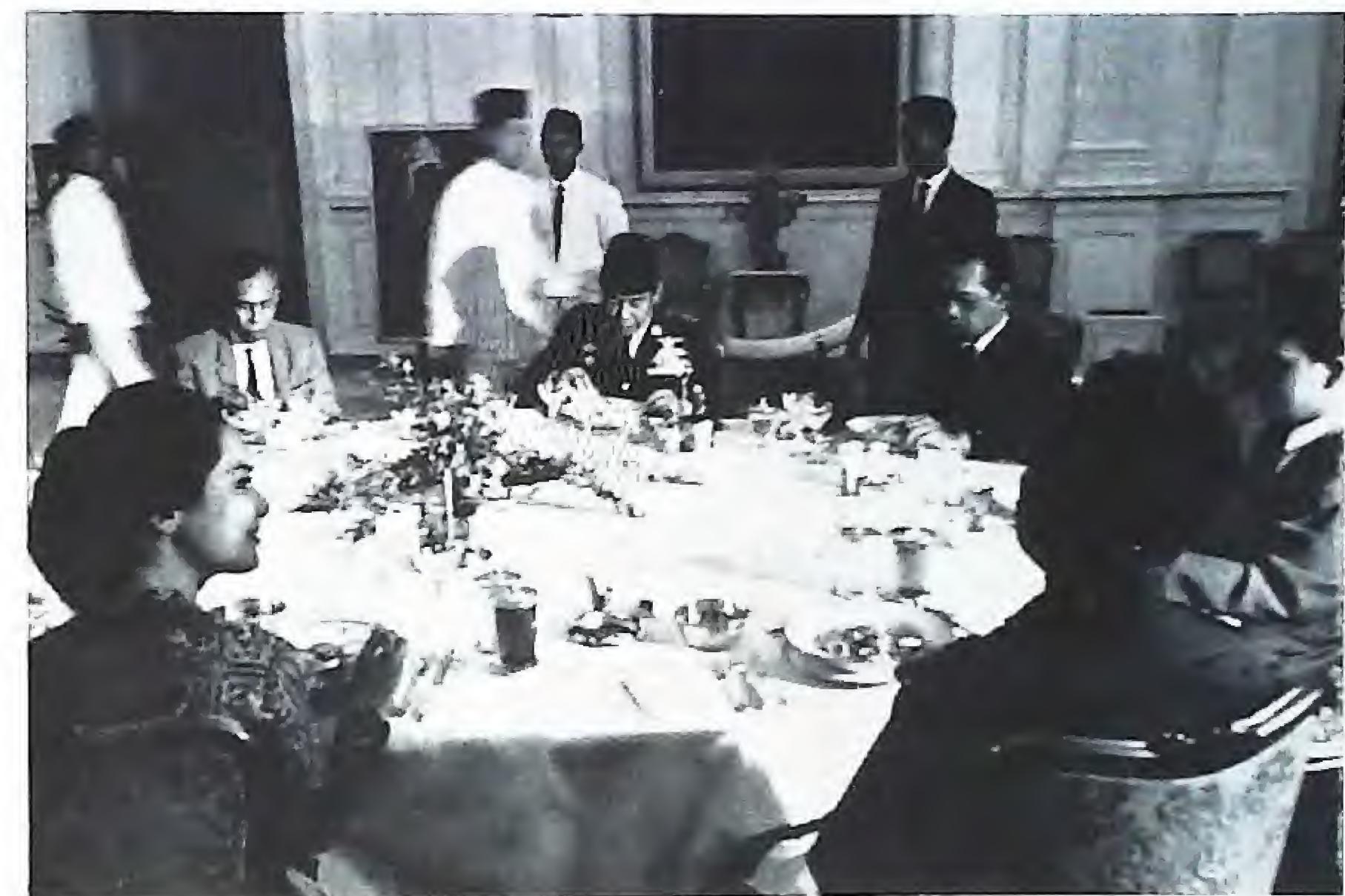
terrorism still remains the Communists' deadly alternative weapon. Last week a dozen Viet Cong attacked the guard post of a U.S. officers' billet, the Hotel Victoria, in suburban Saigon. Setting off a Claymore-type mine, then with 500 lbs. of plastic explosive up to the gate and blew the Victoria's ground-floor front wide open. Three

Americans and three Vietnamese were killed, 113 Americans and twelve Vietnamese wounded. Only the week before, a barrier of drums filled with concrete had been removed from in front of the Victoria because, explained a U.S. spokesman at the time, "we don't want the V.C. to think we're afraid of them."

## INDONESIA

### A General at the Palace

It was dinner time at Merdeka Palace. There, at the round table, was President Sukarno, glaring nervously around him. There was his charming young Japanese-born wife, Ratna Sari Dewi, the hostess with the mostest in Indonesia. And there was quiet, almost



DINNER AT MERDEKA: DEWI (LEFT), SUHARTO (RIGHT), SUKARNO (CENTER REAR)

Pretty well fed up with fake leaders.

shy Army Lieut. General Suharto, Indonesia's apparent new strongman, sitting on Dewi's right. As photographers clicked away, the dinner guests sipped their soup in icy silence. Not until Dewi coaxed a smile, and then a laugh, from Suharto did everyone relax.

**The Big Three.** There was reason for strain. The dinner was intended to smooth the way toward an agreement between the President and the general. But only hours earlier, Sukarno had been forced to go along with the appointment of a new military-civilian government whose key figures were picked by Suharto. A face-saving compromise, not unusual for such Javanese drama, had saved a few Sukarno associates for minor roles. But the men who would call the shots were Suharto, in charge of defense and security; brainy former Ambassador to Moscow Adam Malik, in charge of foreign affairs as well as social and political matters, and widely respected Hamengku Buwono IX, the Sultan of Djokjakarta, in charge of economic, financial and developmental af-

airs. Back in the government, though not in the top rank, was General Abdul Haris Nasution, dumped by Sukarno as Defense Minister in February in a move that set the Indonesian political pot aboil. With Suharto, impassive in open-necked khaki uniform, at his side, Sukarno himself announced the new presidium, claimed the new government would operate strictly on his direction.

Would it? One clue to where the power lay came when General Suharto took to radio and television to declare that "the people are fed up with fake leaders" and to plead for patience in the struggle for a new political and economic order. The Cabinet shake-up, Suharto said, was only the first in a series of steps "which will lead to our ultimate victory." The general's empha-

sis was on doing things gradually, and his plea was primarily directed toward Djakarta's restive students, who would have liked to see a bigger shake-up and who had recently begun clamoring for a cleanup of Parliament, for "social justice" and for elections.

**Into Exile?** Their demands may well be met. For the moment, however, Suharto's associates were more concerned with finding means to ease Sukarno from the scene, perhaps even into exile. Already the new government is looking for a quiet way to re-enter the United Nations, which Sukarno quit in 1965, and is sounding out other countries on the possibility of aid to strengthen Indonesia's economy. The hope is eventually to slide the island republic from its leftist posture into a genuinely non-aligned position.

All of which Indonesians seemed to like. Crowed one Djakarta paper: "The people are behind Suharto." Said another: "A new Cabinet—yes. A new program—by all means. But above all, a new way of life. To sanity."



LIU (CENTER), WIFE & PRESIDENT AYUB PLANTING CHINESE TALLOW TREE  
"A few deliveries from a new source."

#### PAKISTAN

##### A Bellyful of What?

Had Pakistan overplayed the welcome? Not as far as visiting Communist Chinese President Liu Shao-chi was concerned. But President Mohammed Ayub Khan, his host, seemed to be having second thoughts last week as Pakistanis gave Liu, 68, and Foreign Minister Chen Yi, 65, the headiest welcome ever accorded state visitors to their country. After tumultuous greetings in Rawalpindi (TIME, April 1), perhaps 1,000,000 people poured into the streets of Lahore, the old Mogul capital, sprinkling rose water into the path of the Chinese, heaping flower petals on Liu's car, shouting "Long live Pakistan-China friendship!" It was the greatest celebration since Independence in 1947, and, predictably, in spots it had a distinctly anti-American flavor. Young toughs waved "Chinese yes, Yankees no" signs, taunted U.S. newsmen with shouts of "white skinned monkeys" and "Yankee bastards." "We cannot altogether control the response of our people," muttered one Pakistani official lamely.

Control or not, Pakistan's "non-aligned" government was clearly taken back by the outpouring, obviously concerned over what Washington's reaction might be. To take away some of the sting, Foreign Minister Zulficar Ali Bhutto called a special press conference for Western newsmen, gave assurance that Pakistan, despite its friendship with China, would "do nothing to endanger relations" with "friend" and "ally" America, would "not be a party to any scheme that will injure the United States." There had been no negotiations

on military assistance from Peking, Bhutto asserted. Then he went on to belittle the handful of Chinese-supplied T-59 tanks and MIG-19 jet fighters featured in a military parade the previous week as "a few deliveries from a new source."

Ayub himself did not seem too comfortable as the five-day tour wore on. At Islamabad, where Pakistan is building a new capital, Liu planted a Chinese tallow tree, declaring, "We hope that it grows and flourishes like the friendship between Pakistan and China." Asked Ayub, in his clipped Sandhurst English: "It becomes a big tree, does it?" And at a banquet where Liu unexpectedly offered not only a toast but also a prepared text for the press, the Pakistani President—more likely in reference to the meal than the occasion—intoned coolly, "I hope you have all had a bellyful."

Pakistan steered cautiously all the way to the final communiqué. If the Chinese, woefully short of friends these days, had hoped for a Pakistan denunciation of the U.S. role in Viet Nam, they were in for a disappointment. The communiqué at visit's end contained not one word on the subject.

#### CUBA

##### Do-It-Yourself Airlift

The U.S.-Cuban airlift can handle only a trickle of the flood of Cubans who would leave for the mainland if they could. For those who are barred by Castro or lack the patience to wait as much as five years for a plane seat, there are other routes. Last week four Cubans hijacked a 43-ft. government mineral-resources boat and tootled

into the Florida Keys. Seven others into Marathon, Fla., in a 16-ft. sailboat and the U.S. Coast Guard rescued another twelve Cubans in a small craft off the Cuban coast. But the week's boldest try was by air.

Shortly after sunset one evening, Cubana Airlines Ilyushin-18 took off from Santiago, Cuba's second largest city, bound for Havana with 91 passengers. Among the crew was Flight Engineer Angel Betancourt Cueto, who was prepared to risk his life to escape Cuba. Seventy miles west of Havana, Betancourt made his move. Locking the door that separates the flight deck from the passengers, he suddenly slugged the guard who stood just behind the pilot and copilot and ordered Captain Fernando Alvarez Perez to set a course for Miami. "From this moment," as a government communiqué later described Havana's "flight control, in combination with the air force and air defense, decided a plan by which the pilot was to pretend he was flying directly to Miami when in reality he would be maneuvering back toward Havana." Meantime, he was to continue his communication in English, pretending that he was in contact with Miami.

As the plane neared Key West, four U.S. Navy F-102s streaked aloft to give it the once-over. But it already was curving back toward Cuba. It was after dark, and the plane was touching down on the runway at Havana's Jose Marti Airport, when Betancourt cut on to the trick. Angrily, he ordered Alvarez to take off again. When the pilot refused, Betancourt shot him dead and frantically tried to get the plane to ground himself. But the Ilyushin careened off the end of the runway and came to rest in a plowed field. Leaping out of the pilot's window, Betancourt managed to escape into the darkness.

#### ECUADOR

##### "People, Yes!"

In Ecuador's 135 years of independence, only 13 elected presidents have lasted out their four-year terms. Last week Ecuadorians were at it again, overthrowing the military junta that had overthrown their last president. It didn't stop there. By week's end, they were threatening to overthrow the government that had overthrown the junta that had overthrown their last president.

Sense of Un-Togetherness. Ecuador's troubles make the rest of Latin America look like a model of stability. No less than 15 political parties and juntas constantly vie for attention, and juntas divide the country into three more suspicious regions. To add to the sense of un-togetherness, 1/3 of the population owns 60% of the land, and in the bleak highlands, where half of the country's 5,000,000 people live in misery, squalor and ignorance, *hacienda* owners pay their workers as little as \$1 a day. The four-man military junta

TIME APRIL 12, 1968

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toppled hard-drinking President Carlos Julio Arosemena three years ago promised to change all that. In a blizzard of decrees, they set out on a daring program that sought moderate land-reform, modernized tax collections, a civil-service law, and more highways, housing and schools.

Some of their hopes were realized: others bogged down in hopeless inefficiency and bad planning. Businessmen were soon complaining about government interference; everyone else griped about the junta's delay in calling elections. Recently, the political right, center and left formed a united opposition that erupted in a series of demonstrations by merchants and students alike. As the decibel count climbed in Quito and the commercial capital of Guayaquil, the junta's patience began running out. Two weeks ago, 500 troops armed with rifles and machine guns swarmed onto the campus of Quito's Central University, firing into the air, hustling 800 students and professors off to jail—and triggering even more demonstrations throughout the country.

Finally, the military decided that things had indeed gone too far. Fearing a split within the armed forces, the junta agreed to step down, and the military high command—led by General Telmo Vargas, chief of the general staff—invited politicians to designate a provisional president. They chose Clemente Yerovi Indaburu, 61, a respected economist, banker and businessman who promised "congressional and presidential elections as soon as possible."

**Voices of Disapproval.** Students cheered the election promise but not Yerovi, whom they viewed as a symbol of the hated oligarchy. In Guayaquil, Quenca and Loja, they stormed government buildings and held them for hours. Nevertheless, Yerovi went calmly ahead and took the oath of office as Ecuador's 37th president. "I have heard voices of disapproval for my presence here," he said in his inaugural address. "I would



PRESIDENT YEROVI



RIOTING IN GUAYAQUIL

Too much of a good thing.

Belaúnde, Chile's Frei and Argentina's Illia were receptive to his common-market concept, even if he met more hesitancy than hurrahs from many business leaders. Javits has succeeded before in pressing through unlikely schemes for Latin America. It was he who conceived ADELA (the Atlantic Community Development Group for Latin America), an altruistic investment organization whose backers include many of the most prestigious names in European, Japanese and U.S. business. So far, in less than two years of operation, ADELA has committed \$22 million to 27 privately owned businesses in 13 Latin American countries. Unlike most private or public development programs in Latin America, ADELA is considered a great success.

### LATIN AMERICA

#### Cry for Progress

Ever since he was a Manhattan lawyer before World War II, the senior U.S. Senator from New York has been interested in Latin America. What makes Republican Jacob Javits' thoughts especially worthwhile is that they often coincide with the private views of the White House. Thus last week, as the New York Republican ended a swing through Peru, Chile, Argentina and Brazil, Government and business leaders listened attentively to his ideas.

Javits had something new and something old to offer. New was a proposal to increase hemispheric understanding by lofting into space a new satellite that would transmit television programs between north and south. Older was his plea for a barriers-down trading area in Latin America modeled on the European Common Market. Javits envisioned a tariff-free trading zone stretching from Tierra del Fuego to the Rio Grande and embracing a population of 220 million with an annual gross national product of \$78 billion. He hoped that the U.S. and Canada would ultimately join, forming a market that would dwarf the European Economic Community.

Javits need not start from scratch. Since 1962, the Latin America Free Trade Association (LAFTA) has helped increase trade 85% among its nine members. It has reduced tariffs on a cumbersome item-by-item basis. The slightly older Central American Common Market has done better by chopping tariffs across the board. Partly as a result, trade among its five members has increased 294% since 1960.

According to Javits, Peru's President

### SOUTH AFRICA

#### Forward with Verwoerd

The names may change, but the issue in South African elections is always dismally the same—swart gevaar (black danger), wit baaskap (white bossdom), or just plain apartheid. Last week, when South Africa's 1.7 million white voters went to the polls, there was no new term for Prime Minister Hendrik Verwoerd's racism, but both major parties were claiming to be the whitest of the white. So extremist have the nation's politics become, in fact, that Segregationist Verwoerd was even accused of being soft on blacks.

The charges would not stick, for during the past five years Verwoerd's police and a series of suppressive laws have successfully stamped out all organized black resistance. When the results were in, the Nationalists had swept a record-breaking 60% of the vote, won 126 of the 170 seats in Parliament. The once-powerful United Party, campaigning for outright support of Rhodesia's Ian Smith, took most of the rest.

Only hint that a few South African whites were at all disturbed by apart-



JAVITS & RIO CHILDREN  
Visions, both old and new.  
TIME, APRIL 8, 1966

heid came in the narrow victory of the Progressive Party's perky Mrs. Helen Suzman, who in the past five years has been the only voice of dissent in the South African Parliament. Supported by all major English-language papers and by gold-and-diamond Magnate Harry Oppenheimer, Mrs. Suzman carried her wealthy Johannesburg district by a bare 711 votes.

## AFRICA

### Sense at the Summit

Recently, any gathering of African leaders has tended to be as harmonious as a meeting of magpies. At Addis Ababa last month, eight of the 36 delegations to the Organization of African Unity walked out huffily over the question of seating Ghana's new government. Even such a simple task as for-



CONFEREES STROLLING OUTSIDE NAIROBI'S GOVERNMENT HOUSE\*  
Solid goals, refreshing modesty.

ing a united opposition to white-ruled Rhodesia has proved beyond African capability. Pride and pretentiousness are part of the trouble, but last week in Nairobi, where Kenya's President Jomo Kenyatta and ten other African leaders sat down to discuss their problems, their goal was sensibly limited and their communiqué refreshingly modest.

**Tense Frontiers.** Greeting his guests at Nairobi's Embakasi Airport, Jomo looked jaunty with a yellow rose in his lapel, a fly whisk in one hand and a gold-tipped ebony walking stick in the other. But there was reason for concern: almost all of the guests had grievances with at least one of the others. Ethiopia's Emperor Haile Selassie and Somalia's Premier Abdirazak Hussein were hardly on the best of terms now that raids and murder had resumed along the frontier they share. Burundi's Premier Leopold Biha kept well clear of the Rwanda delegation: Watutsi warriors are still massed on the Rwanda side of his border, threatening invasion. The Sudan's Mohammed Mahgoub has

reason to resent Uganda's Milton Obote, who harbors Sudanese rebels. Congo Strongman Joseph Mobutu is no friend of Tanzania's Julius Nyerere, who helped funnel arms to the Simba rebels. Since Tanzania is currently a base for the enemies of Malawi's Premier Kamuzu Banda, the crotchety autocrat stayed away from the Nairobi summit, although he unbent enough to send his Commerce Minister. Of the lot, only Kenyatta and Zambia's Kenneth Kaunda were on good terms with all hands.

**Need for Spontaneity.** Kenyatta paid close attention to diplomatic detail: antagonists were seated well apart from one another; security guards were watchful but unobtrusive (two were stationed in the attic of Government House); detailed instructions were posted all the way down to the houseboy level. "It should be noted that guests

## GHANA

### Fangs a Lot

"The soldiers now left in Flagstaff House, residence of the former President, are, I am told, eating their way through his private zoo," reported a columnist in West Africa magazine last month. Full details were hard to come by, but the report set correspondents and writers to speculation about what might be going on in the cages of Kwame Nkrumah's private zoo.

Somehow the old eland was missing. Neither hide nor hair of him had been seen since the day that Kwame Nkrumah had been ostrichized, accused of being the biggest cheetah in Ghana. But safaris anyone knew, no fowl play was involved.

First sign that anything was cooking at Flagstaff House came when Lieut. General Joseph Ankrah got on the phone and was told by the operator: "I'm sorry, the lion is busy." "Rhino who you're up to," he roared, with a phone still ringing in his ears, "I don't know vulture doing it for" In a frightful stew, Ankrah headed for the waterfront zoo (known as Hyena Park) for an on-the-spots investigation.

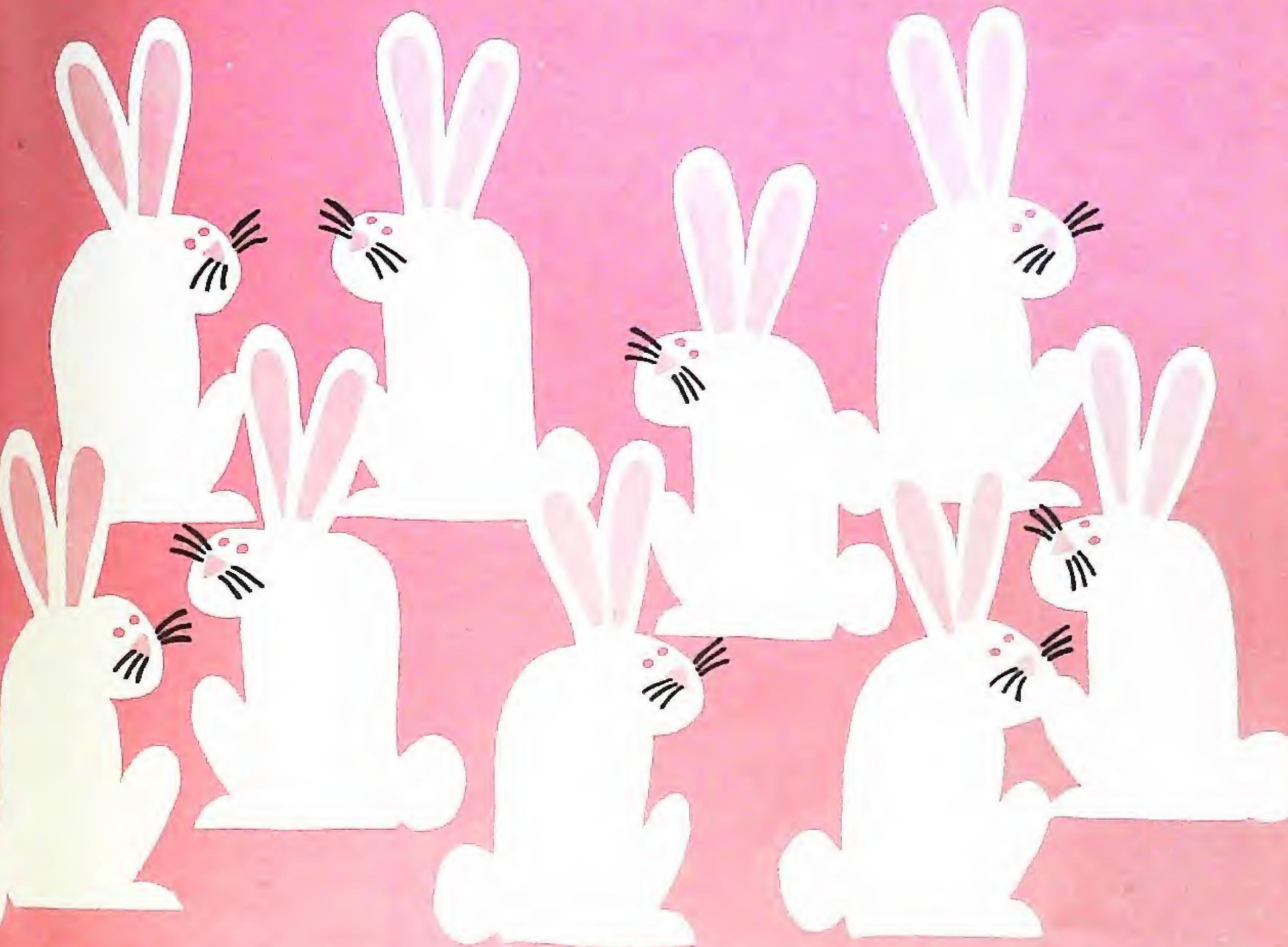
The bear facts, as Ankrah heard them, suggested that the garrison had been reluctant at first about eating up the zoo. But hesitation quickly gave way to hunger, and it soon became a race of gibbon take. For the first time the bear could remember, the ill-paid troops at Flagstaff House were all in plover.

To some, of course, it was sportsmanship, killing defenseless mammals and all, but Nkrumah had made chimp of his soldiers too long, and they had lots of bones to pick. The animals they decided, were fair game. So while Nkrumah sat in Conakry, turning himself into a Guinea pig and pondering whether he should pack his trunk and join his friend Nasser at his Nile perch, the boarded soldiers decided what they needed was some good fun. One night, when they were all crowded, they turned the zoo into Nkrumah's Bar & Grill.

It was aardvark One was kept busy making wishes, but he won't be looking for fancier fare, such as hamster hamster for his kudu. The trooper leopards or antelope with cantaloupe. The trooper washed down their meals with glasses of wine, and afternoon visitors to Flagstaff House were offered tea and sandwiches. Python.

By the time Ankrah arrived on the scene, the zoo was nearly empty. He hadn't someone phone to inform him, he growled. "We are not the only ones here," he growled. "We are not the only ones here." The keeper replied. "I did not answer," he said. After a halfhour's self-torture, he returned to his quarters, sat wearily into a chair and realizing it was too late to save the animals, told the garrison commander to allow his troops to continue the feast. "As a matter of fact," said Ankrah, "as long as you're up, get me a Grant's gazelle."

TIME APRIL 8, 1972



## When air shipments multiply at Easter time, who gets priority?

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## PEOPLE

"You don't know the duke's face when he sees those envelopes that hold bills!" winced the Duchess of Windsor, 69. She does, and so on a visit to Manhattan, Her Grace, who was enshrined in the Fashion Hall of Fame seven years ago, reported that she's been skimping on the *haute couture* lately. "That navy blue coat I wore the other day is two years old," she sighed. "When my maid packed my bags, she said, 'Madame, some of these evening dresses have gone to Palm Beach with you three times.' I'm hoping nobody will remember."

San Francisco State College's famed Semanticist S. I. Hayakawa has no illusions. When *ETC.*, the quarterly review of the International Society for General Semantics, devoted a special issue to LSD and other psychedelic drugs, Editor Hayakawa chose a few acid words for acid heads. Wrote he: "Most people haven't learned to use the senses they possess. I not only *hear* music, I *listen* to it. I find the colors of the day such vivid experiences that I sometimes pound my steering wheel with excitement. And I say, why disorient your beautiful senses with drugs and poisons before you have half discovered what they can do for you?"

This time the lift-off was awfully slow, but former Astronaut John Glenn, 44, didn't mind a bit. Bumping up the slopes on the T-bar at Stowe, Vt., Glenn pronounced the terrestrial view "beautiful" and prepared all systems for the descent. Thoroughly cured of the inner-ear trouble that caused him to yaw and



JOHN GLENN  
No pitch in the ear.

pitch two years ago, after he whacked his head on a bathtub, Glenn roared down the slopes with perfect balance and later lamented that he doesn't have a chance to practice more, seeing as he lives down around Houston, where he still works as a NASA consultant.

Luci Johnson's August wedding promises to be quite a production, but it couldn't be any livelier than the one Hubert Humphrey is cooking up. His second son, Robert, 22, a junior at Minnesota's Mankato State College, will marry Collegemate Donna Erickson, 21, on July 9 in Minneapolis, and since the Vice President loves a party, he is turning over his eight-room house in Waverly, Minn., for the blowout reception. Hubert even promised the kids he'd bring Herb Alpert's stomping Tijuana Brass band to the party, and with all



DONNA ERICKSON & ROBERT HUMPHREY  
Big stomp in Waverly.

the Humphreys whooping on top of that, Waverly (pop. 580) ought to be the noisiest town north of the Pedernales.

Jacqueline Kennedy will be speaking practically nothing but Spanish this month. She flies off to Buenos Aires with Caroline and John-John to spend an Easter holiday on the cattle ranch of former Argentine Foreign Minister Miguel Cárcano, an old family friend. After a good week's riding on the pampas, Jackie will bring the children back to Manhattan for a short rest, then set off for more Spanish and horses, this time as guest of the Duchess of Alba at Seville's *muy pintoresca* Spring Fair.

Pia Lindstrom, 27, was firm about one thing. "I would be very happy to become a fine actress like my mother," she said in Rome. "But I am not competing with her." On the face of it, Pia could give her mother, Ingrid Bergman, some pretty fair competition, though she wasn't looking like Joan of Arc when she played the screen tests for *The Devil in Love*, a merry morality



PIA LINDSTROM  
Hot role with the devil.

film in which Pia would try to get to join the angels. If Ingrid's girl gets the part, she may have the most valuably little devil in the world fall in love with her: Mickey Rooney.

In an elegant speech on "History and Literature" before the Society of American Historians in Washington, former Secretary of State Dean Acheson, 71, told a wry tale. "Some years ago," he said, "a colleague in the State Department wrote papers in such beautiful prose that I found myself inclined toward conclusions which, when challenged, I could not justify. Protection against this siren proved simple. Another colleague rewrote the paper in telegraphese, leaving out most adjectives, inserting the word 'stop' for periods. This exorcised the magic. In much art in the mixture and, in John Seeley's contemptuous words, 'time fades into mere literature!'

As one of his executors pointed out, "The question is no longer of any concern" to Master Showman Billy Rose, who died Feb. 10 of heart pneumonia. But his two sisters are bitterly concerned, as they demonstrated in Manhattan's surrogate court by filing a suit against Billy's temporary executors, charging, among other things, that he failed to honor their request that he be memorialized with a plot and monument. A body has been waiting in a receiving vault for six weeks, receiving vault for six weeks, family and lawyers have been receiving vault for six weeks, his fortune, variously estimated between \$10 million and \$100 million, has been temporarily reduced by \$600,000 because of a drop in the market price of A.T. & T. in which Bantam Barnum, with 100,000 stockholder



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## MEDICINE

### DENTISTRY

#### Fluorides for Adults

Virtually all U.S. dentists now agree that the best way to prevent tooth decay is to fluoridate water supplies so that children get the benefits from the time their tooth buds begin to form—only a few weeks after conception. Failing that, many dentists paint stronger fluoride solutions on children's teeth one or twice a year. Adults, with their fully developed teeth, have seemed beyond fluorides' help—destined to suffer the traditional "find the cavity, then drill and fill."

Now, that adult tradition may be on the way out, largely because the U.S. Navy found itself swamped with dental patients. Each year Navy dentists become responsible for the dental health of 120,000 new "boots" and Marine Corps recruits suffering from an average of seven cavities apiece. In addition, Navy dentists are responsible for 30,000 in-service or dependent personnel who had been getting decay holes at the rate of two a year, making a total of 2,500,000 cavities.

**Dent in the Backlog.** Putting fluorides to work on a test basis, the Navy has adopted a three-stage treatment. First, each patient is given a basin, a toothbrush, a small cup of pumice paste containing stannous fluoride, and a five-minute lecture on how to proceed. He brushes his teeth for ten minutes. Next, he is plopped into the dentist's chair. A technician spends three to five minutes air-drying his teeth and applying a 10% stannous fluoride solution. Third, the patient gets up to 15 minutes of instruction in how to make daily use of the stannous fluoride toothpaste, which the Navy recommends.

After its dentists satisfied themselves that the fluoridated toothpastes help to keep adequate amounts of fluoride in the teeth after painting, the Navy settled on painting every year. The first treatment costs only 25¢ a man for materials; dental technicians are treating three or four times as many patients before, and the Navy expects soon to make a big dent in its huge backlog of cavities, treating 1,000,000 patients a year at 48 preventive-dentistry centers. Says Rear Admiral Frank M. Kyes, chief of the Navy's dental services: "It takes us less time to prevent cavities than to fill them."

**Mouthful of Chemicals.** Some civilian dentists think that the Navy's claim is overoptimistic, and they emphasize that a program like the Navy's, which fluoridation is no substitute for general

fluoridation. The Navy never said it was. But after the massive consensus reached years ago on the value of fluorides for children, there is growing agreement that fluorides in the water, plus periodic

paintings and regular use of fluoridated toothpastes, give some degree of protection against cavities at all ages.

With the Navy work to encourage them, more and more civilian dentists seem likely to give their patients a mouthful of one chemical or another as an alternative to the dreaded drill. Dr. Finn Brudevold of Harvard's famed Forsyth Dental Center is concerned that the tin in the stannous fluoride solution commonly used for painting may interfere with the absorption of fluorine, and he is casting around for a better compound. Meanwhile, he says, it

## HOSPITALS

### The Rectal Thermometer

Near dawn every morning, a nurse walks into the hospital room, wakes the patient and subjects him to what for many remains a humiliating procedure, although it has become routine: insertion of a rectal thermometer. "The importance of this entrenched practice," said last week's *Journal of the American Medical Association*, "is so universally accepted that, like the mechanics of normal breathing, it is rarely discussed or even considered."

The time has come for doctors to reflect on it, says the A.M.A., because the entrenched practice can be fatal.

U.S. MARINE CORPS



MARINE RECRUITS BRUSHING TEETH IN DECAY-PREVENTION PROGRAM

Some benefit at any age.

helps to cover the teeth, right after painting, with a protective coat of silicone grease. A colleague, Dr. Basil Richardson, believes that the best coating is polyoxyethylene soya amine—a sort of reverse detergent to keep the saliva from washing the fluoride away.

Other chemicals are also gaining status as decay preventives. Zirconium salts have been suggested by some researchers, but they appear to be too poisonous for general use. Phosphates are safer and more promising, and several communities are trying the addition of dicalcium phosphate to cereals and bread. Even the most skeptical investigators at the National Institute of Dental Research now believe that decay may be arrested in its earliest stages by painting the teeth with a solution containing tricalcium phosphate and potassium fluoride.

There is no lack of work for all such chemicals. The National Institute's former director, Dr. Francis A. Arnold Jr., estimates in round, "open wide" numbers that there are 1,000,000,000 unfilled cavities in the U.S.

The University of Minnesota's Dr. Justin J. Wolfson recently reported a case in which an eight-day-old baby died because the thermometer had pierced the wall of its rectum. Actual perforation of the rectum appears to be rare, says the A.M.A., but "injury to the rectum by the thermometer is not uncommon. Severe bleeding, ulceration, abscesses, hematomas and scarring have been reported." Autopsies indicate that rectal injury may occur in more than 6% of patients.

What is needed, says the A.M.A., is a thermometer that will not cause injury. But no U.S. manufacturer has yet produced a safer thermometer at an economic price. A safer design, used in Scandinavia, has a slender sensing tip, similar to the American, but then broadens out to a flat shank, thick enough to prevent too deep a penetration. The best the A.M.A. can suggest is that nurses and mothers be instructed in how to insert a thermometer correctly, and told never to leave a child or a debilitated patient alone with the thermometer in place.



It all began in laser research. That's when GT&E scientists found that a rare-earth element—Europium—could be made to produce an unusually brilliant red hue. GT&E's Sylvania subsidiary took over from there. The result: the *color bright 85™* picture tube.

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GT  
GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONIC

TIME, APRIL 8, 1966

GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONIC

## THE PRESS

### NEWSPAPERS

#### Doing Without the Dailies

Boston's month-old newspaper strike sputtered out last week. During a 14-hour negotiating session with the unions, the publishers offered a fresh proposal on the controversial pension plan and gave hints of a wage boost as well. "We've got enough unions to talk to from here to Chicago," said Boston Globe President John Taylor, referring to the eleven unions, which disagree on the kind of contract they want.

While they waited for the unions and the papers to compromise, Bostonians were getting their news in spurts. Sales of out-of-town papers rose sharply. The Sunday New York Times brought as much as \$1.50 a copy. *TV Guide* sold like sweepstakes tickets. Television stations stepped up their coverage, and staffers of the *Record American* and the *Herald-Traveler* appeared on camera daily to read the news. Decked out in button-down TV-blue shirts, they no longer looked like the old city-room gang. Boston Globe reporters also tried TV, but gave it up. What with stumbling over their lines and never looking at the camera, they were making such a bad impression that they feared people would not read them once they got back into print.

Their concern was understandable, but Bostonians were obviously hungering for print. When WNAC-TV plastered subways and buses with posters of a newspaper overlaid with big black letters, "Tonight go home and read your Channel 7," one subway rider was spotted with his nose against a poster as he tried to decipher the fine print in the background of the ad.

He may soon get something meatier to read. At week's end, the publishers announced that they had reached a tentative settlement with the printers and mailers, leaders of the strike—who reportedly agreed to accept pay raises

in lieu of increased fringe benefits. The agreement still must be ratified by the union membership. But with luck, Bostonians will be getting their fingers dirty again this week.

#### All the Handouts Fit to Print

To the editors of the New York Times, the story obviously seemed significant. It began with more than half a column on the front page and carried over to a full page inside. Written by Times Washington Bureau Chief Tom Wicker, the piece was based on a handout: a statement calling for a more liberalized U.S. policy toward Communist China, including eventual diplomatic recognition and admission to the United Nations. Wicker emphasized that the statement had been signed by "198 academic experts on China," all of whom belong to the Association for Asian Studies. Happy to have so many experts agreeing with its own position, the Times applauded in an editorial: "The statement on China by 198 Asian scholars—opposed by only 19 other members of the Association for Asian Studies—shows where the weight of informed American opinion lies."

**Signers in Dispute.** All of which goes to illustrate the danger of making too much of handouts. In a letter published by the Times last week, Wm. Theodore de Bary, a member of the Association for Asian Studies and Chairman of the Department of Chinese and Japanese at Columbia University, explained that the signers are only a fraction of the association's 3,374 members. "Since it is a policy of the Association not to take a stand or conduct a vote on political questions," wrote De Bary, "no person or group can claim to represent the membership. Signers of the statement must have been unaware such a construction would be put upon it by those presenting it to the Times."

The association's national secretary, L. A. Peter Gosling, associate profes-



TIMESMAN TOM WICKER  
Much ado about nothing

we last week, David Nelson Rowe, political science professor at Yale, charged the Times with "at the very least a gross distortion of the meaning of the statistics. Such are the distortions of propagandistic journalism." The liberal *Reporter* magazine editorialized: "The Times built the release into major significance by giving it inordinate prominence and a largely spurious authority. This is not just an acute case of 'scholarship'; this is irresponsible journalism."

#### Victory in Springfield

Publisher Sam Newhouse, 70, finally "bought" Springfield, Mass., last week. It took him six years of tough scrapping to win control of the town's three papers: the morning *Union*, the *afternoon News* and the *Sunday Republican*. But as usual, what Sam Newhouse wanted, Sam eventually got.

Newhouse already owned 14 other papers, plus Condé Nast publications, when he bought a controlling interest in the Springfield papers back in 1960. But voting rights to a large block of stock were not to be his until September 1967. In the meantime that stock was to be voted by the papers' management, which regarded Newhouse as a foreign raider and would not even let anyone look at the company's books. Newhouse fought back by filing a flock of lawsuits; he charged that the papers' profits were being haphazardly poured into the already swollen employee pension funds. In turn, the newspapers ran stories belittling their boss-to-be.

To Newhouse, the settlement that came at the cost of \$4,000,000 will give him a 17-month head start as undisputed owner of his new papers. To Springfield staffers, it now means little, if anything. They are already reconciled to the brash outsider. "We have had a lot of opportunity to talk with employees in other Newhouse operations," says one editor, "and we haven't found anything to get alarmed about."

The drafters of the document—old Taylor, onetime president of Lawrence College, and Betty Goetz of Cornell University's School of Industrial and Labor Relations—denied such intent. As the leaders of the Manhattan-based National Research Council on Peace Strategy, which issues statements on foreign policy, they felt they consulted enough China scholars that they consulted enough China scholars. They circulated it sufficiently. No U.S. newspaper, however, shared Times's enthusiasm for the document. If they ran anything, it was at all papers carried a much shorter Associated Press story that couched the scholars' recommendation with similar words made by Senator Fulbright. Even of the papers that subscribe to the New York Times News Service ran the version.

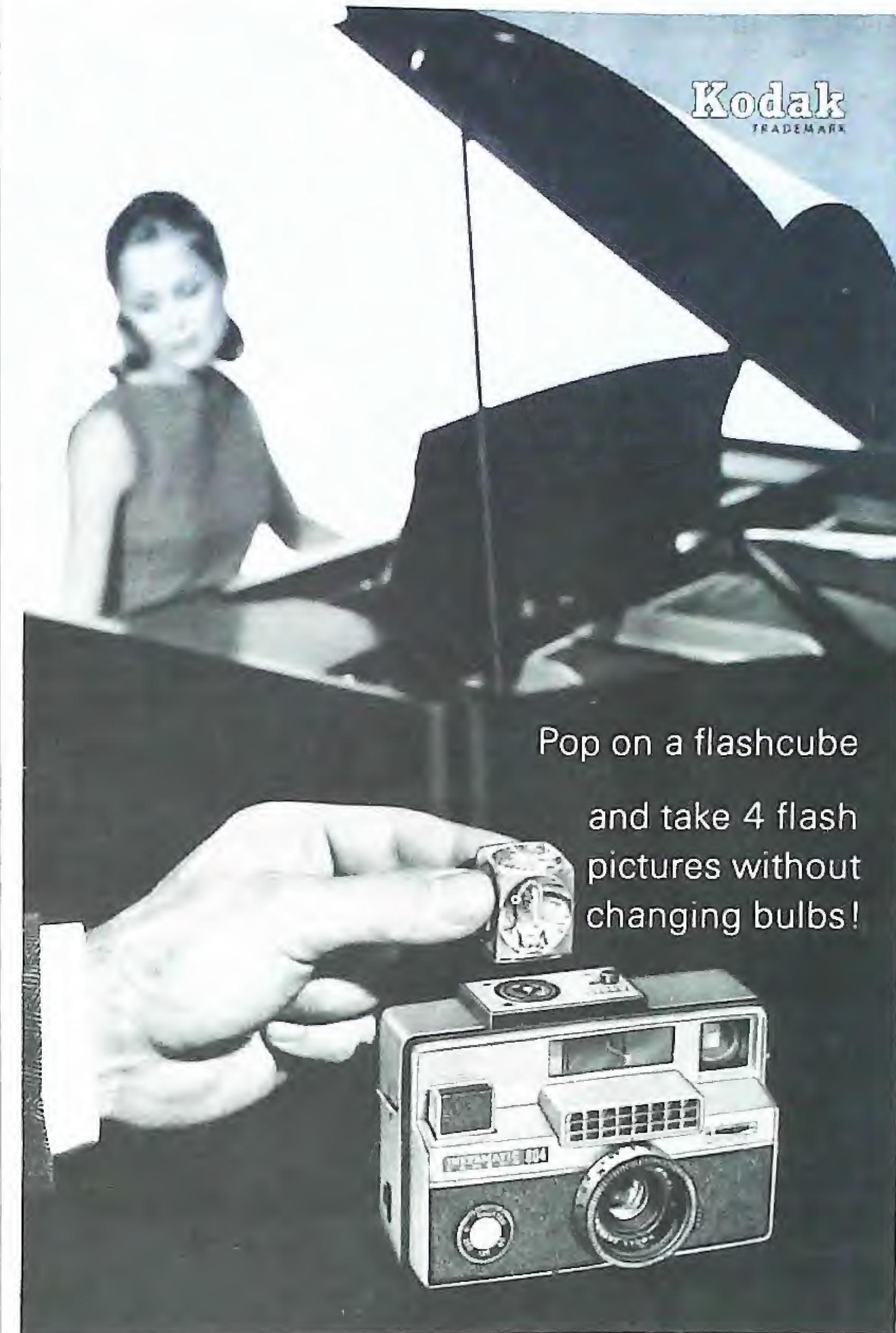
**Acute Scholaritis.** "I and the *New York Times*," says Wicker, "and still think the document was a considerable contribution to debate on the subject." He attributed the comparison to what he calls the "China lobby," the fact is that the *China lobby* is all quarters. In his appearance before the Senate Foreign Relations Com-



BURTON BERINSKY  
Three more into the fold.

TIME, APRIL 8, 1968

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TRADEMARK



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and take 4 flash  
pictures without  
changing bulbs!

## Now the most automatic of cameras does even more for you.

This camera makes it so much easier for you to take the indoor pictures you've always wanted. The new instant-loading KODAK INSTAMATIC 804 Camera does practically everything for you automatically. It even gives you automatic flash advance with the new rotating flashcube! It automatically adjusts for film speed... automatically advances the film for you after each shot... automatically adjusts the fast f2.8 lens for correct daylight exposure... automatically warns you when you need to use flash... automatically switches to flash speed when you pop on a flashcube... automatically sets itself for correct flash exposure as you focus... automatically indicates by rangefinder when focus is correct... and more, much more! Yet this most helpful of precision cameras costs less than \$125. Price subject to change without notice.

KODAK INSTAMATIC 804 Camera

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Babe Ruth, All-Star, Yankees

Lefty Grove, All-Star, Athletics



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Wes Ferrell, All-Star, Red Sox

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Take the star whisky from each and combine them into one?

It took us a generation to find out.

We had to sift and sort through 530 distillations to get the whiskies we wanted.

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The 1933 All-Star team gave us a crazy idea for a Scotch.



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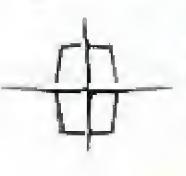


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 LINCOLN Continental  
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LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION

## MODERN LIVING

### CUSTOMS

#### Toward Nationwide D.S.T.

Ever since the U.S. began experimenting with daylight-saving time in 1918, the nation during the spring, summer and fall has turned itself into a chaotic crazy quilt of conflicting time patterns. Eighteen states observe D.S.T. on a uniform statewide basis. In another 18 states, individual communities decide for themselves whether or not they will follow D.S.T. and set for themselves the dates on which it goes into and out of effect. Fourteen other states, including almost the entire South, remain on standard time all year long.

The great timekeeping hodgepodge costs railroads, airlines and bus companies millions of dollars a year just for printing and distributing revised timetables. But the obvious answer, nationwide D.S.T., has long been opposed by farmers who argue that "fast time," as they call it, wrecks their harvests since they cannot begin work until the dew is off the hay. Furthermore, they complain, it is one thing to tell a man to get up an hour earlier, quite another thing to tell a cow.

Last week, by a decisive 281-to-91 vote in the House, Congress approved a bill previously passed by the Senate that takes a major step in the direction of uniform nationwide D.S.T. Effective this year, the bill requires that D.S.T. commence on the last Sunday in April and end on the last Sunday in October for all states and communities that choose to observe it. Next year, under the bill's provisions, all states will have to observe uniform D.S.T. statewide unless their legislatures opt for uniform standard time for the entire state. But as early risers know, the sun is already up before 6 a.m., tennis courts in the South have been readied for after-work play, and early gardening has begun. So why not begin D.S.T. on the last Sunday in March rather than April?

### FASHION

#### Pieced in Plastic

The effect was breathtaking. Out strode the model, clothed in nothing but wafer-thin plastic disks, each glinting with dazzling sun colors (hot orange, pink) and hung together with fine wires. Next came a coat of mail in glistening silver that let a generous amount of skin go unprotected. Then came sun visors shaped like welders' helmets and weightlessly at shoulder level.

It was the U.S. debut at Manhattan's Lord & Taylor or Jewelry Designer Paco Rabanne, at 32 the hit of Paris. Only last February, Paco presented a small experimental collection of disk dresses in his fifth-floor, walk-up Paris studio, and suddenly the rush was on

Britain's *Queen* plunged with 14 pages, *Harper's Bazaar* put his work on last month's cover, and *Vogue's* current issue leads off with Top Model Donyale Luna (TIME, April 11) in one of Paco's shifts, which amply displays her body (models in the U.S. prefer to wear a body stocking underneath).

**Sexy Mermaids.** Bound to be seen everywhere this summer, if Paco's hand-crafters can keep up with demand and charge accounts can take the gaff (dresses begin at \$300, simple earrings \$4). Rabanne's disks were an instant hit with the models. "It makes such a nice clatter when you move," said one. "I feel like a sexy mermaid." What happens if you sit down? "You shouldn't; they're



PACO & MODELS  
With such a nice clatter.

for dancing," was Paco's prompt retort. One model tried anyway, reported. "Not bad. It sort of slips away."

Paco himself sort of slipped into *haute couture*. As the son of Balenciaga's *premiere* (first seamstress) in San Sebastián, Spain, he grew up in the world of fashion. He set out to be an architect, studied at the Atelier Perret, then drifted into fashion design. "Fashion is the same process as architecture," he explains. "Both are concerned with very precise limits—in fashion, those of a woman's body." One reminder of his former studies is his white-pailette hat "directly inspired by Bucky Fuller's geodesic dome."

**Clean-Cut & Brilliant.** He began hitting his stride with plastic accessories. Then from sun goggles and huge choke necklaces the jewelry grew into whole

dresses, until currently he buys 30,000 meter-square sheets of Rhodoid plastic a month. But production is still painstakingly slow: ten days for a short shift, 15 days for a long dress.

Paco is pleased but not surprised by his sudden success. "There was a need for a new concept of femininity," he explains. "Feathers and boas have no meaning for today's woman. She needs something clean-cut and brilliant." The ideal? "A shining rubber paint that would dry into a second skin."

### THE TELEPHONE

#### Ringing in the Suspect

The phone can ring at any hour of the day or night. There on the other end of the line is the unidentified voice, mouthing obscenities or threats. The receiver in most cases is a woman, often in a city apartment. Until now, her only way out of such repeated and nerve-shattering harassment has been to change the telephone number and have it unlisted. For, as she quickly discovers, simply hanging up does not break the circuit, which is controlled by the caller. To apprehend him, the police tell the victim to keep the caller talking until they can trace the call and, in some cases, have her make an appointment with the caller.

Abusive calls have increased so much in recent years—New England Telephone Co. estimates up to 1,500 a month are made in its area—that A.T. & T. Chairman Frederick Kappel has called for a crackdown, and individual Bell companies are now declaring statewide "wars on obscene calls." Their most effective weapon is an electronic device known as "called-party holding," which the telephone company hooks up free. It consists of a small signal box that is linked to the nearest central office. By simply pushing the button on the box, the victim signals the central office, which immediately locks the circuit. Even if the caller hangs up, the circuit remains open and the telephone company can begin tracing the call.

The device is not foolproof. Calls made from party lines make tracing tough. But already it is paying dividends in terms of arrests. With slight variations, New Jersey Bell Telephone has been using it since last fall. Bell in Pennsylvania since the first of the year. In Rockland, Me., the device pinpointed a 17-year-old boy who had been pestering a family with several teen-age girls. And in Massachusetts it has led to a dozen convictions in the past six months on charges of harassment and use of obscene language, resulting in sentences ranging from a \$200 fine to three months in prison.

## EDUCATION

### CAMPUSES

#### The Frat's in the Fire

College fraternities, which have been fading in influence ever since World War II's returning G.I.s failed to blush when not roused, are newly under fire. At Amherst College, for example, they are the subject of a tough report by a committee of deans, faculty members and alumni. Amherst fraternities, says the report, "have become an anachronism, the possibilities for their reform have been exhausted, and they now stand directly in the way of exciting new possibilities." It urges a shift to



M.I.T.'S DELTA UPSILON FRATERNITY HOUSE

Status is for Klans, or kids.

more broadly based residential societies to "wean students into more mature forms of independent expression."

Fraternity members and alumni of Amherst are fighting back, hoping to prevent their school from following the lead of Williams College, which has been gradually abolishing its 15 national fraternities; only two are left. Williams President John Edward Sawyer was bitterly condemned by some alumni for the change, but Assistant Dean Donald W. Gardner insists that the changes "made this campus come alive."

Decisions on Sigma Chi. College administrations are also losing patience with fraternities that still refuse, after some 15 years of pressure, to broaden their membership selection. National officers of Sigma Chi were to decide this week whether to kick out its Stanford chapter, which was suspended last year after announcing that it intended to pledge a Negro. The trustees of Brown University ordered the Brown Sigma Chi chapter to disaffiliate on grounds that the national organization was discriminatory. Sigma Chi has filed a federal suit to force the University

the University of Wisconsin's 350 students.

Also working against fraternities are plush new dormitories, which offer swimming pools, libraries, billiard tables and rooms with baths, and cost less to live in than fraternities.

Less Rah-Rah. Some Greek societies are reforming to meet the new mood. University of Texas fraternities have set up a system to tutor their freshmen members. Social services in many types have long since transformed the Greek "hell week" to "help week." At Rutgers, ten of the 27 campus fraternities have Negro members. There is a growing movement by local chapters to break from their nationals and to gain alumni influence. "We insist upon autonomy," says Colgate Dean William Griffith. Many colleges insist that fraternities still improve student life with financial help in return for no institutional control. M.I.T. steadily encourages its strong fraternity system.

Berkeley's Assistant Dean of Students Lewis Rice argues that fraternities and sororities still meet "a basic social need, particularly on a large campus, in giving students 'a sense of belonging, identification with a peer group.' The rah-rah pledge-or-die appeal of Greek groups is fading, it may be to their benefit, enabling them to move more naturally into the diverse today's campus life.

### EDUCATION ABROAD

#### The Uninfected

They wear tight blue jeans and that bell at the bottom. Their hair is in ringlets over shirt collars. They play cowboy tunes on guitars, favorite phrases such as "Hello, baby," "Love me, do." They claim to be separated from their elders and reacted from their ideological indoctrination. In short, many students in Eastern Europe are surprisingly like U.S. campuses. In Prague a fortnight ago, 400 educators, including a dozen Westerners, met in a conference sponsored by Czechoslovakia's Red regime to talk about why the Communist culture should grab the kids.

#### Utter Pessimism

In part, the pessimism

is that many Eastern European

students are bored by propaganda

and restricted literature and limited

"We are young and cannot always

only of building socialism," says

manian youth. It is a fact that

Czech student, "that the general

currents for Western culture

coming from the West are

world. Here they are, us we are

generation building a new world

they insist we do a folk dance

centuries old." As

modern European girls prefer the

the jerk, and big-b

75 years.

You learn an awful lot about the moving business

and break fewer things than inexperienced men. And

Bekins men average over ten years in the moving

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You learn you don't make it over the long haul with

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is the largest in the business.

TIME AFTER

## Grandpa Bekins took the wheels off a moving van and opened an office.



As a matter of fact, today we're the largest moving and storage company in the world, with 1088 offices and agents in the United States, Canada, Mexico, Europe, Asia, the Far East, and Central and South America.

We've come a long way since that first office. Now the only time we take the wheels off a van is when we replace the tires.





### Exotic New Contours, Heart-Shaped Holes Boom Doughnut Sales

Drive-in Specialty Shops Bring  
New Glamor to Field; Their  
Prices Turn Quite Fancy, Too

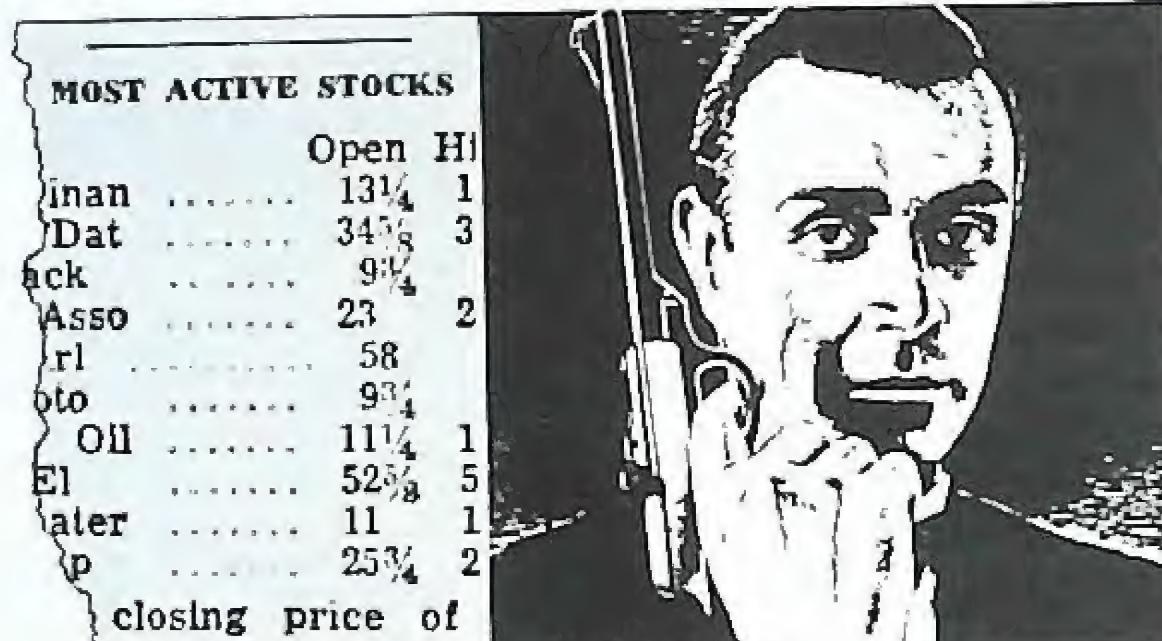
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CAI

### Dollars & Doughnuts...

### Skateboards & Soybeans...

### Stocks and bonds & James Bond.



Sean Connery as Agent 007, in the new James Bond thriller, THUNDERBALL. © United Artists release.

### This is business news—news that can give you a head start every business day.

Doughnuts change shape, and a baking-equipment manufacturer changes his sales plans. Skateboards zoom, and everybody, from police chiefs to bandage makers, feels the breeze. Overnight, "007" becomes the trademark of a sprawling industry.

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**Only busy men have time to read  
The Wall Street Journal**

of positive effort. Their only interest is sex." Youthful Yugoslav author Mihajlo Mihajlov recently told President Tito that any fears that reading Western literature could "infuse" Mihajlov with a "foreign ideology" were unfounded. His proof: "I have读过 Communist literature in my childhood, and I still fail to find any sympathy for Communism."

Well-Educated Watchmen. Suchicism stems partly from students that their education is put to use by Communist societies, which to reserve the best jobs for partyites. "They encourage us to study engineering and medicine," complains young Pole, "and then they expect us to join a farming community and to less money as a doctor than a common laborer. I didn't study ten years for that." A Czech student complains, "University graduate are being given jobs as night watchmen—we have best-educated night watchmen in the world."

To stem such discontent, European countries are making school tougher for students to get into and are channeling more of them into trade schools, which often lead to better-paying jobs. When Polish children complete their new eight-year schooling, one-fifth go on to four-year academic high schools, the rarest schools. After that they can take competitive exams for university seats, but only 33,000 out of 80,000 candidates made it last year.

Communist indoctrination in schools has forced turned soft-sell Polish universities dropped compulsory—widely scorned—cram courses in elements of Marxism-Leninism, and more flexible discussion courses. "Main Problems of Marxist Philosophy" Grade schools offer a new course: "civic education" directed at children of "the superiority of the socialist system over the capitalist system, mainly by studying the party organization and local government in action."

Facing the Beatles, Czech universities recently injected a bit of democracy into their academic bureaucracy, admitting faculty members to elected principals and deans. Students are offered an "adviser" to help with university policy. At the teacher level, teachers have had difficulties with their students. In a contest of teen-agers in a communist school, one headmaster, Vladimir Prazak, complained over Rudo Praha, "It is really not so easy to take a child wearing a check jacket and a red badge inscribed 'Communist' and talk to him about education."

The dilemma for school educators, that as the lower the educational pitch and give students more they invite ideas that they consider dangerous. As education advances in Europe, the student's devotion to Communism declines. If seems to be that part of western Europe breeds freedom.

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Furthermore, you just feel better in a bank.

Day in, year out, you're better off in a Full Service Bank—where you get full service for your money.

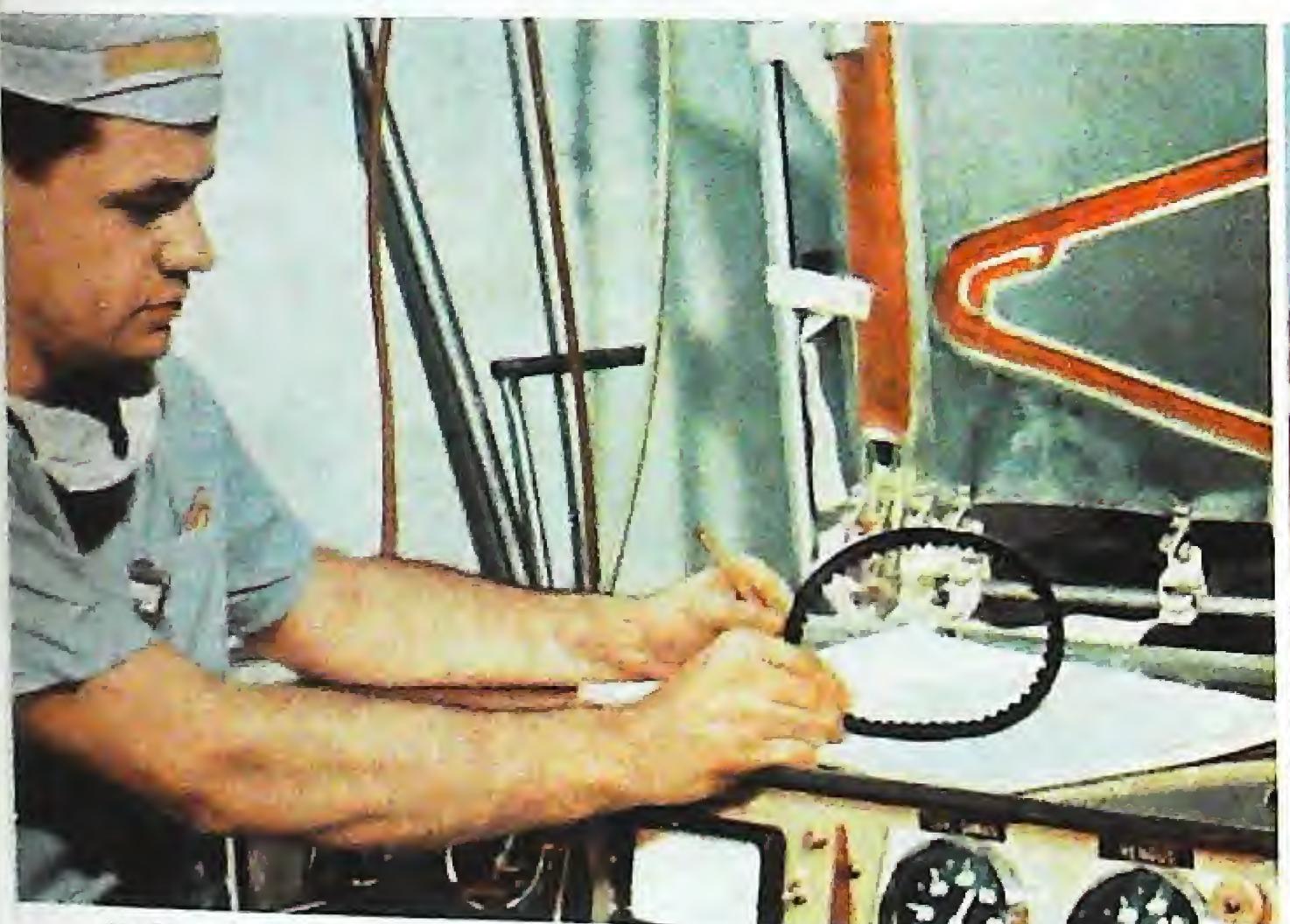


"The place where you keep your checking account."



1. Goodyear hose moves 6,000,000 tons of river-bottom—no downtime in 3 years. Floating sand and gravel plant near Denver uses flexible 16"-diameter suction hose to dredge river bottom. And discharge hose to

carry abrasive materials to processing plant. Each hose handles 1,000 cubic yards an hour, 2000 hours a year. Resists abrasion, flexing, fatigue, and temperature fluctuations—where downtime costs \$2 a minute.



2. Heart of new cardiac pump machine—efficient, quiet-running belt. The G.T.M. recommended this strong, nonslip positive drive belt for Ohio company's new heart-lung machine. Belt connects variable transmission to speed reducer. Regulates flow of blood through machine. Works dependably. Needs no maintenance.



3. Rubber fenders cushion 300,000 foot pound shock load—last longer. Maryland firm uses Goodyear roll-on rubber fenders. Rubber fenders absorb impact of long, hard hits on the nose of tug. Fenders won't ice up. They won't rot or mildew. Resist moisture. Won't tear up. They'll last only 5 years. Previously used rope fenders lasted only 10 years.

## There are 30,000 ways to cut costs...with Goodyear rubber engineering

(Here are 3. There are 29,997 more.)

We've engineered rubber products to meet 30,000 different specifications—and they all help cut costs. Reason? They're built to work harder, last longer, replace costlier materials you may be using. For more information, call your Goodyear

distributor. He'll put you in touch with the most experienced rubber engineer in the industry, the G.T.M. (Goodyear Technical Man). Or write: Goodyear Industrial Products, Akron, Ohio 44316.

**GOOD**  **YEAR**  
INDUSTRIAL PRODUCTS

## SHOW BUSINESS



When they say "come for the weekend" let the Smooth Canadian say "thanks"

This is the gift that's always right as rain. (Which we hope it won't!) Your host will appreciate Seagram's V.O. because it does what no other whisky can. It defines smooth once and for all. Light? Of course. Invited again? Of course!

Known by the company it keeps.

Seagram's  
Canadian

V.O.



CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND OF SELECTED WHISKIES 6 YEARS OLD 86.8 PROOF SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CORP.



BARBRA & ANTEATER  
Animal crackers in her soup.

### TELEVISION

#### Flip-Side Streisand

It was Barbra Streisand's second television special, and the publicity buildup made it sound like the Second Coming. "The most electrifying entertainer in the world," pealed a CBS advertisement on air day last week, "has a new hit on her hands . . . even more exciting than the first." The morning after, many a crone looped ecstatically through the hoop. *Color Me Barbra*, the show was called, and one reviewer exclaimed, "Color her magnificent!" "She is the only younger superstar around," cried another. "The show of this year," declared a third. Yet for all the press raves and the excessive bravos of the studio audience, last week's Barbra was, at best, flip-side Streisand. The addition of color was *Color Me Barbra*'s single improvement over the original. Otherwise the show was over-cute, overwrought and suffocatingly over-produced.

Last season, in her show-stopper, Barbra was given the run of Manhattan's Bergdorf Goodman. This time, for an opener and attempted topper, she gawked girlishly through the hallowed marble halls of the Philadelphia Museum of Art, singing as a Modigliani lady, now a latter-day Nefertiti, now Marie Antoinette. Later, she serenaded her poodle in French (with subtitles), tromped like a kangaroo on a trampoline, played Tarzan on a trapeze, juxtaposed noses with an anteater and hoisted with a squad of penguins.

If anything, the show proved that one full hour of Streisand's peculiarly nasal voice is about 45 minutes too much, and that her choice of songs—*Sam, Youers in My Pants Too Long, Animal Crackers in My Soup*—can be appalling. The Streisand talent is considerable, but it is getting lost in a myth.

TIME, APRIL 8, 1966

#### Seven Deadly Daytime Sins

"I broke off with Mrs. Scott, God help me . . . and her . . ."

"I'm frightened, Dr. Bauer . . . so frightened . . ."

"I don't feel anything just now . . . except dead inside."

Such are the arias of soap operas, day in and day out, on daytime television, the last outpost of the knitting brow and the purling organ. Once, nighttime TV was the only phase of programming that interested sponsors and networks; today, television executives are laughing on the other side of their

chests. *Confidential for Women* presents melodramas of domestic relations out of Albee by Metalious. He: "I hope our daughter doesn't turn into a dried up, emasculating . . ." She: "Oh, shut up! If you don't like it, get out of here!" He: "For 23 years you've stripped the manhood right off of me, and I needed you." She: "Wanted, not needed!" Whereupon a "human relations specialist" instantly pops up before the cameras to analyze the situation as "a breakdown in communication and too much dependence on romance."

**Fun & Games.** For variety, the housewife can tune in on *As the World Turns*, the *doyenne* of daily dramas, where the actors still say "You mean . . ." and "It can't be true!" and regularly face death, disease, violence, alcoholism, attempted suicide, amnesia, rape, malpractice and child-custody suits. The viewer can be forgiven if she becomes a victim of another deadly sin—pride—at having a family who, no matter what their vagaries, must seem to be the epitome of middle-class morality compared to the atrocity-ridden citizens of *World, Search for Tomorrow, Love of Life*, and *Guiding Light*.

All of which leaves daytime TV with only two sins untouched: wrath and sloth.

And as the shadows begin to lengthen on her lawn and the commercials for virile laundry detergents (Boost!, Blast!, Fist!, Kick!, Sneer!, Guts!) ricochet around the homemaker's uncleanned living room, sloth can easily be accounted for. As for wrath, that depends. Will she one day wax wroth when she suddenly realizes how many sunlit hours have been spent before the tube? Will she rise and turn off the set? Or is she trapped forever in the flickering world of vicarious fun and games, scandal and sex? Tune out tomorrow.

DAVID GAHR



DAYTIME TV "LOVE OF LIFE"  
Wanted, not needed.





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Look for this symbol  
of long distance moving  
in the Yellow Pages.



Indianapolis, Ind. 46209



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She makes a career of temporary office assignments. When one of your staff is absent, she steps in and handles the work accurately and efficiently even on the toughest assignments.

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THE VERY BEST IN TEMPORARY HELP

Over 400 offices throughout the world

World Headquarters: Milwaukee, Wisconsin

## English Leather®



...the ALL-PURPOSE MEN'S LOTION, \$2.00, \$3.50, \$6.50...the BATH SOAP, \$3.00  
...the ALL-PURPOSE SPRAY LOTION, \$5.00 (refill \$2.00)...the SHOWER SOAP  
ON A CORD, \$2.00...the SHAVING CREAM, \$2.00...the PRE-SHAVE LOTION, \$1.50  
...the ALL-PURPOSE POWDER, \$1.50...the AEROSOL DEODORANT, \$1.50  
...the DEODORANT STICK, \$1.00...the HAIR DRESSING, \$1.50...the gift set of ALL-PURPOSE  
LOTION and AEROSOL DEODORANT, \$3.50...other GIFT SETS from \$3.00 to \$10.00

©MEM COMPANY, INC., NORTHLAKE, NEW JERSEY

filled the cavernous 4,822-seat Nettie Auditorium to 97% capacity.

► SAN FRANCISCO SYMPHONY, after a period of decline during the tenure of Conductor Enrique Jorda (1954-62), is now breaking attendance records with Josef Krips, 63, who is a master of the singing legato style. In his four years at San Francisco, Krips has imported a raft of front-rank musicians from other orchestras, including a cellist from the Chicago, a clarinetist from the New York, an oboist from the Cleveland. A fleshy, cherubic-faced Viennese, Krips can be a mountain of motion when conducting—cajoling, grimacing, beaming like a silent-movie hero. A dynamo of energy, he has lengthened the season from 26 to 30 weeks, performed 200 concerts a season in the towns surrounding San Francisco. Says one flutist: "He wants everyone to play with a smile. With a recording contract soon to be signed and a junket through the Far East planned for 1968, everyone is smiling."

The pre-eminence of U.S. orchestras stems from a unique musical environment. Always a haven for the displaced musician, the top U.S. orchestras have been able to draw the best performers from an international pool. Thirty years ago, more than half of U.S. symphonies were composed of foreign-born musicians; today the proportion runs about 10%. Thus, U.S. symphonies are free from the national mannerisms that mark European orchestras. And while European players tend to grow phlegmatic in the security of their state-subsidized jobs, the self-supporting arrangement in the U.S. engenders a competition that compels each musician to produce his best. Says Concert Violinist Heribert Szeryng: "I always find that my best accompaniments in the U.S. are in February and March, the time when contracts come up for renewal."

Still, it is one of the realities of symphony life that players' salaries in the top 25 orchestras last year averaged only \$5,267. The cultural explosion has attracted wider support but resources are still woefully lacking. Though performing-arts centers are shooting up as fast as prefab bungalows, many orchestras must play under less than ideal conditions. The New Orleans Philharmonic, which performs in the Municipal Auditorium, often has to compete with the roars from a wrestling match on the other side of the wall. Concerts in St. Louis' Kiel Auditorium are punctuated with cheers at Hawks basketball games. In the mobile musicians' market, it is almost axiomatic that the best orchestras are those with the biggest budgets. Facing up to the demands of the modern orchestra, the Minneapolis Symphony hired a young concert manager who has a master's degree from the Wharton School of Business in "marketing opportunities for the symphony orchestra." That the U.S. has produced such orchestras in the world, despite such difficulties, makes the achievement all the more remarkable.



I give thanks unto Thee,  
O Lord,  
for Thou hast freed  
my soul from the pit  
and drawn me up  
from the slough of hell  
to the crest of the world.  
So walk I  
on uplands unbounded  
and know  
that there is hope  
for that which Thou  
didst mold out of dust  
to have consort with things eternal.

The Book of Hymns,  
Dead Sea Scrolls,  
170 B.C.-68 A.D.  
Artist: Norman La Liberte

Great Ideas of Eastern Man  
One of a Series

Container Corporation of America 

## THE LAW

### MILITARY COURTS

See Here, Specialist Schmidt  
Specialist Fourth Class Gerald L. Schmidt sounded like an average G.I. when he bellyached about the Fort Riley chow and groused about overcrowded quarters. Unlike most of his buddies, though, Schmidt was not content to restrict his complaint to barracks bull sessions; he put his beefs in writing and sent them to Senator Gaylord Nelson of his home state of Wisconsin. The Senator forwarded the complaint to Fort Riley's commanding general. A veteran of four years of Army service during World War II, Nelson might have been expected to choose a more promising way of serving a constituent.

Schmidt's letter finally got into the hands of the first sergeant. After that Schmidt really did have something to bitch about. He was assigned to extra duty peeling potatoes and scrubbing the grease trap in the mess hall. When he warned his company commander that unless the persecution stopped he would inform the press, he was charged with "wrongful communication of a threat" and "extortion." Despite the chaplain's testimony that he was only guilty of immaturity, singular lack of judgment and stubbornness, a general court-martial sentenced him to 18 months in the stockade and a bad-conduct discharge. The sentence was eventually cut in half, and Schmidt was given a "general discharge," which ranks somewhere below "honorable" but does not carry the stigma of "dishonorable."

Last month the U.S. Court of Military Appeals unanimously threw out the conviction. "Military discipline, harsh

as it may seem, is essential to the efficient functioning of our armed forces," conceded Judge Homer Ferguson. "But when it is perverted into an excuse for retaliating against a soldier for doing only that which Congress has expressly said it wishes him to be free to do, this court would be remiss if it did not condemn the effort to persecute him." Schmidt's announcement that he would write the papers "to expose to public view the unlawful and unjust measures which have been taken against him does not amount to an unlawful threat or an extortionate communication."

Heady with success, Schmidt is now talking about getting an honorable discharge and says that he even expects to get damages from the Army for his unlawful imprisonment.

### LAW SCHOOLS

#### Learning by Trying

"The adversary system," said Supreme Court Justice Tom Clark in a speech to Houston lawyers and law students, "operates on the basis that effective representation of opposing interests is a better lie detector than any machine." Unhappily, he added, U.S. law schools have so neglected trial training that "from where I sit, it appears that the tribe of advocates is a vanishing race." The country's few skilled advocates, said Clark, are now so swamped that court delays could conceivably force the abolition of trial by jury.

Ex-Prosecutor Clark is determined to do what he can to prevent so drastic a change in U.S. justice. Under a 1964 law, indigent federal prisoners may now be represented by paid public defenders, and last year Clark suggested that law students could aid the federal defenders while learning the art of advocacy in the process. Such on-the-job training for students would serve much the same purpose as the back-to-school movement that provides continuing legal education for practicing attorneys (TIME, March 25); it might also enlarge the nation's short supply of trial lawyers by whetting the appetites of fledglings who would otherwise pass up such practice in favor of other specialties.

With Ford Foundation money, Chicago's U.S. District Court got the National Defender Project to start an "intern at law" program last fall. Now, two-student teams from six Chicago law schools report daily to the federal courthouse, help determine prisoners' indigency, gather evidence, interview witnesses, prepare motions, huddle with the defender at the trial, and are given an opportunity to question the judge.

**Mash & Mutuality.** Saving a federal defender's time and effort, DePaul Law Students Jay Shapiro and Larry Gabriel recently tackled the case of a Puerto Rican moonshiner. Without a warrant, federal agents had invaded his



STUDENT DEFENDERS & SUSPECT IN CHICAGO  
And the judge can be questioned too.

apartment, found 500 lbs. of fermenting mash, and then nabbed him outside in a car crammed with sugar. After plumbing assorted precedents, the students informed the defender that the agents indeed had "probable cause" for the warrantless invasion: the mash smell was detected by their own trained noses. Such experiences have persuaded Gabriel to become a prosecutor, Shapiro a criminal lawyer.

So far, the only trouble has come from a U.S. attorney who claimed that a defender's eager student aide deprived him of courtroom "mutuality." Since he himself had no such eager helper, argued the prosecutor, the jury might have been prejudiced. The judge sustained the objection, but Chicago's Program Director Ray Berg is hardly daunted: he hopes soon to enroll all of the city's third-year law students in civil as well as criminal cases.

**Precious Commodity.** Though local bar associations often take an initially dim view of such efforts, the idea that law students should emulate medical students' intern training has now been accepted in varying degrees in Colorado, Florida, Michigan, Montana, New Jersey, New Mexico, New York and Wyoming. In Massachusetts, the state's highest court has authorized law students to appear in lower courts and to defend indigents in cases involving less than 21 years' imprisonment. At Boston University, law students now get classroom credit for courtroom practice in Roxbury, a predominantly Negro slum where 70% of defendants cannot afford lawyers. Lest a student prove unequal to his job, a veteran teacher-advocate is always on hand to rescue the client. Every law student needs such training, says B.U.'s Assistant Law Dean Robert L. Spangenberg.

"The liberty of his future clients is too precious a commodity to be squandered through the mistakes of inexperience."



When Time-Life Broadcast sent its first reporter-cameraman team to Asia late in 1965, their assignment was the war in Viet Nam. Bill Roberts, chief of our Washington bureau, and cameraman Norris Brock (pictured above) reported the

war on land, sea and air—but they gave equal time to Vietnamese efforts to build for tomorrow. The five Time-Life Broadcast station teams that follow will have covered the entire Pacific area, from Japan to Australia and into troubled India and

Pakistan, 17 countries in all. Their reports are being seen and heard on our five TV and four radio stations, in the high-rated news periods. (Howard Caldwell, WFBM-TV Indianapolis, obtained the first TV interview granted by India's new Prime Minister,

Mrs. Indira Gandhi.) For a broad-based group dedicated to informing the audience about the world today and tomorrow, we consider "Project Asia" to be a sizable opportunity.

CIVILIAN SCHMIDT  
But Congress told him to.  
TIME, APRIL 8, 1966

TIME  
LIFE  
BROADCAST

KERO-TV Bakersfield  
KLZ-TV AM/FM Denver  
WOOD-TV AM/FM Grand Rapids  
WFBM-TV AM/FM Indianapolis  
KOGO-TV AM/FM San Diego

# Tactical Missiles: A report from General Dynamics

## Evening the odds against surprise attack:

Even for those who weren't there, newsreels of World War II and the Korean War have made this scene familiar:

Troops are moving along a road or field. Suddenly, an enemy plane swoops out of the sky with machine guns and cannons blazing. Troops scatter for cover. A few fire at the disappearing plane—but in vain.

Today, the foot soldier does not have to head for cover. He has an equalizer. Now the scene would go like this:

An enemy plane is seen in the distance. An infantryman shoulders a weapon that resembles a bazooka. Through an eyepiece he sights the plane, squeezes a trigger and a missile whooshes out of the tube. Seconds later, the plane explodes.

Such a weapon is now moving into the hands of field troops. It is made by General Dynamics and called Redeye. It is a tactical guided missile designed to be used by one man.

## The bullet that gets a second chance:

A bullet or shell is affected by gravity and wind, but, by and large, once fired it continues in the direction it was originally pointed.

A sharp eye, a steady arm and an accurate gun are all you need to hit a stationary target.

A moving object has to be "led"—the

gunner judges where the moving object will be in a few fractions of a second and points his bullet there.

But to "lead" an airplane traveling at the speed of sound, miles high and able to change its direction in a hurry, you need a guided missile.

An effective surface-to-air weapon must be capable of fast reaction. Its warhead must be powerful enough to destroy an attacking plane. Its speed and range must be enough to reach the attacking aircraft before the plane's offensive weapons can be launched against ground troops.

But the real key is in the word *guided*.

The guided missile, like its evasive target, can be steered and sometimes steer itself. In fact, you might call a tactical guided missile a "bullet that gets a second chance."

Let's take a look at three produced by General Dynamics—Terrier, Tartar as well as Redeye—to see how some tactical missiles work. All are essentially defensive weapons.

Terrier and Tartar are supersonic, solid-fueled missiles used by the United States Navy. Both have what is known as "semi-active homing" guidance. This involves a complex of shipboard radar and computers, combined with sensing, computing and controlling devices within the missile itself.

When search radar aboard a ship finds an oncoming target, a radar illumination beam, controlled through a central computer, seeks out the attacking plane. The radar waves reflected from the airplane are picked up by a sensor in the nose of the missile, which

will chase its target to intercept even if the plane changes course several times.

## Terrier:

Terrier is the bigger of the two. On a launcher aboard a Navy cruiser, it is about 27 feet long. The first 15 feet is the missile proper. The second 12 feet contain a booster rocket for propulsion.

Terrier is always ready to go. Almost within the instant that the illuminating beam fastens on the approaching aircraft, Terrier is triggered.

The booster blasts the missile off the launching rack. The finder is already receiving the reflected beam from the target. Two small charges within the missile have already ignited. Their hot

ing gases turn two small turbines that provide power for the guidance and control systems. The other operates a hydraulic pump whose fluids move small guidance fins on the missile itself.

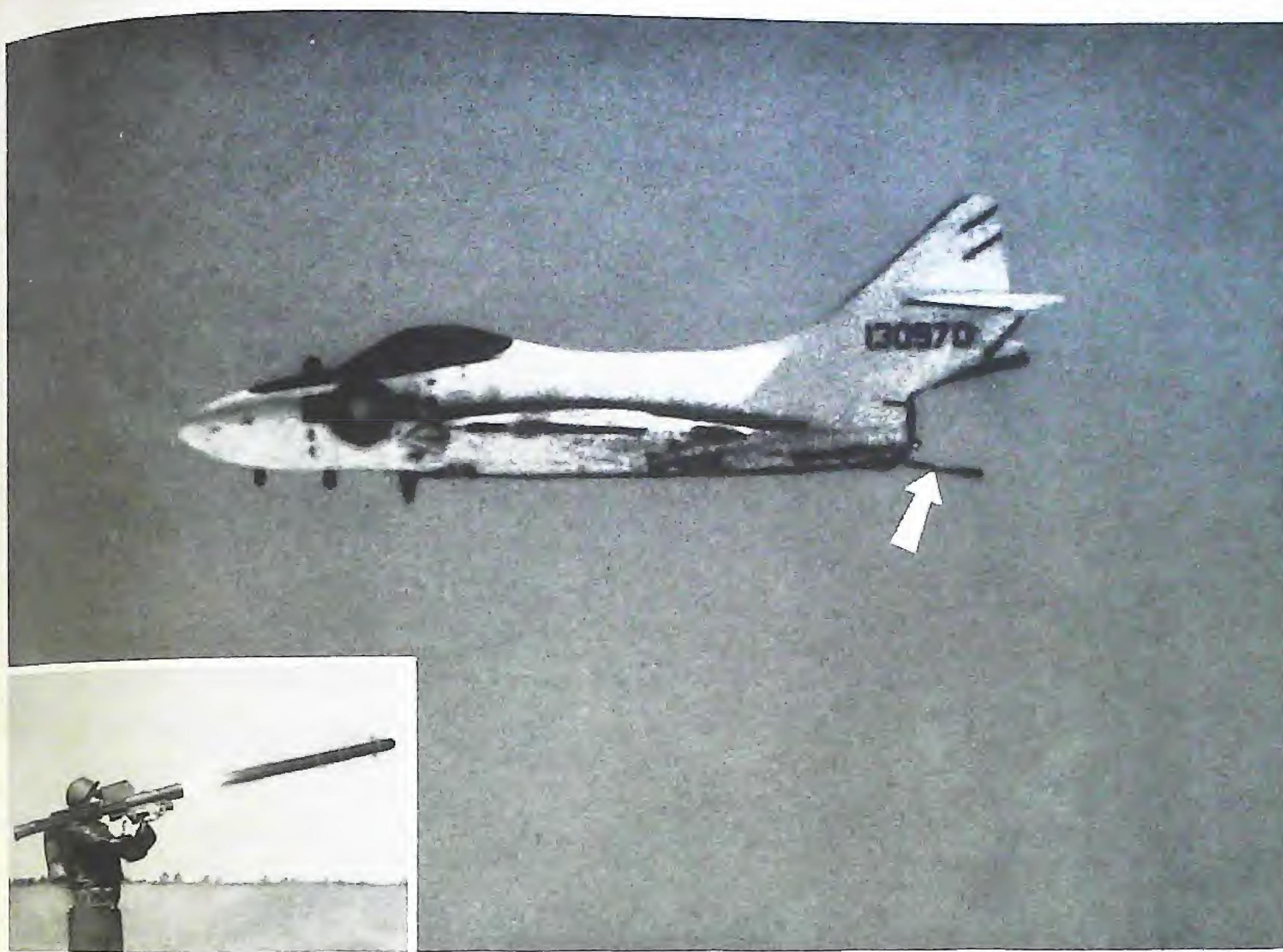
As the booster burns out and drops away, a sustainer rocket within the missile proper commences firing to continue necessary velocity to intercept the target.

Both Terrier and Tartar, in spite of their size, can be fired repetitively almost as fast as a bolt-operated rifle.

## Tartar:

Tartar is similar to Terrier, but compact (15 feet long and about 12 pounds compared to 27 feet and 3,000 pounds for Terrier).

Its booster and sustainer are combined into a single-rocket engine which



2. This is an actual photo of a Redeye missile (arrow) entering the jet exhaust of a drone airplane. Immediately after this photograph was taken, the plane exploded.

Stored in automated magazines, they can be lifted onto a launcher, hooked into the central computer radar control and fired within seconds.

Ships equipped with Terrier or Tartar can defend themselves against an armada of attacking aircraft today far more effectively than would have been possible against a single aircraft ten years ago.

## Redeye:

Redeye is designed to destroy low-flying aircraft rather than high-altitude supersonic attackers. Four feet long and three inches in diameter, it weighs only 28 pounds complete with its launcher.

Redeye's heat-seeking guidance is wholly self-contained. Reaction time is little more than it takes the soldier to lift the launcher to his shoulder, find the attacking aircraft in the sighting scope and squeeze the trigger. By that time, Redeye's infrared sensor has locked onto the source of heat it must follow.

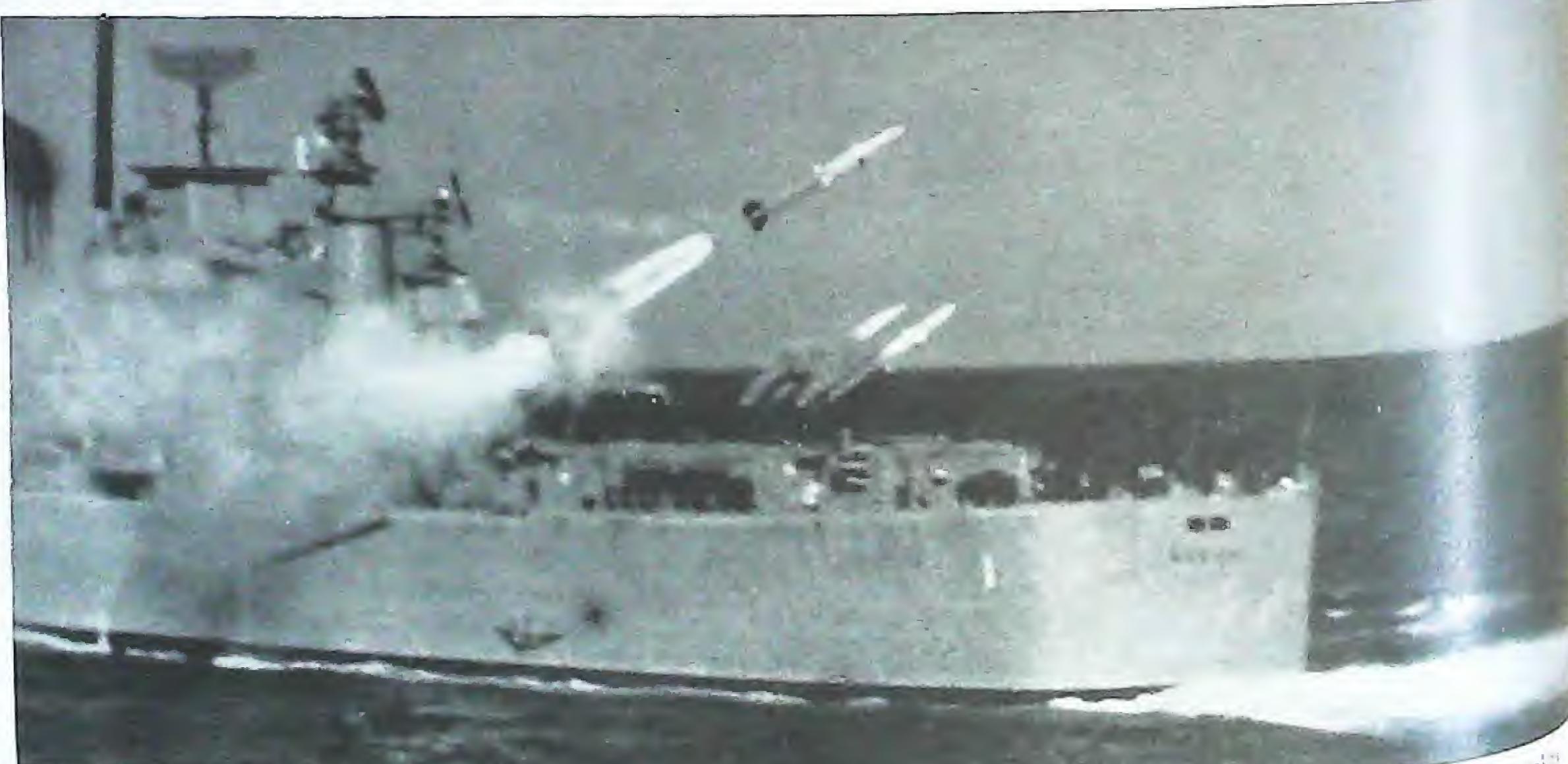
A small charge projects the missile from its launching tube. At a distance far enough to protect the soldier from rocket blast, a fuse lights the major

steering fins which enable Redeye to change direction as necessary and chase the target at supersonic speed until it intercepts it.

During the long history of combat, the advantage of surprise has almost invariably lain with the attacker. The modern tactical missile now more than evens the odds for the defender. At General Dynamics we are already developing newer ones with still more punch.

General Dynamics is a company of scientists, engineers and skilled workers whose interests cover every major field of technology, and who produce aircraft; marine, space and missile systems; tactical support equipment; nuclear, electronic and communication systems; machinery, building supplies; coal, gases.

**GENERAL DYNAMICS**



Above: Cruiser fires a Terrier. Right: Diagram shows radar waves sent from a ship and reflected from a plane being received by sensor in nose of the missile. Even if the plane takes evasive action, the missile will change course to intercept it.

## SCIENCE

### TECHNOLOGY

#### The Gullibility Experiment

From East Coast to West, unidentified flying objects (otherwise known as UFOs) appeared with the spring. Some of the sightings were explained away simply. The glowing "objects" that hovered over southeastern Michigan, said the Air Force, were only burning marsh gas. But what of the vivid reports that came in from Southern California, where hundreds of residents of metropolitan Los Angeles were startled by an assortment of weird sights in the night sky? Eyewitnesses reported red, white and blue (or orange, red and green)

LOS ANGELES HERALD-EXAMINER



STUDENTS WARREN & GOULD WITH UFO  
"We suckered everybody."

lights moving at "fantastic speed." Others detected a strong odor of perfume as the UFOs moved overhead. One woman saw "four glowing fireballs arranged in a cube," while another insisted that she had seen a light plane shoot down one of the strange things.

As always, the descriptions were more than a little fanciful. This time, though, there really were some objects overhead—man-made objects that did not contain any visitors from a far planet. They had been sent aloft by three ingenious students at Pasadena's California Institute of Technology.

Inspired by wild discrepancies in reports of earlier UFO sightings, Science Students Terry Warren, James Gould and Douglas Eardley decided to perform a complex "gullibility experiment." Working secretly in a steam tunnel under the Caltech campus, they rigged balloons out of polyethylene sheeting and filled them with an inert gas—probably helium. From the bottom of the balloons they suspended metal rods, each with fins and a railroad flare fastened to its lower end.

On four different nights, after walkie-talkie-equipped lookouts radioed that

campus guards were out of sight, the students slipped out of the tunnel, lit the flares, and launched their experiment. As the balloons soared skyward, wind caught the fins on the dangling rods and started the burning flares rotating like slowly twirling beacons.

Though a Caltech employee saw the final launching and informed the sheriff, it was too late to prevent the headline-making results. "We succeeded beyond our wildest hopes," said Gould. "We suckered everybody. We could have made the balloons do fantastic things—like zip across the sky—but we preferred to keep the experiment simple."

#### Capsule Solutions for Countless Problems

Aspirin and adhesive. Rivets and floor cleaners. Uranium fuel and food flavoring. What do all such widely divergent products have in common? Answer: They have all been improved and made more practical by a little-known but rapidly spreading process called microencapsulation.

By breaking up substances into tiny particles or droplets, and encapsulating each one in a protective coating of its own, scientists have turned volatile liquids into docile, easily handled solids. They have extended the effectiveness of drugs and insecticides, learned to mask unpleasant smells and tastes and to help preserve pleasant ones. By removing or rupturing the protective coating suddenly, or by allowing it to be penetrated or dissolved gradually, they have produced startling and useful effects in both industrial processes and commercial products.

**Carbonless Paper.** Microencapsulation was first used by the National Cash Register Co. in 1954 as a means of producing carbonless copying paper. One sheet of paper was coated on the back with a layer of microscopic capsules containing one chemical; the copy sheet was coated on the front with another chemical. When the two pieces were inserted in a typewriter or Teletype machine, the force of the keys hitting the top sheet broke the capsules, releasing the chemicals they contained. While the typewriter ribbon supplied ink for letters on the top sheet, the combined chemicals made an inklike copy of the letter on the bottom sheet.

The carbonless paper quickly caught on, and now brings N.C.R. more than \$25 million a year. But N.C.R. scientists saw no reason to settle for that one payoff from encapsulation. They, and researchers for other companies, have been busy working out countless other applications. Among the most familiar: "timed release" decongestants such as Contac, and a newly introduced aspirin called Measurin.

Timed-release decongestant medicines contain hundreds of small but visible pellets of gelatin- or wax-coated

drugs in a single dose. The period required for each pellet to dissolve in the digestive system and release its drug varies from almost no time at all to as long as twelve hours, depending on the thickness of the coating. Measurin tablets contain some 6,000 microscopic particles of aspirin, each coated with a semipermeable plastic. Gastric fluid flows through the plastic walls and dissolve the aspirin—which flows out of the capsule at a controlled rate for a continuous eight-hour period.

**Solid Gasoline.** The varied uses of encapsulation process seem limited only by the human imagination. Microcapsules of water have been incorporated in cigarette filters. Before a smoke lights up he pinches his cigarette, thus breaking the capsules and moistening the filter. Dry floor-scouring pads containing capsules of cleaning and polishing fluid are also being marketed. Aircraft companies are using rivets coated with microcapsules containing primer. When the rivet is forced into place the capsules break, allowing the primer to flow over both the rivet and the joining metal to protect them from corrosion. Manufacturers are testing encapsulated flavors and fragrances in food mixes to increase their shelf life, and nuclear-reactor fuel is being encapsulated to increase its efficiency.

Capsules of gasoline have been formed into bricks that can be built into rafts for towing on water or dropped safely from airplanes. The bricks are converted back into liquid gasoline by being passed through a wringer. The Air Force is evaluating disks coated with adhesive-filled microcapsules that would break when pressed against the exterior of a spacecraft. The released adhesive would firmly cement the disk to the craft, providing an anchor for an astronaut walking or working in space. Similar encapsulated adhesives would simplify the joining of parts under water.

**Bizarre Products.** To prepare solvents for microencapsulation, N.C.R. scientists grind and filter them down to particles of the desired size. Liquids are suspended in droplet form in other liquids—like salad oil in water—and a mixture is run through an industrial blender that breaks the droplets down into still smaller sizes. The tiny particles or droplets are then placed in a solution of coating material, which congeals around them when the temperature, acidity or concentration of the solution is changed—forming capsules as small as one twenty-five-thousandth of an inch in diameter.

Now that many companies have been licensed to use the microencapsulation technique, or have developed their own processes of their own, N.C.R. scientists expect a flood of bizarre new products to hit the market. Just to be sure of the game, they have already seen fully microencapsulated cocktails, and claim that they can now produce a

Sparkling...Flavorful...Distinctive!

# Miller High Life

*The Champagne of Bottle Beer*



© Miller Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

# The end of the plain plane, explained.

It's obvious that our airplanes look—well—different than other airplanes.

Not so obvious, perhaps, is why we made them look different.

You see, all airplanes look pretty much the same. And it was this monotonous *sameness* that we were trying to get away from.

(Oooooh, how those 3-hour plane rides bore you. Especially if you're a guy who trades for his living.)

Painting our airplanes different colors was a step in the other direction.

We also changed the fabrics on the seats, the uniforms our hostesses wear, our passenger

our food service. The list goes on and on.

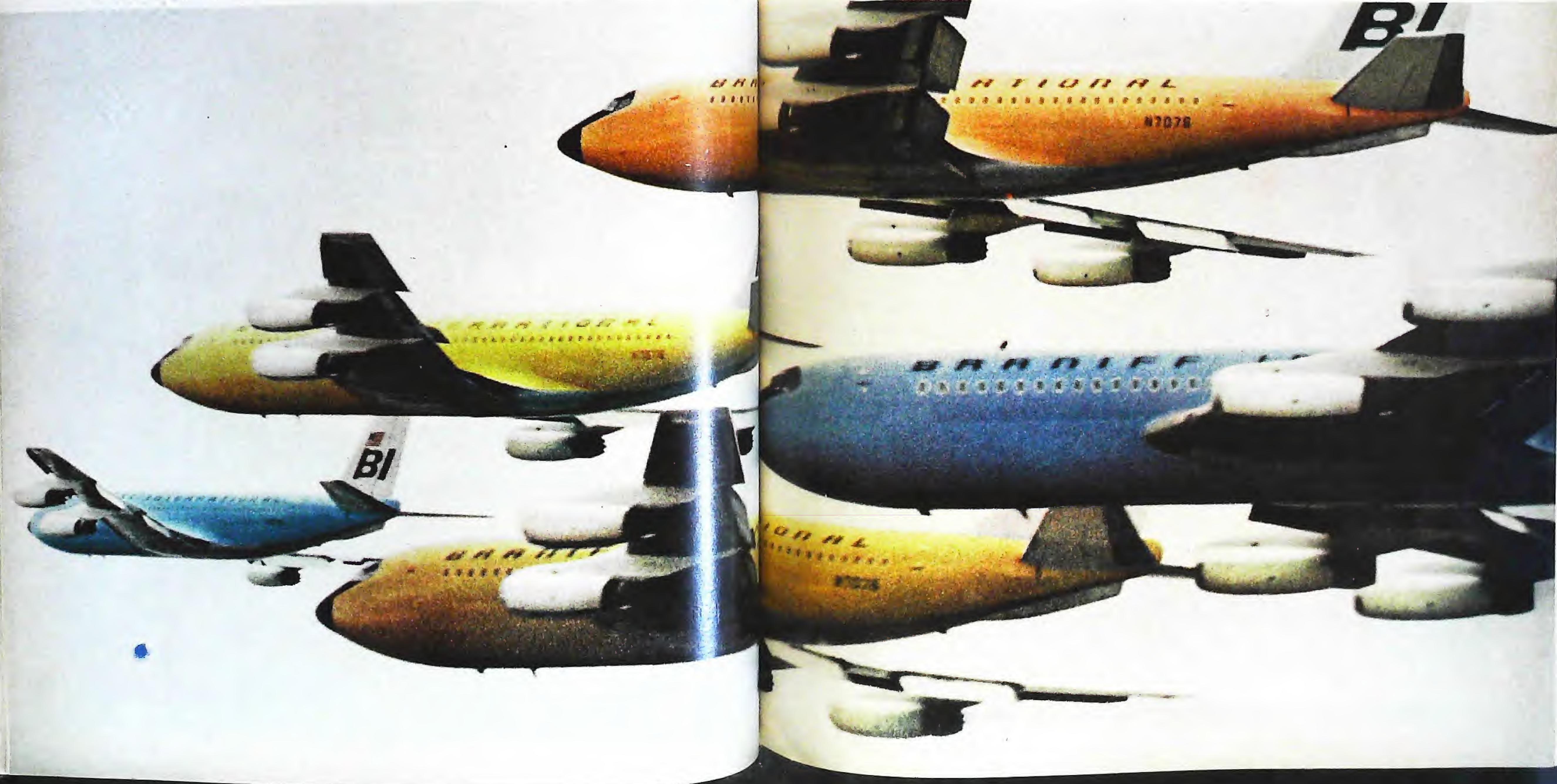
In fact, we've made 17,543 changes in our airline so far. (This includes the small ones, like the rather satisfying change we made in the package that holds the sugar for your coffee.)

Since no other airline has ever gone to so much

trouble before, you may still not understand why we did.

But even if you can't understand it, you can relax and enjoy it.

**Braniff International**  
United States Mexico South America





The new Tempest Custom convertible with Sprint package

Save \$9,000.

You don't believe it? Raise the hood and a shiny new 207-hp overhead cam six glares back at you—the kind immortalized by European sports machines. Get behind the wheel, buckle the belt (they're standard front and rear), and you're enveloped in luxury that looks like it came out of an Italian carrozzeria. Drive it and suddenly you think you've got hold

of something that took twelve thousand months waiting to get. Then gape in awe at the price tag. Our new Sprint package. Fully synchronized 3-speed on the floor, emblems and sports striping. It's available. LeMans except! station wagons. Your Pov-

TIME, APRIL 8, 1966



CLAY ON THE ROPES



CHUVALO HITTING LOW

Below the belt is easier on the hands.

## SPORT

### PRIZEFIGHTING

#### Speaking of Indignities

There must be times when Cassius Clay wonders what in the name of Allah has happened to him. Just yesterday he was "the Greatest," a carefree teenager who chattered amusingly about winning the heavyweight championship of the world and driving around in a tomato-red Cadillac. Now he is 24, divorced, in Dutch with the draft, condemned by Congressmen. He is the "champion of the world," but it is a smallish world: eleven states, the United Kingdom, Europe, Africa, Australia, and the Brotherhood of Black Muslims. He can't get a license in Chicago, and he can't get a fight anywhere with Ernie Terrell, who claims to be the champion of the rest of the world.

Last week Champion Clay was reduced to fighting for pocket money in Toronto, a hockey town, against George Chuvalo, a one-time used-car salesman. When it was all over and he had won, Clay suffered one more indignity: the Canadian government held up his purse, to make sure that he paid his taxes.

**Let's Be Practical.** A potato-faced pug, noted mainly for his high threshold of pain and his mastery of the "uppercut"—a left hook to an opponent's private parts—Chuvalo was ranked tenth among the World Boxing Association's top ten heavyweights. True, he had never been knocked down in 47 pro fights, but he had lost eleven, including three of the last eight—to Floyd Patterson, Eduardo Corletti. Sportswriters called the fight "the mismatch of the decade." Bookmakers installed Clay as the 1-to-7 favorite—and then refused to take any bets. There were rows of empty \$7 seats at Toronto's Maple Leaf Gardens, the 3R theater proprietors who piped in the closed-circuit telecast took theirumps when only 50,000 fans turned out for Floyd Patterson last November.

Strangely enough, it was all it wasn't supposed to be: a fight. Slow, awk-

ward, outreached by three inches, Chuvalo was totally practical. "I am a rough fighter, bordering on the dirty," he admitted. "I have to overpower Clay, wear him down, run him into the ground." In the first round, he rifled a left at Clay's kneecap and followed with a hook to the groin. He then grabbed hold of the champion's neck with one glove, whaled away at Clay's kidneys with the other.

Fans at ringside screamed "Foul!, Foul!", but Referee Jack Silvers just shrugged. "Chuvalo is a body puncher," he explained later, "and stopping him from hitting low is like cutting off his arm." In the third round, the Canadian pinned Clay against the ropes, belted him a dozen times with right and left hooks—all below the belt. The judges applauded that display by awarding Chuvalo the round.

**Stunted Redwood.** It was the only round he won. Landing five punches for every one he took, Clay bounced jab after jab off Chuvalo's unguarded forehead, his slashing right raised big pink lumps on the Canadian's pudgy face. In the eleventh round, Cassius staggered Chuvalo with a flurry of combinations, in the 13th, he landed at least 30 solid punches—left jabs, left hooks, straight rights, right uppercuts. By the end of the 15th round, Chuvalo's eyes were slits, he was cut on the scalp and right eyebrow, and blood was trickling from his nose. But he was still standing—like "a stunted redwood," wrote New York Timesman Robert Lipsyte—rooted to the canvas of the ring.

What did it prove? Nothing, aside from the fact that Clay can take it as well as dish it out. Some critics sneered that he was a powder-puff puncher, others insisted that Cassius deliberately had "carried" Chuvalo, could have knocked him out any time he wanted. Clay replied by exhibiting a pair of swollen hands that looked almost as bad as Chuvalo's face: "George's head."

he moaned, "is the hardest thing I've ever punched."

Cassius' biggest pain was in his pocketbook. His share of the purse was only \$100,000—the smallest payoff to a defending champion since 1952, when Jersey Joe Walcott got \$92,000 for fighting Ezzard Charles for the fourth time. After taxes, that would hardly cover the upkeep on Muslim Leader Elijah Muhammad's 18-room Chicago mansion. Clay's handlers were looking for still another nobody for Cassius to fight before he reports for the draft, perhaps in June. Henry Cooper seems to fill the bill best: the latest in a long line of swooning British heavyweights, he can be cut by a slice of bread, and he is now 31. Besides, Clay knocked him out three years ago.

### BASEBALL

#### Sic Transit Tradition

"Baseball is an old-fashioned game with old-fashioned traditions," says Walter O'Malley, owner of the World Champion Los Angeles Dodgers—and one of O'Malley's favorite traditions is that players take whatever salary he offers them and say thank you. Between them, Dodger Pitchers Sandy Koufax and Don Drysdale won 49 games last year, so obviously they were in line for some sort of raise. O'Malley offered Koufax \$105,000 (up \$35,000) for 1966, Drysdale \$95,000 (up \$20,000). The lads did not say thank you; they said no thanks, or rather their lawyer, a hard-case Hollywood type named J. William Hayes said it for them. Hayes informed O'Malley that the two pitchers wanted three-year contracts at \$167,000 each per year. O'Malley was shocked.

He was even more shocked when Koufax and Drysdale stayed away from spring training and thereby proved to all the world how much the Dodgers needed them: in the pre-season Grapefruit League, Los Angeles won only six games, lost twelve, ranked 18th out of 20 teams—five games behind the New York Mets, nine behind the leading Chi-

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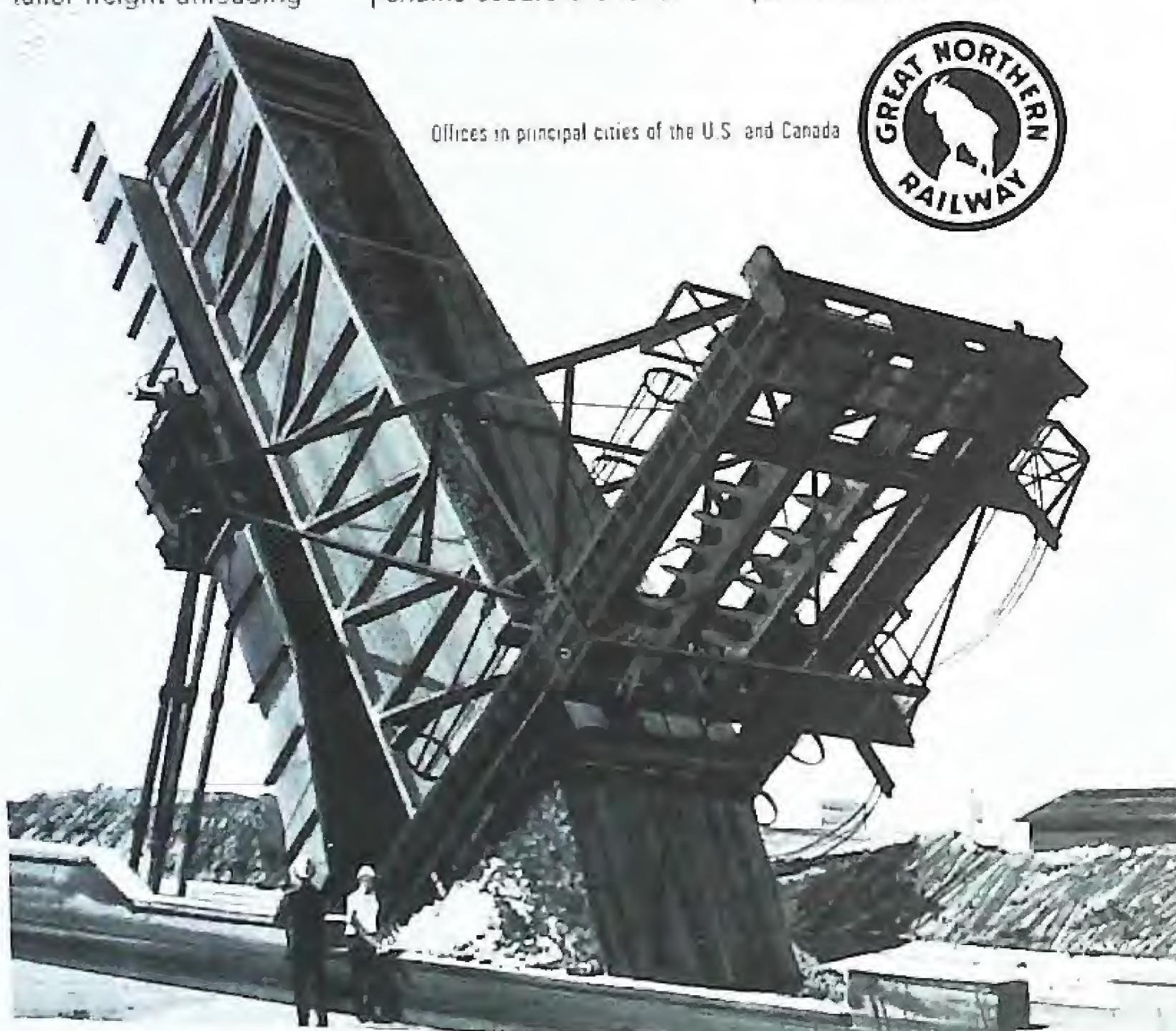
Two men and power shovels empty a boxcar of wheat in half an hour. Fast? Not if you handle the job with a rotary car dumper (above). This mechanical marvel tilts the Great Northern car every which way, like a toy, and drains the grain in three minutes flat. Perhaps you don't unload grain. But if you want speedier, more efficient unloading for your product, call on us. We've got modern, specialized cars to fit any movement. Or we'll endeavor to fit them for you!



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cago White Sox. O'Malley raised his total offer to \$210,000, he said, was a "final" figure Koufax Drysdale looked elsewhere for They signed TV and movie called *Warning Shot*. There was a barnstorming tour of Japan.

Last week, with the opening of 1966 season only 13 days away, O'Malley finally capitulated. The pitchers did not get three-year contracts, but did get \$245,000—\$130,000 for fax, \$115,000 for Drysdale. Then set about getting themselves in play. Drysdale had been working, but Koufax had done nothing strenuous all spring than play a game of golf—and it was a good bet that he would be ready to pitch evenings before the season was two weeks old. "Our main concern," said Director of Player Personnel Walter Alston, "is to make sure they don't overtax their arms and injure them." Naturally, at those

## SCOREBOARD

### Who Won

► Boston: a 112-103 victory over Cincinnati in the semifinals of the National Basketball Association's Eastern Division play-offs, thereby keeping the chances for still another title in world championship at the Garden. Trailing the Royals 1-2 in the best-of-five series, the Red Sox rebounded to win the last two games on the shooting of Sam Jones and Havlicek, now take on Wilt Chamberlain and the Philadelphia 76ers in Eastern Division final.

► Williamston Kid: the \$123,000 Florida Derby for three-year-olds, at Gulfstream Park in Hallandale, Fla. A long shot that had not won a race all year, Williamston Kid actually finished second, a neck behind Abe's Hope after 15 minutes of studying the films, the stewards disqualified Abe's Hope for interfering with another horse, and lucky bettors with \$183 on the bay colt collected \$183 every \$2.

► Jim Hurtubise: in the \$77,000 Atlanta 500 stock car race, won 131.2 m.p.h. in his first race in Hampton, Ga. It was the first victory in two years for Hurtubise, who narrowly escaped death in his Indianapolis-type race and caught fire during the race, leaving him with broken ribs, a punctured lung and burns over 40% of his body.

► Jean-Claude Killy: giant slalom in the Sierra ski cup race at Heavenly Valley, Calif. Beaten by his teammate, Georges Martin, in an intermediate slalom race the day before, Killy beat Maudit by 1.1 seconds. Another skier, Leo LaCroix, finished the top American at Heavenly Valley, wound up fourth.

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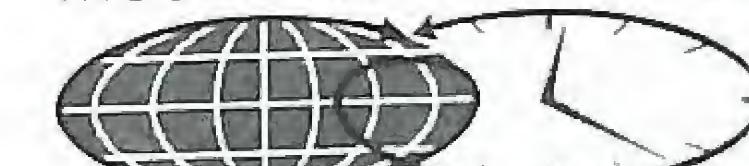
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## ART



KIENHOLZ & "BILLIE"



"BACK SEAT DODGE-'38"  
Souvenirs of tragedy in junk.

### SCULPTURE

#### Savonarola in the City of Angels

High in the hills above Hollywood's Sunset Strip, a brick path worn slippery as slate leads to a sturdy, plain studio. Inside lives the man who last week was the most talked-about artist in all Los Angeles, 38-year-old Edward Kienholz. To keep in line the crowds thronging to see his work, the Los Angeles County Museum took the precaution of canceling all days off and vacations for its guards.

Surprisingly, what the people saw has all the surface appeal of a ten-week-dead rabbit. Kienholz is the man who immortalized (and cannibalized) an entire Los Angeles bar to make *The Beanery* (TIME, Dec. 17). His grotesque assemblages are covered with epoxy and fiber glass. They bristle with real bones, felt-covered bric-a-brac, and unglamorized junk. "All the little tragedies are evident in junk," he says, and he has made the junk heap his souvenir album.

**The Viewer as Voyeur.** There are those who see Kienholz's 47 collected works as an album of brilliant satire; others dig him as a kind of beat Savonarola; some consider him a blatant pornographer. The show, in fact, almost did not come off. County officials threatened until opening night to ban it, held off only in the face of a firm trustee and museum-staff declaration that "a great museum, like a great library, acquires, displays and studies, but does not pass judgment; only society, present and future, can do that."

Drawing the chief epithets was Kienholz's 1964 work *Back Seat Dodge-'38*, composed in part of a truncated '38 Dodge. In the back seat, amid a debris of cigarette wrappers and beer bottles, is a partial plaster figure of a girl being fondled by a man fashioned out of chicken wire. When the car door is

opened, a light floods the interior and the viewer is as startled at seeing himself reflected as voyeur in the mirrors inside as he is by the scene before him.

The other principal target is a huge, walk-through tableau titled *Roxy's*, a 1961 re-creation of a 1943 wartime brothel in Las Vegas. One of the girls, *Five Dollar Billie*, is a mannequin with a virtuous face but a ravaged body (symbolized by a stuffed squirrel climbing out of her breast) lying on a sewing-machine table. Like a pathetic machine, she Yo-Yos pelvicly if a spectator peddles the foot treadle. Adding a sardonic note is a call-to-arms portrait of General MacArthur and a sergeant's jacket, decked with a good-conduct medal.

**Bigness Is Sickness.** Kienholz himself sees his work as morality plays, as subtly scripted, static happenings. If they shock, it is merely to catch attention. Of *Back Seat Dodge-'38*, the artist says: "I think, when kids see where they are and why they are, I really think they would have second thoughts about what they're going to do with their lives. With my *Dodge*, the romantic nonsense is gone."

Kienholz, as a Northwest farmer's son who has made Los Angeles his home, feels like the puritan visiting Gomorrah. Says he: "The bigness of this city is a sickness. This need for space, grading the hills and filling the valleys, it's all part of man's inhumanity to man multiplied a million times, grinding against each other daily." Living in the city of five-level freeways, of supermarkets that never close, Kienholz searches for timeless values and tragedies in a metropolis that thrives on the fleeting present.

**Embalmed Nostalgia.** Kienholz's strategy is to preserve the past in his works, coating his junk assemblages in a rock-hard veneer of fiber glass. He handles decay as a time clock between the ever fresh present and the fullness of a lifetime, meticulously reconstructing the scene, down to an original 1943 calendar pinned on the wall of *Roxy's*. The mustiness that he seeks to enshrine,

however, is not embalmed nostalgia. "I think of my art as laying a trail for people," he explains. "They can follow it, and at a certain point I disappear. Then they have to make a decision, even if it's only to get the hell out of there. No one can walk past a tableau if he has to walk into it. And if one person ends up being better, then I'm completely vindicated."

### PAINTING

#### The Sensual Innocent

"The Italian Renaissance," wrote Bernard Berenson, "was a period in the history of modern Europe comparable to youth in the life of an individual. It had all youth's love of freedom and of play." This is true of its art, never more so than when the work was done by a young, aspiring painter. Such is the case with Correggio's youthful masterpiece (opposite), done when the artist was barely 21.

To purchase the painting, the Art Institute of Chicago had to pay a million dollars and considers it the most important acquisition since El Greco's *Assumption of the Virgin* in 1906. Actually, any pricing of Correggio is arbitrary; in his 40 years, he painted only well authenticated works, and until Chicago's purchase only five were owned by U.S. museums.\* And, although Conisseur Berenson judged Correggio's sensuous, and therefore limited, artist has remained astonishingly popular through the centuries.

Except for the glint of halos, the figures in this youthful *Madonna*, despite their hierarchic gestures, are close to flesh and blood. Subtly but simply the artist has divided his composition into two: at right, the blue haze dissolves into atmospheric depth, while at the leafy, lemon-bearing lattice seems to push the Madonna's arm toward. The artist flings her cloak side out to balance the push and pull between foreground and background, playing its green lining against the hills, its blue surface against the sea.

Correggio was a man who lived far plished for a man who lived far from Florence and Rome. Born Antonio Allegri around 1494 and called after the town of his birth, he may never have seen the art capitals of his time; he was thoroughly a man of the more influenced by the classical traditions of Greece and Rome than by the devotional art of the Middle Ages. His alabaster flesh relates to marble more than to the painted wood of medieval altarpieces. More human than divine, Correggio's early masterpiece is *Madonna with Jesus and St. John the Baptist*, which is to the Renaissance what the man as the image of God.



A CORREGGIO  
FOR CHICAGO

\* The Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Detroit Institute of Arts, the Johnson Collection, the Toledo Museum, and the Philadelphia Museum of Art.

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## THE THEATER

### Paper Cutups

It's a Bird . . . It's a Plane . . . It's SUPERMAN is an amiable mediocrity of a musical, capable only of inspiring benign indifference.

The characters are paper cutups, and the story line consists of anecdotal blackouts. Once the red-and-blue personality of Superman/Clark Kent (Bob Holiday) is crayoned in, he has no place to go but up; unfortunately, his numerous flights via an illusion-defying shiny steel wire give no perceptible lift to the evening.

As Kent, reporter for the Daily Planet, Superman is heckled by a Winchell-esque gossipist with an ego bigger than

FRIEDMAN ADELES



HOLIDAY IN "SUPERMAN"  
No perceptible lift.

Superman's. Jack Cassidy plays the role with preening self-adoration, and cuts some old vaudeville song-and-dance routines right down to their knees for the suppest satire in the show. But Superman's chief foe is a mad scientist and perennial Nobel Prize dropout: "I've bought ten tickets to Stockholm" Played by Michael O'Sullivan in his best witch-mitus-broomstick style, the scientist seeks revenge by attempting to destroy the symbol of goodness in Metropolis. He brain-shrinks Superman (a difficult task) with the suggestion that being rocketed out from the exploding planet Krypton as a child has left him with a rejection trauma that demands the compensatory adulation of millions.

For a moment, Superman fears that he cannot fly, which would leave the show with no visible means of locomotion, since the dance numbers are few and feeble and the music forgettable. In the end, right and good prevail, though Superman's arch-minded book-bunglers intended. George S. Kaufman once dismissed theatrical satire as "what closes Saturday night." He did not foresee a day when it would run amuck.

TIME, APRIL 8, 1966



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## RELIGION

### THEOLOGY

#### Toward a Hidden God

(See Cover)

Is God dead? It is a question that tantalizes both believers, who perhaps secretly fear that he is, and atheists, who possibly suspect that the answer is no.

Is God dead? The three words represent a summons to reflect on the meaning of existence. No longer is the question the taunting jest of skeptics for whom unbelief is the test of wisdom and for whom Nietzsche is the prophet who gave the right answer a century ago. Even within Christianity, now confidently renewing itself in spirit as well as form, a small band of radical theologians has seriously argued that the

sense of God's existence. Millions seem destined to be born without expectation of being summoned to knowledge of the one God.

Princeton Theologian Paul Tillich observes that "ours is the first and in recorded history to build a cult upon the premise that God is dead." The traditional citadels of Christendom's grey Gothic cathedrals stand mute witnesses to a rejected faith. To the scrofulous hobos of Samuel Beckett to Antonioni's tired-blooded aristocrats the anti-heroes of modern art suggest that waiting for God is life is without meaning.

If nothing else, the Christian atheists are wakening the churches to the brutal reality that the basic premise of faith—the existence of a personal God, who created the world and sustains it with his love—is now subject to profound attack. "What is in question is God himself," warns German Theologian Heinz Zahrnt, "and the churches are fighting

BOB GOMEL



THE SECULAR CITY (MANHATTAN DURING BLACKOUT)

For some, just too damn busy to worry about Him at all.

churches must accept the fact of God's death, and get along without him.

How does the issue differ from the age-old assertion that God does not and never did exist? Nietzsche's thesis was that striving, self-centered man had killed God, and that settled that. The current death-of-God group\* believes

\* Principally Thomas J. J. Altizer of Emory University, William Hamilton of Colgate Rochester Divinity School, and Paul Van Buren of Temple University. Satirizing the basic premise of their new non-theology, the Methodist student magazine *move* recently ran an obituary of God in newspaper style.

"ATLANTA, Ga., Nov. 9—God, creator of the universe, principal deity of the world's Jews, ultimate reality of Christians, and most eminent of all divinities, died late yesterday during major surgery undertaken to correct a massive diminishing influence."

"Reaction from the world's great and from the man in the street was uniformly incredulous . . . From Independence, Mo., former President Harry S. Truman, who received the news in his Kansas City barbershop, said 'I'm always sorry to hear somebody is dead. It's a damn shame.'"

a hard defensive battle, fighting for every inch. "The basic theological problem today," says one thinker who has helped define it, Langdon Gilkey of the University of Chicago Divinity School, "is the reality of God."

A Time of No Religion. Some Chris-

tians, of course, have long held that Nietzsche was not just a voice crying in the wilderness. Even before Nietzsche, Soren Kierkegaard warned that "the day when Christianity and the world become friends, Christianity is done away with." During World War II, the anti-Nazi Lutheran martyr Dietrich Bonhoeffer wrote prophetically to a friend from his Berlin prison cell: "We are proceeding toward a time of no religion at all."

For many, that time has arrived. Nearly one of every two men on earth lives in thrall to a brand of totalitarianism that condemns religion as the opiate of the masses—which has stirred some to heroic defense of their faith but has also driven millions from any

churches is nowhere more apparent than in the U.S., a country where faith in God seems to be as secret as it was in medieval France. According to a survey by Pollster Lou Harris, 97% of the American people still believe in God. Although they agree that the postwar religious decline is over, a big majority of believers continue to display their faith by attending services. In 1964, reports the World Council of Churches, denominations' allegiance rose about 2% compared to 1960. A population gain of less than a million Americans More than 120 million Americans claim a religious affiliation and a recent Gallup survey indicated that some of them report that they attend services weekly.

For uncounted millions, faith

is as rock-solid as Gibraltar. Evangelist Billy Graham is one of them. "I know that God exists because of my personal experience," he says. "I know that I know him. I've talked with him and walked with him. He cares about me and acts in my everyday life." Still another is Roman Catholic Playwright William Alfred, whose off-Broadway hit, *Hogan's Goat*, melodramatically plots a turn-of-the-century Irish immigrant's struggle to achieve the American dream. "People who tell me there is no God," he says, "are like a six-year-old boy saying that there is no such thing as passionate love—they just haven't experienced it."

Practical Atheists. Plenty of clergymen, nonetheless, have qualms about the quality and character of contemporary belief. Lutheran Church Historian Martin Marty argues that all too many pews are filled on Sunday with practical atheists—disguised nonbelievers who believe during the rest of the week as if God did not exist. Jesuit Murray qualifies his conviction that the U.S. is basically a God-fearing nation by adding "The great American proposition is 'religion is good for the kids, though I'm not religious myself.'" Pollster Harris bears him out: of the 97% who said they believed in God, only 27% declared themselves deeply religious.

Christianity and Judaism have always had more than their share of men of little faith or none. "The fool says in his heart, 'there is no God,'" wrote the Psalmist, implying that there were plenty of such fools to be found in ancient Judea. But it is not faintness of spirit that the churches worry about now; it is doubt and bewilderment assailing committed believers.

Particularly among the young, there is an acute feeling that the churches on Sunday are preaching the existence of a God who is nowhere visible in their daily lives. "I love God," cries one anguished teen-ager, "but I hate the church." Theologian Gilkey says that "belief is the area in the modern Protestant church where one finds blankness, silence, people not knowing what to say or merely repeating what their preachers say." Part of the Christian mood today, suggests Christian Atheist William Hamilton, is that faith has become not a possession but a hope.

Anonymous Christianity. In search of meaning, some believers have desperately turned to psychiatry, Zen or drugs. Thousands of others have quietly abandoned all but token allegiance to the churches, surrendering themselves to a life of "anonymous Christianity" dedicated to civil rights or the Peace Corps. Speaking for a generation of young Roman Catholics for whom the dogmas of the church have lost much of their power, philosopher Michael Novak of Stanford writes: "I do not understand God, nor the way in which he works. If, occasionally, I raise my heart in prayer, it is to no God I can see, or hear, or feel. It is to a God in as cold

TIME, APRIL 8, 1966

and obscure a polar night as any nonbeliever has known."

Even clergymen seem to be uncertain. "I'm confused as to what God is," says no less a person than Francis B. Sayre, the Episcopal dean of Washington's National Cathedral, "but so is the rest of America." Says Marty's colleague at the Chicago Divinity School, the Rev. Nathan Scott, who is also rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Hyde Park, "I look out at the faces of my people, and I'm not sure what meaning these words, gestures and rituals have for them."

Hydrogen & Carbon. To those who do formulate a God, he seems to be everything from a celestial gas to a kind of invisible honorary president "out there" in space, well beyond range of the astronauts. A young Washington scientist suggests that "God, if anything,

adelphia, a Roman Catholic civil servant, sees God "a lot like he was explained to us as children. As an older man, who is just and who can get angry at us. I know this isn't the true picture, but it's the only one I've got."

Invisible Supermen. Why has God become so hard to believe in, so easy to dismiss as a nonbeing? The search for an answer begins in the complex—and still unfinished—history of man's effort to comprehend the idea that he might have a personal creator.

No one knows when the idea of a single god became part of mankind's spiritual heritage. It does seem certain that the earliest humans were religious. Believing the cosmos to be governed by some divine power, they worshiped every manifestation of it: trees, animals, earth and sky. To the more sophisticated societies of the ancient world,

BETTMANN ARCHIVE



THE ANTHROPOMORPHIC GOD (BY RAPHAEL)

For others, a newly opened window and a commitment against evil.

is hydrogen and carbon. Then again, he might be thermonuclear fission, since that's what makes life on this planet possible." To a streetwalker in Tel Aviv, "God will get me out of this filth one day. He is a God of mercy, dressed all in white and sitting on a golden throne." A Dutch charwoman says: "God is a ghost floating in space." Screenwriter Edward Anhalt (*Becket*) says that "God is an infantile fantasy, which was necessary when men did not understand what lightning was. God is a cop-out." A Greek janitor thinks that God is "like a fiery flame, so white that it can blind you." "God is all that I cannot understand," says a Roman seminarian. A Boston scientist describes God as "the totality of harmony in the universe." Playwright Alfred muses: "It is the voice which says, 'It's not good enough'—that's what God is."

Much closer to the deity of modern monotheism was the Egyptian sun god Aten, which the Pharaoh Amenophis IV forced on his polytheistic people as "the only god, beside whom there is no other." But the Pharaoh's heresy died out after his death, and the message to the world that there was but one true God came from Egypt's tiny neighbor, Israel. It was not a sudden revelation. Some scholars believe that Yahweh was originally a tribal deity—a god whom the Hebrews worshiped and considered superior to the pagan gods adored by

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other nations. It is even questionable to some whether Moses understood Yahweh to be mankind's only God, the supreme lord of all creation. Even after the emergence of Israel's faith, there is plenty of Biblical evidence that the Hebrews were tempted to abandon it: the prophets constantly exhort the chosen people for whoring after strange gods.

The God of Israel was so utterly beyond human comprehension that devout Jews neither uttered nor wrote his sacred name.\* At the same time, Judaism has a unique sense of God's personal presence. Scripture records that he walked in the Garden of Eden with Adam, spoke familiarly on Mount Sinai with Moses, expressed an almost human anger and joy. Christianity added an even more mystifying dimension to the

dered cosmos cooperatively governed by Christian church and Christian state.

**Undermining Faith.** Christians are sometimes inclined to look back nostalgically at the medieval world as the great age of faith. In his book, *The Death of God*, Gabriel Vahanian of Syracuse University suggests that actually it was the beginning of the divine demise. Christianity, by imposing its faith on the art, politics and even economics of a culture, unconsciously made God part of that culture—and when the world changed, belief in this God was undermined. Now "God has disappeared because of the image of him that the church used for many, many ages," says Dominican Theologian Edward Schillebeeckx.

At its worst, the image that the church gave of God was that of a won-

dered cosmos cooperatively governed by Christian church and Christian state. The development of capitalism, for example, freed economics from church control and made it subject only to marketplace supply and demand. Political theorists of the Enlightenment proved that law and government were not institutions handed down from high, but things that men had created themselves. The 18th century deists

gued that man as a rational animal was capable of developing an ethical system that made as much sense as one based on revelation. Casting a cold eye on the complacency of Christianity before such evils as slavery, poverty and the factory system, such 19th century atheists as Karl Marx and Pierre-Joseph Proudhon declared that the church and their God would have to go if man was to be free to shape and prove his destiny.

But the most important agent in the secularizing process was science. The Copernican revolution was a shattering blow to faith in a Bible that assured the sun went round the earth and could be stopped in its tracks by divine intervention, as Joshua claimed. And when many of the pioneers of modern science—Newton and Descartes, for example—were devout men, they assiduously explained much of nature that previously seemed godly mysteries. Often no need for such reverential lip service. When he was asked by Napoleon if there was no mention of God in his new book about the stars, the French astronomer Laplace coolly answered: "I had no need of the hypothesis. Neither did Charles Darwin, in uncaring the evidence of evolution."

**Prestige of Science.** Faith in God survived scientific attack only when churches came to realize that the religious language of the Bible is what theologian Krister Stendahl calls "per plus, rather than science-minus." As days not even fundamentalists are upset by the latest cosmological theories of astronomers. Quasars, even agrees, neither prove nor disprove divine creation; by pushing back the boundaries of knowledge 8 billion years without finding a definite answer, they do, in a way, admit its possibility. Nonetheless, science still poses a challenge to faith—in a new and perhaps more dangerous way.

**Anglican Theologian** David Jenkins points out that the prestige of science is so great that its standards have gone into other areas of life. In effect, knowledge has become that which is known by scientific study—and cannot be known that way. Some things are uninteresting, unreal. In previous ages, the man of ideas, the philosopher was regarded as the source of wisdom. Now, says Jenkins, "it is more likely to be an authority in scientific methods of observation" than a theologian. He bases what he says on nomena, who bases what he says on a corpus of knowledge built up by observation and experiment and confirmed by further processes of verification.

prove God by reason alone.\* For one thing, every proof seems to have a plausible refutation; for another, only a committed Thomist is likely to be spiritually moved by the realization that there is a self-existent Prime Mover. "Faith in God is more than an intellectual belief," says Dr. John Macquarrie of Union Theological Seminary. "It is a total attitude of the self."

**Four Options.** What unites the various contemporary approaches to the problem of God is the conviction that the primary question has become not what God is, but how men are justified in using the word. There is no unanimity about how to solve this problem, although theologians seem to have four main options: stop talking about God for awhile, stick to what the Bible says, formulate a new image and con-

of Biblical concepts" focused on Jesus as "the man for others." By talking almost exclusively about Christ, the argument goes, the church would be preaching a spiritual hero whom even nonbelievers can admire. Yale's Protestant Chaplain William Sloane Coffin reports that "a girl said to me the other day, 'I don't know whether I'll ever believe in God, but Jesus is my kind of guy.'"

In a sense, no Christian doctrine of God is possible without Jesus, since the suffering redeemer of Calvary is the only certain glimpse of the divine that churches have. But a Christ-centered theology that skirts the question of God raises more questions than it answers. Does it not run the risk of slipping into a variety of ethical humanism? And if Jesus is not clearly related in some way to God, why is he a better focus of

BERNARD HOFFMAN



BIRTH (IN SEATTLE)

God's word in the inner murmurings of the heart.

belief that the infinitely distant was infinitely near: the doctrine that God came down to earth in the person of a Jewish carpenter named Jesus, who died at Jerusalem around 26 A.D.

It was not an easy faith to define or defend, and the early church, struggling to rid itself of heresy, turned to an intellectual weapon already forged and near at hand: the metaphysical language of Greece. The alliance of Biblical faith and Hellenic reason culminated in the Middle Ages. Although they acknowledged that God was ultimately unknowable, the medieval scholastics devoted page after learned page of their *summas* to discussions of the divine attributes—his omnipotence, immutability, perfection, eternity. Although infinitely above men, God was seen as the apex of a great pyramid of being that extended downward to the tiniest stone, the ultimate ruler of an or-

der worker who explained the world's mysteries and seemed to have somewhat more interest in punishing men than rewarding them. Life was a vale of tears, said the church; men were urged to shun the pleasure of life if they would serve God, and to avoid any false step or suffer everlasting punishment in hell. It did little to establish the credibility of this "God" that medieval theologians categorized his qualities as confidently as they spelled out different kinds of sin, and that churchmen spoke about him as if they had just finished having lunch with him.

**The Secular Rebellion.** The rebellion against this God of faith is best summed up by the word secularization. In *The Secular City*, Harvey Cox of the Harvard Divinity School defines the term as "the loosening of the world from religious and quasi-religious understandings of itself, the dispelling of all closed world views, the breaking of all supernatural myths and sacred symbols." Slowly but surely, it dawned on men that they did not need God to explain,



DEATH (AT HIROSHIMA)

Too many possibilities of hell on earth.

concept of God using contemporary thought categories, or simply point the way to areas of human experience that indicate the presence of something beyond man in life.

It is not only the Christian Atheists who think it pointless to talk about God. Some contemporary ministers and theologians, who have no doubts that he is alive, suggest that the church should stop using the word for awhile, since it is freighted with unfortunate meanings. They take their cue from Bonhoeffer, whose prison-cell attempt to work out a "nonreligious interpretation

"If you want to have a well-attended lecture," says Rabbi Abraham Heschel, a visiting professor at Manhattan's Union Theological Seminary, "discuss God and faith." Ministers have found that currently there is no easier way to boost Sunday attendance than to post "Is God Dead?" as the topic of their next sermon.

The new theological approach to the problem of God is not that of the ages, when solid faith could be assumed. No serious theologian today would attempt to describe the qualities of God as the medieval scholastic did with such assurance. Gone, too, is any attempt to verify by further processes of

faith than Buddha, Socrates or even Albert Camus? Rather than accept this alternative, a majority of Christians would presumably prefer to stay with the traditional language of revelation at any cost. And it is not merely conservative evangelists who believe that the words and ideas of Scripture have lost neither relevance nor meaning. Such a modern novelist as John Updike begins his poem *Seven Stanzas at Easter*:

*Make no mistake if He rose at all  
it was as His body;  
if the cells' dissolution did not reverse,  
the molecules reknit, the amino  
acids rekindle,  
the Church will fall.*

The century's greatest Protestant theologian, Karl Barth of Switzerland, has consistently warned his fellow churchmen that God is a "wholly other" being, whom man can only know by God's self-revelation in the person of Christ, as witnessed by Scripture. Any search for God that starts with human experience, Barth warns, is a vain quest that

\* Almost impossible to translate, the name Yahweh means roughly "I am who I am" or "He causes to be."

will discover only an idol, not the true God at all.

**Holy Being.** The word of God, naked and unadorned, may be fine for the true believer, but some theologians argue that Biblical terminology has ceased to be part of the world's vocabulary, and is in danger of becoming a special jargon as incomprehensible to some as the equations of physicists. To bridge this communications gap, they have tried to reinterpret the concept of God into contemporary philosophical terms. Union Seminary's John Macquarrie, for example, proposes a description of God based on Martin Heidegger's existential philosophy, which is primarily concerned with explaining the nature of "being" as such. To Heidegger, "being" is an incomparable, transcendental mystery, something that confers existence on individual, particular beings. Macquarrie calls Heidegger's mystery "Holy Being," since it represents what Christians have traditionally considered God.

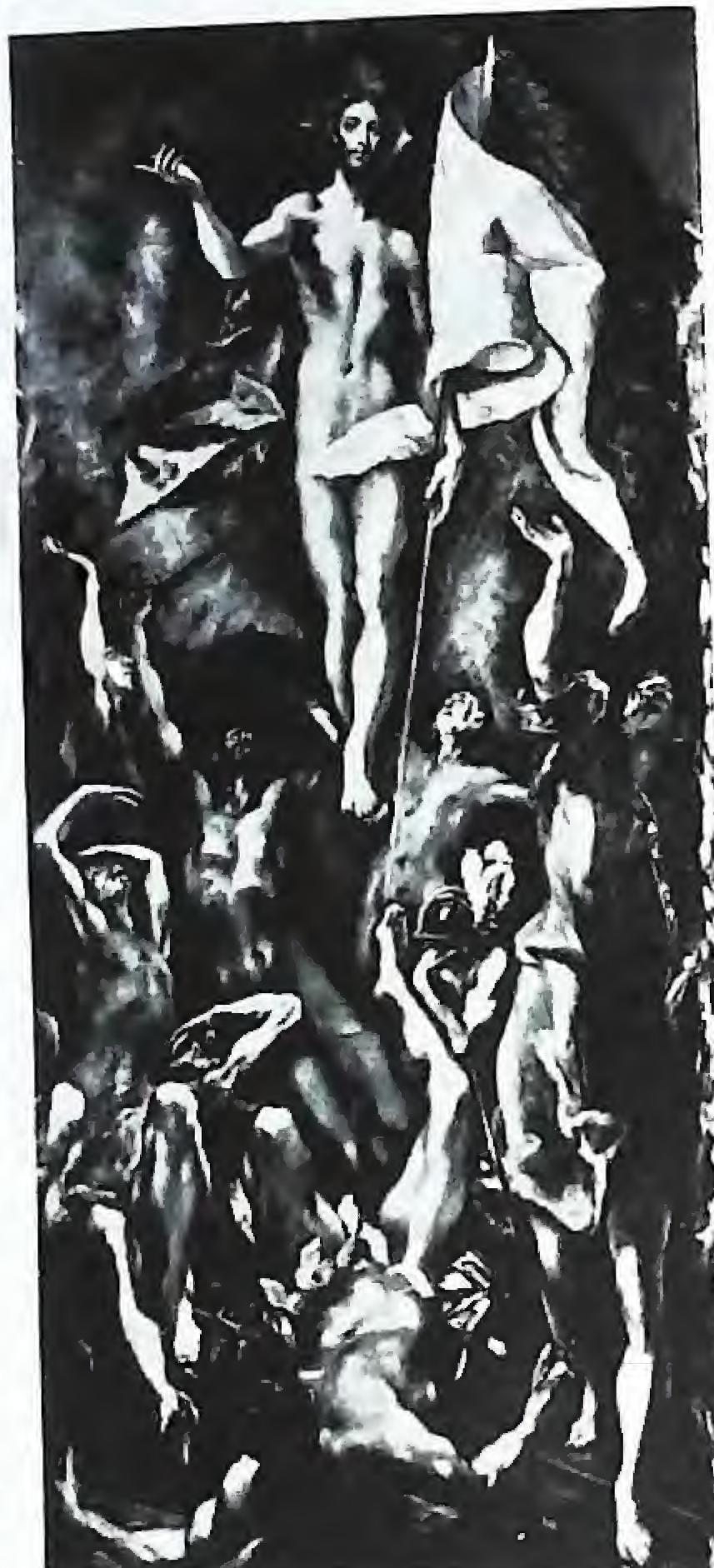
Other philosophical theologians, such as Schubert Ogden of Southern Methodist University and John Cobb of the Southern California School of Theology, have been working out a theism based on the process thinking of Alfred North Whitehead. In their view, God is changing with the universe. Instead of thinking of God as the immutable Prime Mover of the universe, argues Ogden, it makes more sense to describe him as "the ultimate effect" and as "the eminently relative One, whose openness to change contingently on the actions of others is literally boundless." In brief, the world is creating God as much as he is creating it.

Perhaps the most enthusiastic propagandists for a new image of God are the Tweedleum and Tweedledee of Anglican theology, Bishop Robinson of Woolwich, England, and Bishop James A. Pike of California. Both endorse the late Paul Tillich's concept of God as "the ground of being." Pike, who thinks that the church should have fewer but better dogmas, also suggests that the church should abandon the Trinity, on the ground that it really seems to be preaching three Gods instead of one. Christianity, in his view, should stop attributing specific actions to persons of the Trinity—creation to the Father, redemption to the Son, inspiration to the Holy Spirit—and just say that they were all the work of God.

**Discernment Situations.** The contemporary world appears so biased against metaphysics that any attempt to find philosophical equivalents for God may well be doomed to failure. "God," says Jerry Handsicker of the World Council of Churches, "has suffered from too many attempts to define the indefinable." Leaving unanswered the question of what to say God is, some theologians are instead concentrating on an exploration of the ultimate and unconditional in modern life. Their basic point is that while modern men have rejected God as a solution to life, they cannot evade

a questioning anxiety about its meaning. The apparent eclipse of God is merely a sign that the world is experiencing what Jesuit Theologian Karl Rahner calls "the anonymous presence" of God, whose word comes to man not on tablets of stone but in the inner murmurings of the heart.

Following Tillich, Langdon Gilkey argues that the area of life dealing with the ultimate and with mystery points the way toward God. "When we ask, 'Why am I?' 'What should I become and be?' 'What is the meaning of my life?'—then we are exploring or encountering that region of experience



RESURRECTION (BY EL GRECO)  
The only certain glimpse.

where language about the ultimate becomes useful and intelligible." That is not to say that God is necessarily found in the depths of anxiety. "Rather we are in the region of our experience where God *may* be known, and so where the meaningful usage of this word can be found." To Ian Ramsey of Oxford, this area of ultimate concern offers what he calls "discernment situations"—events that can be the occasion for insight, for awareness of something beyond man. It is during these insight situations, Ramsey says, that the universe "comes alive, declares some transcendence, and to which we respond by ourselves coming alive and finding another dimension."

A discernment situation could be falling in love, suffering cancer, reading a book. But it need not be a private experience. The Rev. Stephen Rose, editor of Chicago's *Renewal* magazine, argues that "whatever the prophet word breaks in, either as judgment or as premise, that's when the historic God acts." One such situation, he suggests, was Watts—an outburst of violence that served to chide men for lack of brotherhood. Harvard's Harvey Cox sees God's hand in history, but in a different way. The one area where empirical man is open to transcendence, he argues, is the future: man can be defined as the creature who hopes, who has taken responsibility for the world. Cox proposes a new theology based on the premise that God is the source and ground of this hope—a God "absent of man in history rather than *there* in space."

German Theologian Gerhard Ebeling of Tübingen University finds an epiphany pointing the way to God in the problem in language. A word, he suggests, is not merely a means of conveying information; it is also a symbol of man's power over nature and of his basic importance. One man cannot speak except to another, and language itself possesses a power that eludes his mastery of God, he proposes, is the source of mystery hidden in language, or as obscurely puts it, "the basic situation of man as word-situation."

"The Kingdom Within You" to those with a faith that can move mountains, all this tentative groping for God in human experience may seem unnecessary. The man-centered approach God runs against Barth's view that a "God" found in human affairs may be an imagined idol—or a need that could be dissolved on the psychiatrist's couch. Rudolf Bultmann answers that these human situations of anxiety and discernment represent "transformations of God" and are the only way that secular man is likely to experience any sense of the eternal and unconditional.

This theological approach is not without scriptural roots. A God who is straight with crooked lines in history is highly Biblical. In the quest for God in the depths of experience echoes Jesus' words to his apostles, "The kingdom of God is within you." And the idea of God's absence suggests Matthew's account of the Last Judgment, when Jesus separate the nations, telling those on the right, "I was hungry and you gave me food. I was thirsty and you gave me drink." But when the ask, "Truly, King will answer them, 'Truly, I say to you, as you did it to one of the least of these my brethren, you did it to me.'" But the 5010 particularly shines when invoices are complex.

Gabriel Vahanian suggests that there may well be no true faith without a measure of doubt, and thus contemporary Christian worry about God could be a necessary and healthy antidote to centuries in which faith was too confident and sure. Perhaps today, the Christian can do no better than echo the prayer of the worried father who pleaded with Christ to heal his spiritless son: "I believe, help my unbelief."

The theological conclusion is that God is acting anonymously in human affairs, is not likely to turn many atheists toward him. Secular man may be few, but he is also convinced that God can be explained away. As

TIME, APRIL 8, 1966

faith is something of an irrational leap in the dark, a gift of God. And unlike in earlier centuries, there is no way today for churches to threaten or compel men to face that leap; after Dachau's mass sadism and Hiroshima's instant death, there are all too many real possibilities of hell on earth.

The new approaches to the problem of God, then, will have their greatest impact within the church community. They may help shore up the faith of many believers and, possibly, weaken that of others. They may also lead to a more realistic, and somewhat more abstract, conception of God. "God will be seen as the order in which life takes on meaning, as being, as the source of creativity," suggests Langdon Gilkey. "The old-fashioned personal God who merely judges, gives grace and speaks to us in prayer, is, after all, a pretty feeble God." Gilkey does not deny the omnipotence of God, nor undervalue personal language about God as a means of prayer and worship. But he argues that Christianity must go on escaping from its too-strictly anthropomorphic past, and still needs to learn that talk of God is largely symbolic.

**No More Infallibilities.** The new quest for God, which respects no church boundaries, should also contribute to ecumenism. "These changes make many of the old disputes seem pointless, or at least secondary," says Jesuit Theologian Avery Dulles. The churches, moreover, will also have to accept the empiricism of the modern outlook and become more secular themselves, recognizing that God is not the property of the church, and is acting in history as he wills, in encounters for which man is forever unprepared.

To some, this suggests that the church might well need to take a position of reverent agnosticism regarding some doctrines that it had previously proclaimed with excessive conviction. Many of the theologians attempting to work out a new doctrine of God admit that they are uncertain as to the impact of their ultimate findings on other Christian truths, but they agree that such God-related issues as personal salvation in the afterlife and immortality will need considerable re-study. But Christian history allows the possibility of development in doctrine, and even an admission of ignorance in the face of the divine mystery is part of tradition. St. Thomas Aquinas declared that "we cannot know what God is, but rather what he is not."

Gabriel Vahanian suggests that there may well be no true faith without a measure of doubt, and thus contemporary Christian worry about God could be a necessary and healthy antidote to centuries in which faith was too confident and sure. Perhaps today, the Christian can do no better than echo the prayer of the worried father who pleaded with Christ to heal his spiritless son: "I believe, help my unbelief."



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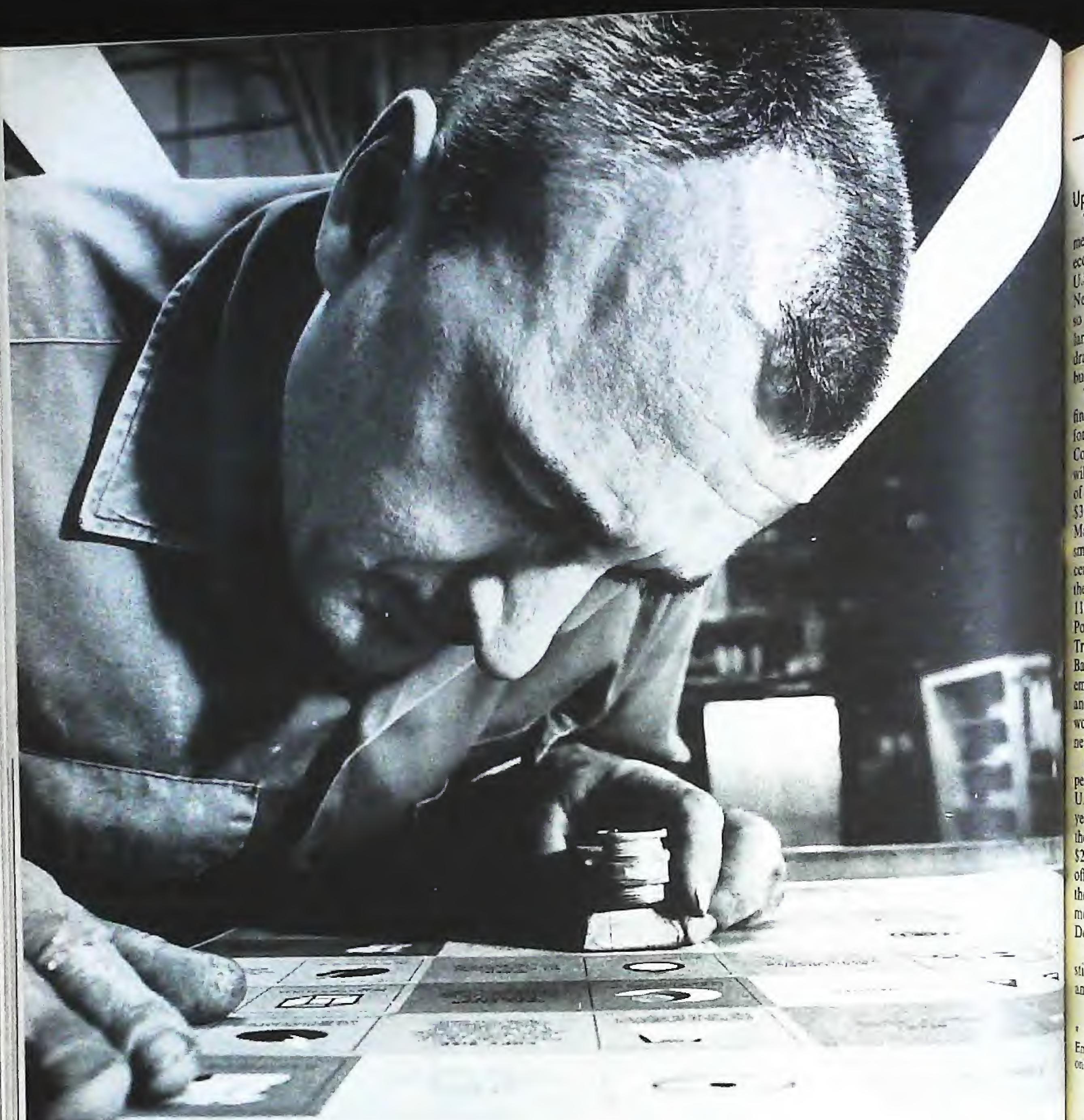
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## BUILDING

**Uplifting the Skylines**  
The enormous appetite of business men for new office space is lifting the economy as well as the skylines of the U.S. From Honolulu to Boston, from New Orleans to Chicago, seldom have so many new towers changed the urban landscape or taken shape on architects' drafting boards and in corporate budgets.

This week workmen will hoist the final structural steel beam into place for Atlanta's 26-story Life Insurance Co. of Georgia building. Los Angeles will celebrate the similar "topping out" of its tallest building yet, the 42-story, \$30 million Union Bank Square. In Manhattan, wreckers have just begun smashing a ramshackle clutch of century-old eyries to make room for the world's highest skyscrapers, the twin 110-story 1,350-ft. structures of the Port of New York Authority's World Trade Center.\* Boston's State Street Bank & Trust Co. is busy shifting 1,000 employees into its new 30-story office, and later this month some 4,000 federal workers will start moving into Boston's new 24-story John F. Kennedy building.

Rising every year since 1959, expenditures for office building in the U.S. reached a peak of \$2.5 billion last year, but the Census Bureau expects these figures to climb another 16% to \$2.9 billion in 1966. New contracts for office buildings surged 25% ahead of their 1965 pace during the first two months of this year, according to F. W. Dodge construction statistics.

**Corridor of Towers.** New York City, still by far the leader, continues to amaze the pessimists by consuming vast

\* Without its 222-ft. television mast, the Empire State Building reaches an altitude of only 1,250 ft.

DAVID GAHR



MANHATTAN'S MGM BUILDING  
TIME: APRIL 8, 1966

amounts of office space and crying for more. Since World War II, 182 new structures with 66 million sq. ft. of office space have gone up in Manhattan, giving the island not only the highest quality space in the nation but also over a third of the U.S. total. Even with another 35 skyscrapers under way or planned, which will have as much space as the entire office supply of Boston, New York is experiencing a shortage. In the resulting scramble, corporations lease offices in buildings many months before they are built.

The 15-mile corridor from downtown Los Angeles to the U.C.L.A. campus is filling with office towers. Although San Francisco has added over 3,000,000 ft. of downtown office space in three years, the big new John Hancock and International buildings opened with 100% occupancy. Detroit went 30 years without a new office building, but builders recently completed three at once. Pittsburgh's famous Golden Triangle will double its office space in the next 18 months, and demand is so strong that Builder John Galbreath has just lifted his plans for a new U.S. Steel office from 50 to 65 stories. Overbuilding has put a lid on further expansion in several cities including Denver, Akron, Kansas City and Dallas, but the proliferation of paper work and the economy's long expansion still feed demand elsewhere.

**Subsidized Barbers.** Chicago, where the skyscraper was invented, not only built more office space last year than at any time since 1930, but showed the trade some new tricks. The 35-story Brunswick Building typifies the trend toward amenities that lure tenants away from older but cheaper quarters: huge (7 ft. by 9 ft.) picture windows, plaza-like setbacks, a subterranean shopping arcade connecting to the adjacent subway and civic center through an underground tunnel. Restaurants, a tobacco shop and a barber shop, whose rent often has to be subsidized by the landlord, have also become essential.

In the pursuit of splendors to keep image-conscious tenants—and their employees—happy, office builders have also turned to alfresco terraces, interior courtyards, Olympic-sized pools, or such vaulted Romanesque colonnades as embellish Houston's Jefferson Chemical Building. Peachtree Center, Atlanta's version of Rockefeller Center, boasts a two-story concrete sculpture that has become a conversation piece in the South. Los Angeles' new Occidental Center offers not only a tenants' lounge, an exercise room, an auditorium and a ground-level patio but also a 30th-floor Zen Buddhist garden where tenants can enjoy serenity in the sun—or as the case may be, the smog.

## THE ECONOMY

### Unbalanced Balance

Apart from inflation at home, which seemed to preoccupy Washington last week, the U.S.'s most stubborn economic problem of 1966 is proving to be its eight-year-old balance of payments deficit. Directly or indirectly, that deficit—the excess of dollars spent abroad over dollars earned there—has already helped stall negotiations for world monetary reform, caused U.S. corporations to invade the European market for dollar bonds, prompted Charles de Gaulle to keep cashing in France's dollars for U.S. gold at a \$33 million-a-month clip. Last week the Administration got more bad news: imports are climbing so fast that the nation may well run a \$1.8 billion payments deficit this year, as against \$1.3 billion in 1965.

**Melting Surplus.** Only seven weeks ago, Treasury Secretary Henry Fowler insisted that the U.S. would end the chronic deficit this year, give or take \$250 million. The new forecast, which came from Commerce Department experts despite official denials of its exist-



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March 30, 1966

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**MERCHANDISING**

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But there are quite a few indications that the trading-stamp industry is running into difficulties. Last year grocery stores of various sizes began stamping, promised lower prices for stamps, promised lower prices for stamps. Last week Sperry & Hutchinson, whose Green Stamp account for one-third of the industry's business, issued a prospectus required to stock 200,000,000 shares of stock at \$1,000,000 shares on the eventual representation of the New York Stock Exchange. Open books for the first time in 1966, S & H President William S. Beinecke reported that its sales—\$300 million last year—are higher than ever. The figures also showed a slow rate of increase.

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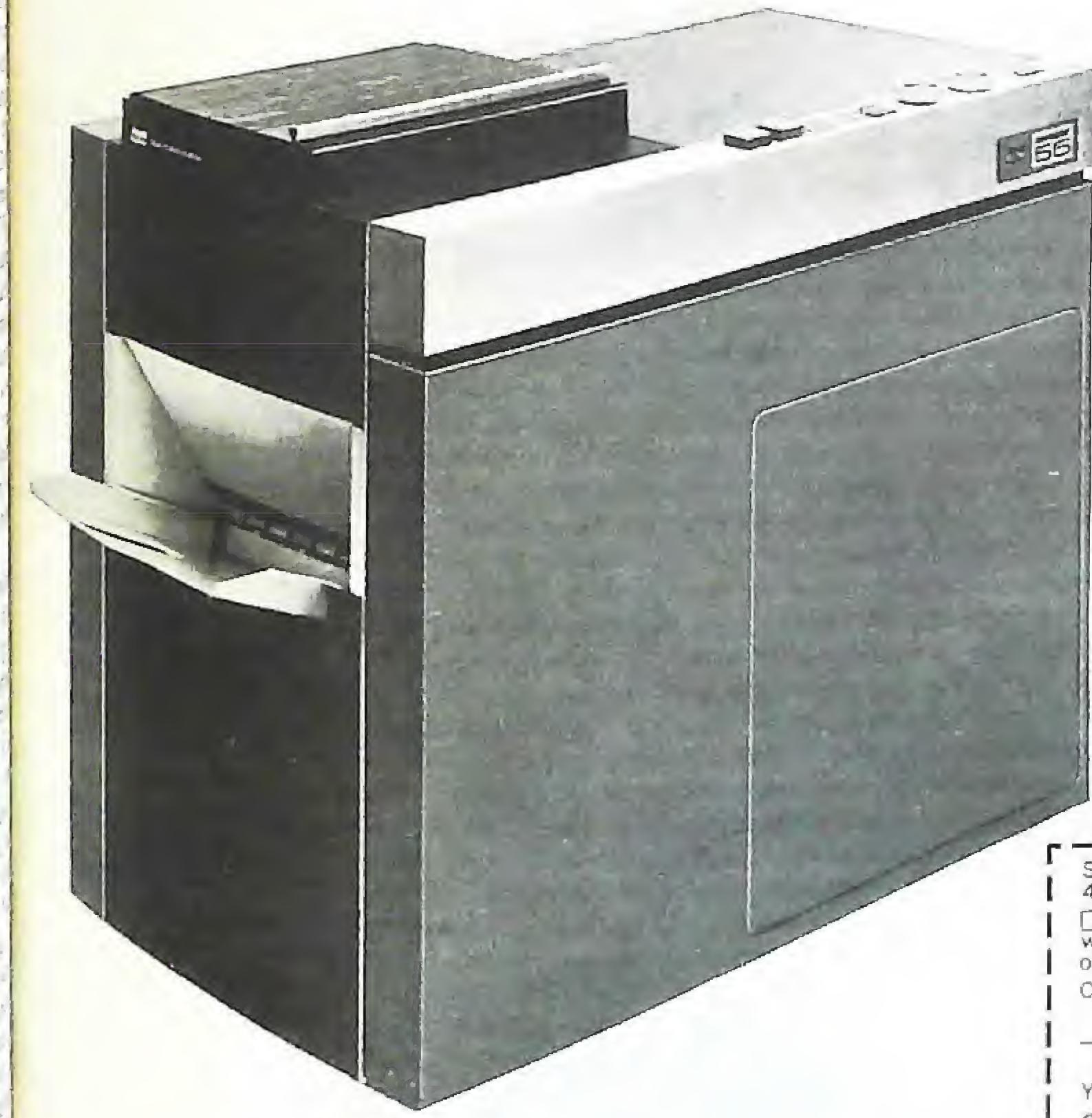
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#### TEXTILES

##### Looming Prosperity

The textile industry is not ordinarily considered vital to national defense. Yet hardly any U.S. industry has come under greater pressure from the demands of the Viet Nam war than textiles. Contracts for everything from uniforms to tents and the canvas used in combat boots totaled \$200 million in the last quarter of 1965, rose to \$260 million in the first quarter of this year, and are expected to go up to \$340 million in the second quarter. Since December, the Defense Department has been issuing priority orders for cotton fatigues and wool uniforms, thereby diverting by decree the manufacture of equivalent items away from the U.S. consumer market. As a result, textile mills are working three shifts a day, six days a week, to fill a backlog of orders that, at many plants, should keep the looms humming through the year.

**Absorbing the Draft.** Even without the prosperity brought on by Viet Nam war requirements, the textile industry has come a long way since the all-too-recent years when it languished under lethargic management in inefficient New England plants. Little more than a decade ago, J. P. Stevens & Co., the U.S.'s second largest textile-fabric maker, did not produce a single consumer end product; now it makes dozens, including sheets, towels, blankets, stockings and draperies. The industry also has prospered as a result of imaginative research. For example, Burlington Industries, the largest of them all (1965 sales: \$1.3 billion), sells thermal-lined draperies with a thin layer of acrylic that effectively absorbs cold drafts that sift in through window frames. Possible products now undergoing final tests in

BRUCE ROBERTS, RAPHAEL GUILLOUETTE  
SPINNING FOR UNIFORMS IN SOUTH CAROLINA  
When threadbare is a nice way to

Burlington labs: a carpet woven of stainless steel filaments that will eliminate static electricity; a new drapery lining that by chemical action can control the amount of light filtering through it, with the result that more light will be allowed to enter a room on dark days.

**Pressing Problems.** Amid all the prosperity and progress, the textile mills do have their troubles. Imports have almost quadrupled in the last decade as foreign producers, with lower labor costs, have undercut American prices. Cotton, wool, and synthetic fabrics keep their own wage costs down as textile firms have built nearly 200 new plants in the Southeast and are vigorously opposed union attempts to organize them. Only a couple of weeks ago, the National Labor Relations Board, in an unusually strong order, ruled Stevens guilty of flagrant violation of federal labor laws, and used the federal power of injunction to prohibit wholesale illegal firings, intimidation of employees, and threatening replacement union activity. The company is appealing the order, which requires the company to rehire 71 employees and send letters to others pledging to maintain its ways.

The industry's most pressing problem, happily enough, is a standing one: to make the threadbare capacity of the U.S. mills (estimated at 1.5 million spindles) meet the new demand. Cotton Mill No. 4, under construction, will add \$10 million to the \$250 million in sales: \$250 million last week.

Stevens started work on a \$10 million synthetics factory in 1966, and a \$10 million glass-fiber-weaving factory in 1967. All told, the textile industry has invested more than \$1 billion in new expanded plants this year, and the total invested in the last 10 years

Breathes there a man with soul so dead that he hasn't missed his wife on a business trip? So why not Be Big About It and take her along? On United Air Lines you both travel for 25% off regular Jet Coach fare with United's new Excursion Fare Plan. And with United's new Personal Travel Credit Card you can charge both fares. "New York, New York — it's a wonderful town." And even more so when your wife's there with you. See your Travel Agent or call United Air Lines

TIME ARTICLES



*Is your wife too busy?*

for reservations.

Then rush home and surprise your wife. You can tell us later how it feels to be a hero.

*fly the friendly skies of United.*



"You know all that money we saved?  
Well, I can buy . . ."



## Now you can get close to the pin from any kind of lie with new Wilson Staff X-31 Irons

Pick the tightest lie you can imagine.

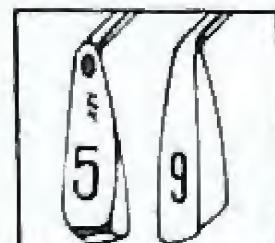
Long grass. The edge of a divot hole. A natural depression in the fairway.

Or pick any ordinary fairway lie.

Now drop a ball—and go after it with a new Wilson Staff model X-31 iron.

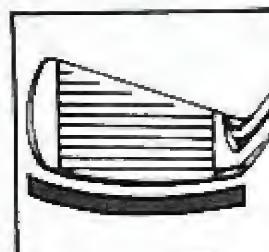
In less time than it takes to finish up your follow-through, you'll prove to yourself that a new X-31 iron gets the ball up in the air quicker and on its way to the pin with more power and accuracy than any other club in the history of golf!

Every new X-31 iron gives you four outstanding new construction features that make X-31's the easiest-playing clubs in the game today.

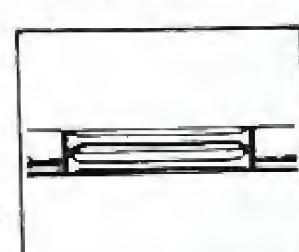


1. The sole of an X-31 iron is wider and heavier than the sole of any other iron. For example, the sole of an X-31 5-iron is wider than the sole of most 9-irons. This means that you can now hit even your longest iron shots with the

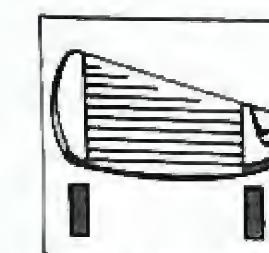
same control that used to be reserved only for wedge and high-iron shots.



2. From toe to heel, the sole of an X-31 iron is more deeply contoured than the sole of most other irons. This means that you take a narrower, cleaner divot—cutting down on the "drag" that reduces club head speed and robs you of distance. The contoured sole of an X-31 gets all of the blade behind the ball—even in a tight lie—for maximum power and control.



3. The shaft is specially designed with Wilson's exclusive "Power-Groove"—a vertical ribbed section of the shaft which helps keep the club face perpendicular to the line of flight for maximum accuracy.



4. The blade is longer and deeper than other irons, with wider face scoring, to give you a wider, more effective hitting area.

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**Wilson**

Wilson Sporting Goods Co., Chicago  
(A subsidiary of Wilson & Co., Inc.)

The grip of an X-31 iron is comfortable and has a better feel than any other grip in the game. And Wilson gives you a choice of grips: soft calfskin leather over a new, softer rubber underlay, or 5-Star composition.

New Wilson X-31 irons also give you the perfectly-matched shafts and exclusive drilled-through heads that have made Wilson Staff irons the choice of skilled golfers for many years.

See a complete new set of Wilson Staff irons in your golf professional's shop now.

And be sure to see the new Wilson X-31 woods, too. They're woods with the revolutionary patented design that puts the power of the shaft directly behind the hitting area for extra distance and improved accuracy.

A full set of X-31 clubs costs a few dollars more than ordinary clubs, of course. That's because it costs more to make top-quality clubs for serious golfers.

Available only through professional golfers.



A new era  
in golf  
begins today

## WORLD BUSINESS

### AUSTRIA

#### Troubled Affluence

On the surface, Maine-sized Austria hums with *gemütlich* prosperity. Unemployment shrank last year to a negligible 2%, and wages rose faster (10%) than the cost of living (6%). Last week pre-Easter shoppers crowded Vienna's Kärntnerstrasse, splurging on everything from spring ski sweaters to imported delicacies like *pâté de foie gras* and French Beaujolais. Swarms of Volkswagens, Fords and Austrian-built Puchs choked the streets of downtown Vienna, where private autos were a rarity only ten years ago. Travel reservations for the Easter holiday were virtually unobtainable.

Despite such symptoms of affluence, the Austrian economy is in trouble. In sharp contrast to the U.S. and most of Europe, Austrian industrial investment in new plants and equipment has dwindled by an average 4% a year for four years, and the decline seems sure to continue throughout 1966. The investment shrinkage is undermining Austria's ability to compete in its biggest foreign market, the European Economic Community, which took 47% of the country's exports last year.

**The Hobbled & the Small.** Exports are falling while imports rise, and productivity gains by Austrian labor have slowed. Many experts feel that the economy is headed for slow stagnation. Professor Franz Nemschak, head of Vienna's Institute for Economic Research, warned last week that "Austria will surely go downhill unless we weed out the weaknesses in our economy."

The chief weakness lies in the na-

tionalized 53% of Austrian industry: steel, aluminum, oil, chemicals, leather, paper and lumber, plus the deficit-burdened state railway. Hobbled by price control, high taxes to finance lavish welfare programs and a chronic lack of capital, both nationalized and private industry have been loath to expand into new product lines or even to modernize plants rebuilt after World War II with \$1 billion of Marshall Plan aid. On top of that, much of private industry is fragmented into pint-sized firms—25% employ no more than 20 persons. Predictably, they turn out goods in small volume at comparatively high prices.

Fortunately, food remains cheap and 1913-vintage rent control keeps the cost of city housing down to a mere \$4 to \$8 per month. Even so, Austrian workers earn an average of only \$1,500 a year, and the Austrian standard of living lags so far behind that of its Western neighbors that some analysts fear a massive emigration of skilled manpower.

**Harsh Prescription.** Hoping to gain ground in the great European prosperity race, Austria's new conservative-led coalition government is pressing hard for some kind of alliance with the Common Market. Though barred from full membership by its peace treaty with Russia, Austria believes that even "associate" status in the EEC would mean tariffs so low that competition would force its sluggish home industries to become more efficient. Of course, some Austrian firms would perish in the process. "They'd die anyway eventually," shrugs Austrian EEC Envoy Eugen Buresch. As harsh as that prescription sounds, Austria seems willing to swallow it to bolster its economic strength.



EUROFINANCE'S ALEXANDRE  
Mining gold in a paper desert.

### FRANCE

#### Unlocking Corporate Secrets

"Every time we send a man out, we consider it an expedition, a real trip into the desert. We always go fully equipped, taking our own water and supplies, as it were." So says Marc Alexandre, 37, managing director of the Union Internationale d'Analyse Economique et Financière, a Paris-based company better known as Eurofinance. Alexandre's desert is Western Europe, where companies keep information secret that would be routinely available in the U.S. The job of Eurofinance's well-equipped men is to unlock the secrets and break the silence, collecting for clients complete statistics on corporate holdings, activities and profits throughout a continent.

Eurofinance is 80% owned and chiefly supported by eight European and three U.S. banks (Pittsburgh's Mellon National, Chicago's Northern Trust and San Francisco's Wells Fargo). For \$50,000 a year from each of them, plus \$30,000 from four associate subscribers, the company's 80-man staff prepares quarterly reports on the European economy and the most thorough corporate analyses and industrial surveys obtainable on the Continent. Last week Eurofinance clients were digesting a fresh two-volume, 254-page analysis of Western Europe's auto industry, it not only pinpoints which firms produce how much in what countries, but also forecasts the market through 1970. Such a study is extraordinary in Europe. "Our job," says Alexandre, "is to fight tradition. We are unorthodox."

**In the Bedroom.** Alexandre's personal encounters with corporate secrecy led to Eurofinance's founding in 1961. A



Chaseman Earl Winters helps a customer in the Oakes Field branch.

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They understand its people, its economy, its banking system.

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As a matter of fact, no matter where in the world you choose to do business there is a Chase branch, representative, affiliate or correspondent bank to serve you.

And wherever you live or wherever you trade, Chase Manhattan can help you. We ask for the opportunity.

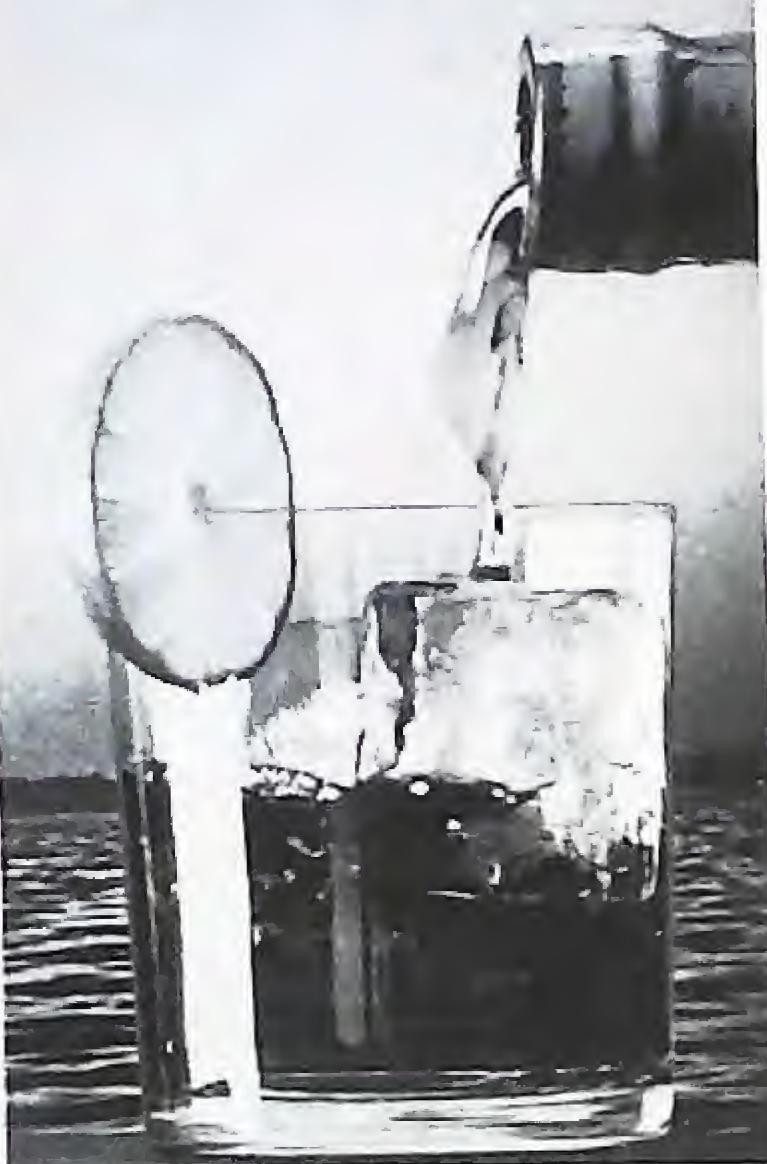


"GEMÜTLICHKEIT" IN VIENNA  
Humming a worrisome national tune.

TIME, APRIL 8, 1966



**Tonight  
after  
twilight,  
come  
to know  
the mystery  
of Ireland's  
Legendary  
Liqueur.**



Mix an Irish Mister. Pour one jigger Irish Mist® Liqueur over ice, add  $\frac{1}{4}$  fresh lime. As different from Irish whiskey as liqueur is from liquor.



80 Proof Heublein, Inc. Hartford, Conn. Sole Importer, U.S.A.

1917, when a Pirelli engineer patented an oil-insulated cable that could safely handle far more than the then limit of 33,000 volts, the company established a big name in high-tension cables. Pirelli cables now carry up to 420,000 volts. Recently, Pirelli put out its "BS" tire with replaceable tread bands, including a spiked winter band.

A year ago Alberto retired at 82 and turned the chairmanship over to his son Leopoldo, who had been sharing his office for the previous nine years. Leopoldo does not emulate the quainter cus-

## MILESTONES

**Born.** To Robert Goulet, 32, crooner and TV star, currently doing the spy bit on ABC's *Blue Light*, and Carol Lawrence, 33, Broadway's darkly beautiful Maria in the Broadway version of *West Side Story*. their second child, second son: in Los Angeles.

**Married.** Susan Fowler, 22, Sarah Lawrence junior and daughter of Secretary of the Treasury Henry H. Fowler; and James Gallagher, 22, Columbia University English major; in Alexandria, Va., at an Episcopal ceremony attended by President and Mrs. Johnson and four Cabinet members.

**Married.** Lord Rothermere, 67, British press lord presiding over an \$84 million publishing empire (London Daily Mail, Evening News, Daily Sketch); and Mary Murchison Ohrstrom, 35, Texas heiress and niece of Clint Murchison, he for the third time (his second wife later married author Ian Fleming, who had been named correspondent in Rothermere's divorce suit), she for the second; in London.

Died. Helen Menken, 64, bravura Broadway actress of the 1920s and '30s, who is best remembered for her 1933 portrayal of Elizabeth Tudor in Maxwell Anderson's long-running *Mary of Scotland*, later suffered facial paralysis when nerves were accidentally severed during a 1949 mastoid operation, but went on to become nine-year president of the American Theater Wing, sponsor of the annual "Tony" awards, of a heart attack; in Manhattan.

Died. C. S. (Cecil Scott) Forester, 66, British author transplanted to California, most famed for his ten-book series on the 19th century heroics of the indefatigable Captain Horatio Hornblower; of a heart attack, in Fullerton, Calif. Writing, said Forester, "is a toilsome bore"; yet, with an enforced daily ritual of 1,000 words, he managed in 40 years to publish 45 books on every subject from marionettes to the slave trade, all lucidly worded, all carefully researched. Two novels, *Payment Deferred* and *The African Queen*, became film classics, and his cynical 1936 study

ustoms of his forebears, such as trying to open all the mail and sign all the bills personally, but he is just as confidently in command. He is expanding Ferrelli's international operations eastward by helping the Russians build two plants. He is shifting emphasis toward projects that require advanced technology and heavy investment, such as cables and tires, and away from smaller projects that require a bigger labor input. He also hopes to achieve "vertical" expansion in the cable business by developing his own sources of scarce copper.

of the military mind. *The General*, reportedly Hitler's favorite novel, *Führer* took it seriously.

**Died.** Erwin Piscator, 72, German director-producer and theatrical theorist who in the 1920s made Berlin's theater ring with the cries of tortured humanity in such productions as the bitingly anti-war *Good Soldier Schweik* (1928). He fled the Nazis in 1933, but returned after the war to continue his controversial themes, most notably in 1951 when he staged the world premiere in Berlin of *The Deputy*, Rolf Hochhuth's stinging indictment of Pope Paul VI's wartime attitude toward Jews. He ruptured gall bladder, in Starnberg, Bavaria.

**Died.** Maxfield Parrish, 95, ~~Qui~~  
born dean of U.S. illustrators, ~~qui~~  
diaphanous damsels, Homeric ~~bea~~  
devilish dwarfs and capering clowns  
livened magazine covers (*Collier's* &  
*per's Weekly*), made dull books ~~pe~~  
lilar, and helped turn Jell-O and Fish  
into bestsellers by virtue of their ~~at~~  
chronic lung disease, in Plainfield, N.J.  
In 1964, with a retrospective show  
Manhattan, Parrish was hailed as ~~as~~  
cursor of pop art, and responded  
saying: "How can these ~~avant-g~~  
people get anything ~~out of me~~ so  
hopelessly commonplace?" Probably  
most lasting single work, bought  
John Jacob Astor in 1916 for \$12  
is a 30-ft. mural of King Cole ~~and~~  
merry court that still tollifies the ~~the~~  
Manhattan's St. Regis Hotel

Death Revealed. *Trigger, 13*  
Rogers' original *Palomino* *sh*  
whose 65 hard-learned *tricks* *were*  
star billing in '86 *venues*, a *few*  
matched by his successor *Trigger*  
28, who does 45 *stunts* *but never*  
beyond rodeo *appearances* *and*  
*shows*, of old *age* *but* *not*  
Hidden Valley, Calif. *Rogers* *had*  
withheld the *announcement* *because*  
could not bear to *think* *the* *loss*  
the horse's devoted *owner* *who* *had*  
to "Trigger, U.S.A." *I just* *say* *Re*  
see covering him up *say* *Re*  
so Trigger has been *filled* *up*  
at Rogers' ranch

You get  
twice the "grip"  
on slippery streets  
with a 4-wheel drive  
**'Jeep' Wagoneer.**



Every time it rains, or snows, or ices up—and you're feeling your way on "skiddy" streets—you need the safety of 'Jeep' 4-wheel drive. Shift smoothly from 2-wheel to 4-wheel drive at any speed, and you've got control ordinary wagons don't have. That same extra traction takes you off the road, across rough country—hunting, skiing, through mud, sand, almost anywhere!

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## Tangos

Or sambas or frugs or bossa novas or fire dances or tea dances. Don't be bashful. South America will try anything once.

## Crescendos

This is Iguassú Falls, larger than Niagara, larger than Victoria, located where Argentina, Brazil and Paraguay meet. You can't miss it

SOUTH AMERICA HAS TWO SIDES. AND WE CAN SHOW YOU BOTH.

The West Coast with Panagra: Find the lost kingdom of Machu Picchu. Seek history in Lima, where old colonial means old Spain. See an altar of solid silver in Santiago. Play games on the beach at Viña del Mar.

The East Coast with Pan Am: Battle a king fish called Dorado on the Salto Grande. Climb a mountain, right in Rio. Watch the world go by, from an Amazon riverboat. Watch the people go by, from an Ipanema cabaña. Go buy a nugget of gold, in Paramaribo.

Both coasts are yours for the price of a 30-day Jet economy excursion to Buenos Aires. And that's only \$550 from New York, \$674 from Los Angeles.

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PAN AMERICAN GRACE AIRWAYS PAN AMERICAN AIRWAYS



## CINEMA

### Elsa Untamed

*Born Free* is a posthumous triumph for Elsa the lioness, one of the queen bees of her time and now the subject of a lively movie biography that should leave audiences purring. Heroine of two bestsellers by Joy Adamson, wife of a game warden in Kenya, Elsa began her career as an orphan cub, became a 300-lb. lapful of love and affection, but ultimately returned to her wild, natural way of life. The clincher of this zoological success story is that Elsa, once taught by her human protectors how to stalk and kill, remained their friend until her death in 1961, paying them frequent visits, sometimes with her own trio of snarling cubs in tow.

Made on location in Kenya, *Born Free* glows with dusty golden beauty, the lion's share of it supplied by the big cats themselves. Two portray Elsa as a young adult, their identites smoothly meshed in the part, while 17 others maul major and minor roles, chewing seat cushions or carcasses, chasing elephants, or scaring the district commissioner (Geoffrey Keen) into fits of quietly civilized panic. The Adamsons are played by a British husband-and-wife team, Virginia McKenna and Bill Travers, who perform with a conviction that nearly matches their courage among lions. The result of a year's filming is a wonderfully credible re-creation of man-animal friendship, most joyously free when they romp through the surf on a sunny Indian Ocean holiday.

The toilsome chore of untaming their pampered playmate gives the movie tension, much of it spelled out in pictures more than equal to the rich lion lore contained in the book. In one sequence, an embarrassed Elsa is bullied by a wart hog, and still cannot understand that she will soon have to kill in order to survive. Later, she lies yawning atop the Land Rover, unmoved by a young bachelor lion lazing under a tree. Before Elsa mates successfully, reports the

surrogate Mrs. Adamson, "we suffered all the agony of parents whose teen-age daughter is out on her first date."

Under Executive Producer Carl Foreman (*The Guns of Navarone*), Director James Hill and Scenarist Gerald L. C. Copley occasionally tie up a superior cat's tale with tinny sentimentalizing, first in some trumpery about shipping Baby Elsa off to captivity in Rotterdam, again in subtle but fairly insistent reminders that Mrs. Adamson craves an outlet for her maternal instinct. More often, though, the film treats animals with deep respect unspoiled by anthropomorphic cuteness; a baby elephant, a furry, gin-thirsty little hyrax (similar to a guinea pig) and a basketful of scrappy jungle kittens have natural charm enough to soften up the most inflexible zoophobe. *Born Free* strikingly reaffirms the lesson taught by Elsa—that loyalty, gratitude and affability are traits to be cherished in any species.

### Nuns Dimittis

*The Trouble with Angels*. Most comedies about nuns operate on the gradual-warm-up principle. The fun is controlled for a while by force of habit, but before long the sisters are gaily falling into swimming pools, wheeling school buses around as though they were Maseratis, or treating a math class like the starting line-up at Pimlico. In *Angels*, based on Jane Trahey's *Life with Mother Superior*, Mother Superior Rosalind Russell does none of these things. She wisely leaves such nonsense to lesser members of the faculty, while she herself wages a war of nerves with Hayley Mills and June Harding, a pair of cigar-smoking students who seem determined to overthrow dear old St Francis Academy by force and violence.

The peccadilloes of a Catholic girlhood last for four long years, and only



MILLS & HARDING IN "ANGELS"  
Puffing up a war of nerves.

serve to misrepresent a good-hearted girl; at graduation time Hayley decides to enter the novitiate. Roz, a worldly comedienne, retains her dignity through several assaults of whimsy that would shake a saint. In one dreary episode, she is conned into buying scanty costumes for the school band. In another, she sends a shy little nun off to help a pack of screaming girls shop for their first brassières. Director Ida Lupino lets *Angels* swing lowest when she introduces a lay teacher, clad in passionate purple, whose specialty is "interpretive movement." Gypsy Rose Lee plays the part with all the boop-de-doo phoniness a second-rate show deserves.

### Stranger Than Fission

*La Fuga*. Any electricity generated by this low-voltage Italian drama can be traced to Anouk Aimée, playing an interior decorator who is more beautiful than most, and more manly too. Anouk's boldest designs are reserved for Giovanna Ralli, a newer exotic, who smartly assumes the attitudes of a neurotic young matron beset by conventional woes. Her parents are a wretchedly selfish pair; she cannot concentrate on her young son; and her physician husband is so preoccupied with the mysteries of nuclear fission that he seldom wonders what his wife thinks. Giovanna consults an analyst and discovers that she thinks mostly about Anouk.

Making his feature-film debut with *La Fuga* (The Flight), Director Paolo Spinola brings off one unabashedly lesbian love scene, but mostly his camera composes a critical essay on wealth, boredom, lovers, luxury flats, all the icons of fashionable corruption that Italian moviemakers love to hate. The rest of the movie is so elliptical that Giovanna's "tragic death," presumably by suicide, is never explained, and cues the physician to recall more of her unhappy history in flashbacks pressed from a charred diary. Sad to say, the dead wife's darker secrets turn out to be less interesting, after all, than some of the projects under way out at the lab.



RALLI & AIMÉE IN "LA FUGA"  
Hatching some bold designs.

McKENNA & FRIEND IN "BORN FREE"  
Teaching a lion its lore.  
TIME, APRIL 8, 1966

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A lot of little girls get to put on a lot of new cotton dresses because of what goes on at Continental Bank, a lot of miles from cotton country.

This is where the money comes from.

Directly, and through our correspondent banking network, flows money for seed, for fertilizer, for harvest machinery, for farm equipment. Money for shipping, and lines of credit, and needles, and looms.

Money to finance inventories and pay for plant expansion, and invest in the new patterns, and the good plans, and even a dream or two.

But money alone can no more describe the spirit and vitality of this bank than the fact of oil paint can explain what Rembrandt did with it.

Our money, after all, is no greener than any other money. But our executives are smarter, and our special departments are more deeply staffed, and our correspondent banking network is larger, and our experience in your field is far broader than you may have imagined.

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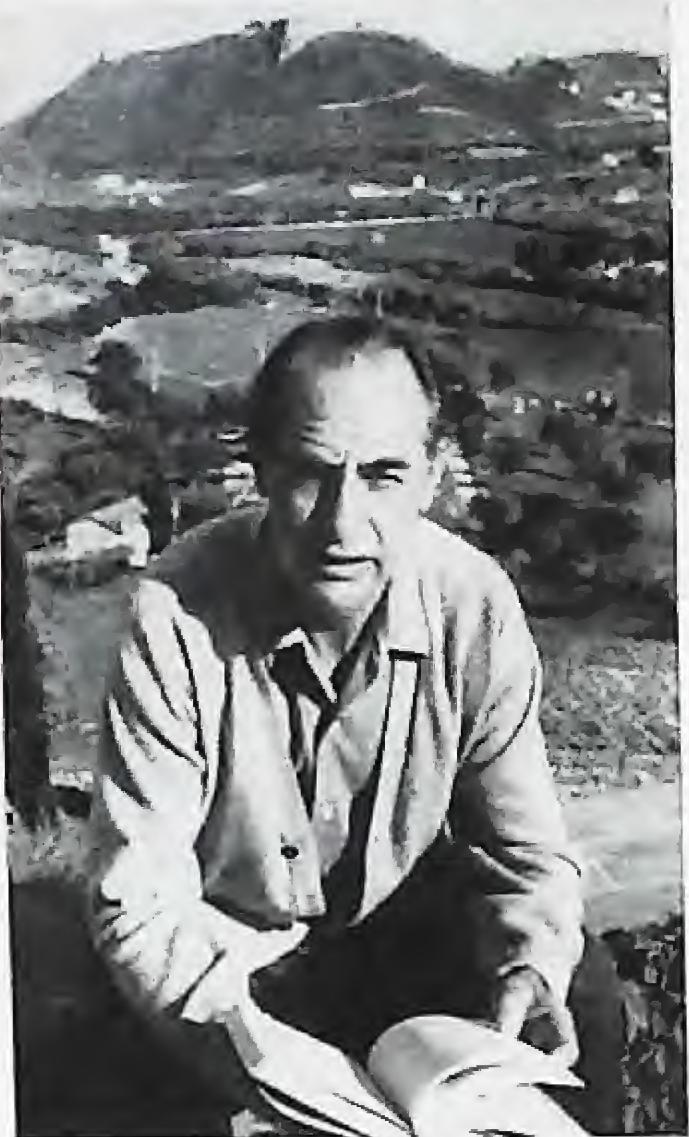
## BOOKS

### When the Capsule Broke

THE FATAL IMPACT by Alan Moorehead. 230 pages. Harper & Row \$5.95.

Out of the history of man's ventures and adventures into the lives of the peoples of the Pacific Ocean, Alan Moorehead (*The White Nile*, *The Blue Nile*, *Cooper's Creek*) has constructed a coherent parable that is an irony in time, a version of the fall of man—a chronicle of inevitable disasters. The "impact" of

CARLO BAVAGNOLI



ALAN MOOREHEAD  
The Noble Savage wept.

which he writes in this unobtrusively expert narrative is the effect of the European Enlightenment upon the primitive, "the fateful moment when a social capsule is broken open, when primitive creatures, beasts as well as men, are confronted for the first time with civilization."

Moorehead's hero is Captain James Cook, and his story deals chiefly with Cook's investigation of three very different places: Tahiti (a geographical designation that includes what are now the islands of Hawaii), Australia, about which Moorehead, himself an Australian, writes with wounding perception, and Antarctica, which the 19th century almost stripped of life and in which man now lives in catacombs of perpetual ice, sustained by machines. It is with the first two regions that Moorehead deals most expertly.

A Quick One with Darwin. Tahiti existed in the imagination of Europe before the Europeans sighted its shores. Ever since the decline of the notion of original sin, philosophers of the Enlightenment had tried to account for man's lamentable condition. The state of nature remained an abstraction until Tahiti was discovered; it seemed to be just what the doctors of philosophy had

ordered. Here was proof that the Noble Savage did exist.

The anti-Christian philosophers were ready to defend this paradise. The Encyclopedist Diderot warned that Europeans would despoil the Tahitians' Eden with "dagger and crucifix." The Rousseauian enthusiasts overlooked a few things: the Tahitians waged war and practiced human sacrifice and ritual cannibalism; they even had priests, an unamiable group who killed all their own offspring, apparently on trade-union principles.

One thing they lacked was a sense of guilt, which, much to Moorehead's evident regret, was imported by missionaries along with a new taboo—against strong drink. It is nice to know, however, that when a latecomer called Charles Darwin offered a consolatory dram of booze to the muted inhabitants of what he called "the fallen paradise," they rose to the occasion with noble savagery. Gravely they put their fingers before their lips. Solemnly they uttered the word "missionary." But then they drank.

Bush Belsen. To the first impact of Europe upon Australia, Moorehead gives a poignancy lacking in other accounts. If Cook embodied the best virtues—manly and intellectual—of the 18th century, and the Polynesians of the Central Pacific composed the most gracious of primitive societies, New Holland (as Australia was then called) presented a contrary confrontation: primitive man at his lowest, civilized man at his worst.

Moorehead leaves the contemporary reader aghast at the obtuseness of the British, who followed Cook's discovery with the decision to make a penal settlement of New Holland. Reason has its crimes: since the American dumping ground for Puritan and Catholic dissidents had been lost by the Revolution, it was quite sensible in London to decide that the new continent should be used for a gaol. In 1788, the year of the ratification of the U.S. Constitution, civilization in the form of white slavery arrived at Cook's Botany Bay. So came about a bush Belsen, with men in iron shackles under the bemused eyes of the natives trying to grow food in a land innocent of agriculture.

The first settlement of Captain Arthur Phillip—redcoats and canary-yellow clad convicts—nearly starved to death. A relief ship came with food and news of the French Revolution. Says Moorehead: "What did they make of the terror? Were the convicts delighted that the underdog was having its day? Did any of them pause to reflect that in France, the most sophisticated country on earth, one could watch the guillotine at work in the public streets with sadistic indifference, while here in New Holland the aborigine, the most primitive of all human beings, burst

into tears when he watched a ~~white~~ flogging a prisoner?"

The aborigines had invented neither the wheel nor the plow, nor had they imagined the whip. The same reprobate had been felt before. The Tahitians had burst into tears when Cook had a ~~white~~ flogged on the rigging of his ship. These things have been written of before—Australia's natural history, Pacific exploration, and colonization. It is Moorehead's peculiar talent to keep the ~~white~~ natives and the newcomers in mind at the same time, so that what may have been regarded as mere event takes on the aspect of a moral drama. Historical journalism here justifies itself.

### Some Sort of Sicilian Saint

FIRE UNDER THE ASHES by James McNeish. 324 pages. Beacon Press \$5.95.

Sanctity is hard to explain—when it is present. Saints have often been impossible people who undertake impossible tasks and succeed in highly improbable ways.

Such a one is Danilo Dolci, a 45-year-old Italian who for 14 years has headed a volunteer movement designed to lift a few Sicilian villages out of squalor unmatched in Europe and to raise the inhabitants from the long despair. Dolci (TIME, April 9, 1958) has been proposed for the Nobel Peace Prize, denounced by the Cardinal Archbishop of Palermo; he has won the support of many Communists and some Jesuits, been threatened by the Mafia and been prosecuted for obscenity by the Italian government for his book *Report from Palermo*. In common with most of those on the church's Calendar of Saints, Dolci makes no sense to sensible men. He may well be a saint, but so he will be the first to have received the Lenin Peace Prize.

James McNeish, an itinerant New Zealand journalist, has now undertaken



TIME, APRIL 1958

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Dolci's biography. It is a strange story, and possibly a more ambitious writer would not have succeeded so well. McNeish lets the facts speak their own contradictions and confesses himself baffled, after four years' active association with Dolci, as to the central essence of his subject.

**Reverse Strike.** A hulking, meaty, headstrong man, the father of five children, Dolci is a complex of anomalies who seems to pious Italians a devious political crank, and to political reformers a man of exasperating other worldliness who will fast and pray to get a road built.

It is ten years since Dolci's "reverse strike" won him prominence in the world press. He led a group of unemployed Sicilians out to repair a government road to their village and was imprisoned for trespass. He began in Trapelto, a no-hope town of 2,800, and improvised from day to day the program of action—religious, economic and political—that marks his movement today. He took on the Mafia, which controlled illegal trawler fleets that were robbing the local fishermen of their livelihood. He played the organ in church and criticized the parish priest for his refusal to allow barefoot children to attend Mass. He begged money for food for the starving. He tried to do something about the ancient stink of the picturesque airless houses and to stop children playing in the open sewers. He discovered that when appeals to charity failed, he could exploit a flair for dramatizing unpleasant statistics and shame Rome itself into granting public funds for public relief. When all else failed, he fasted.

"Pack of Jews." Today the Mafia seems to have agreed to live and let Dolci live, although he has given wide publicity to telling statistics—such as that in one village Mafia murders since 1945 outnumber the village's dead of both world wars. As for the Roman Catholic Church, Dolci is now a "lapsed Catholic," and he blames the breach on the "lack of a tradition of charity, even on the level of almsgiving" of the church in Sicily. His fall from the faith he also attributes to the sermons of two Sicilian priests: one denounced a destitute congregation of peasants as "a pack of Jews" for failing to supply the church lire they did not have; the other instructed his peasant parishioners to ostracize sinners.

## Dry Paths in a Swamp

THE POLITE AMERICANS, by Gerald Carson. 346 Pages. Marks. \$1.50.

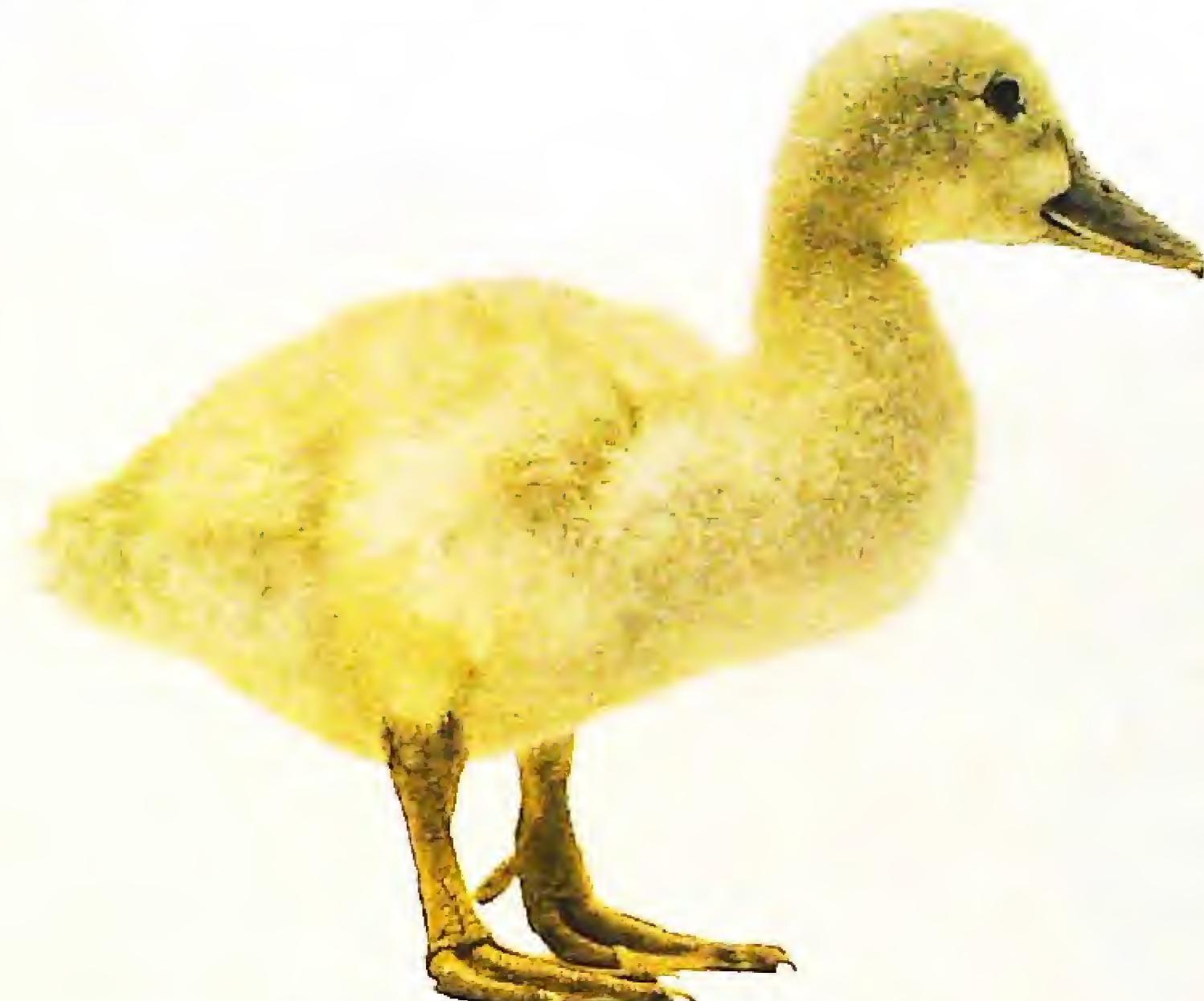
Americans are incorrigible joiners, as witness the National Association of Former FBI Agents, the Asparagus Club, the Auto Dismantlers Association of Southern California and the Concatenated Order of Hoo-Hoo (lumbermen). A dog named Socrates Lovinger is listed in the Manhattan phone book. In colonial times, cussers were punished

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# CHRYSLER LEASING SYSTEM

with a red-hot poker thrust through the profane tongue. In 1900 a New York judge committed an actress to Bellevue for smoking cigarettes. In 1905 the U.S. had more pianos and cottage organs than bathtubs. Mickey Mantle's testimonial versatility pales beside that of Henry Ward Beecher, the preacher, who in the 19th century endorsed numerous products, including soap, sewing machines and trusses. Once, nice girls wore black silk mittens to breakfast, and gentlemen kept their hats on indoors. And, in polite company, gentlemen referred to chickens as boy-birds and girl-birds, and never used the word peacock at all.

**No Map.** Such curious insights into three centuries of American manners and morals stud this book like the ham-

intelligence helter-skelter, letting them fall where they may, and making no pretense whatever of stitching paragraphs or even sentences together so that they scan.

**Wrong Dog.** Slogging through this chaos is exhausting, uphill work, made none the easier by a fallible and somewhat pretentious guide. Carson's book is strewn with such show-off, jawbreaker words as armigerous, pagonologist, acescent, enchiridion, ochlocracy.\* He lapses frequently into ungrammatical constructions and even into error. In his hands, the Court of St. James's, to which all ambassadors to Britain pay their respects, loses its possessive case. L'Osservatore della Domenica, a Vatican weekly, is falsely identified as the more familiar Vatican daily, L'Osservatore Romano. Anyone who dials Socrates Lovinger's number, as given by Carson—LE 5-3221—is bound to get the wrong dog. And where Carson wants to score a point, he fudges: "More people are drinking, but per capita they drink less."

But perseverance can pay. From *The Polite Americans'* morass, the patient reader can pick out a few dry footpaths to a reasonable comprehension of the country's character. It would have been nice, though, and this would certainly have been a better book, if the author had required of the reader a little less perseverance and of himself a little more perspicacity.

#### Mother Knows Best?

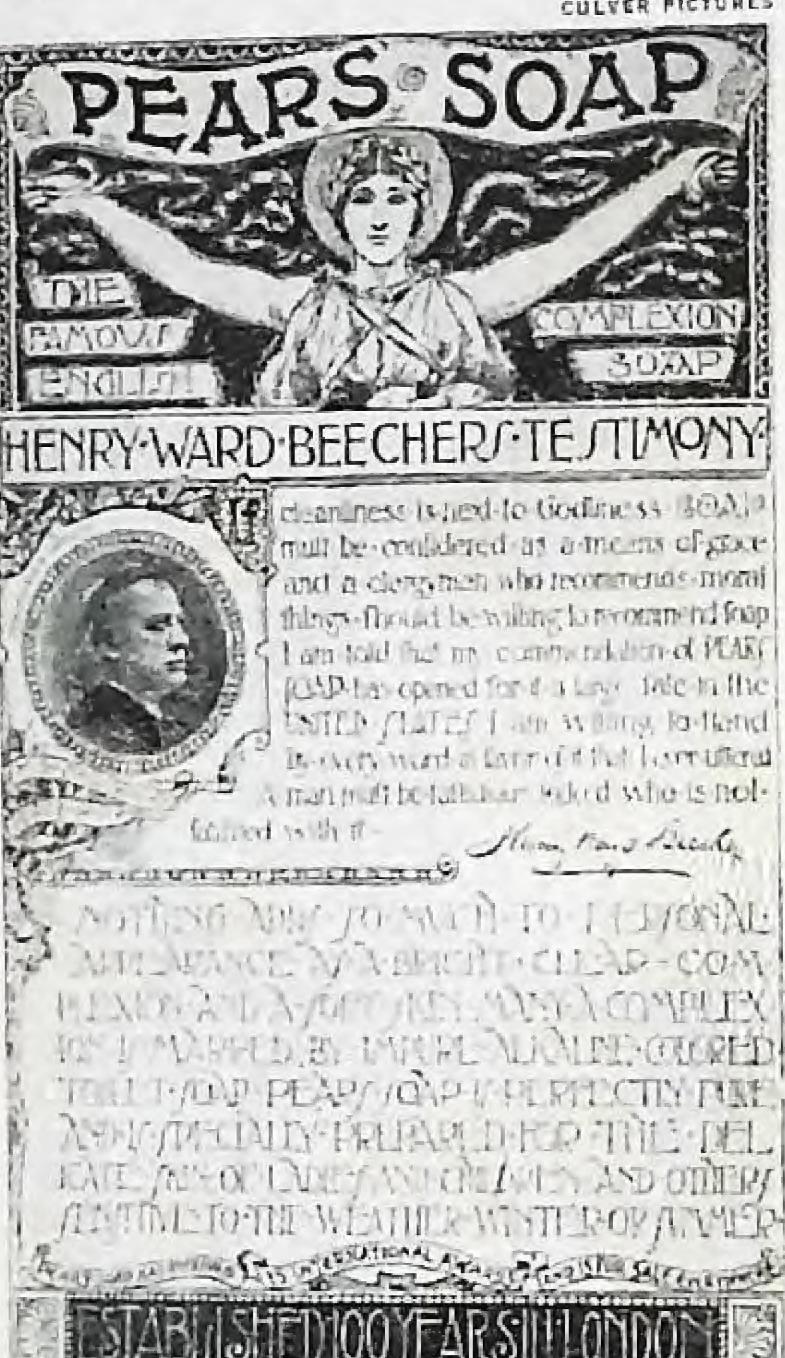
*A MOTHER IN HISTORY* by Jean Stafford. 121 pages Farrar, Straus & Giroux. \$3.95.

Jean Stafford (*The Mountain Lion, Children Are Bored on Sunday*) has a reputation for writing impressively about all sorts of unpleasant human woes and misfortunes—accidents, operations, psychic fear in children. But this is by far her most thoroughly unpleasant book—perhaps the most abrasively unpleasant book in recent years—and it required no writing talent at all.

On three successive days, Author Stafford merely set a tape recorder whirling and asked 58-year-old Marguerite Oswald, mother of Lee Harvey Oswald, to talk nonstop. She complied readily, for a price of course (\$1,500). Anybody who read anything at all about Mrs. Oswald after the Kennedy assassination will know what to expect. For the rest, a minute of her motherly monologue ought to suffice:

"Lee Harvey a failure? I am smiling. I find this a very intelligent boy, and I think he's coming out in history as a very fine person. I can absolutely prove my son innocent. I can do it any time I want by going to Washington, D.C., with some pictures, but I won't do it that way. Because they've been so

\* Bearing heraldic arms, an authority on beards, turning sour, a handbook, government by mob.



BEECHER SOAP TESTIMONIAL  
More than Mickey Mantle.

mer work of a carpenter who has been paid by the nail. Gerald Carson is quite capable of organizing a text, as he demonstrated in *The Roguish World of Doctor Brinkley*, the goat-glands man, *The Social History of Bourbon* and *The Old Country Store*. But here his source material, the mere listing of which takes 19 pages of eyestrain type, apparently overwhelms him. Confronted with so much unassimilated abundance, Carson opts to fly over it, presenting what he calls "a bird's-eye view of the folkways, conventions and inherited ideas governing civilized behavior which have been followed—or flouted—among the English-speaking inhabitants of the United States."

The result is a swampy omnium-gatherum of a book, a disjointed, inchoate and intriguing recital for the negotiation of which the reader desperately needs a map. A map is not supplied. Carson simply fires his tidbits of

intelligence helter-skelter, letting them fall where they may, and making no pretense whatever of stitching paragraphs or even sentences together so that they scan.

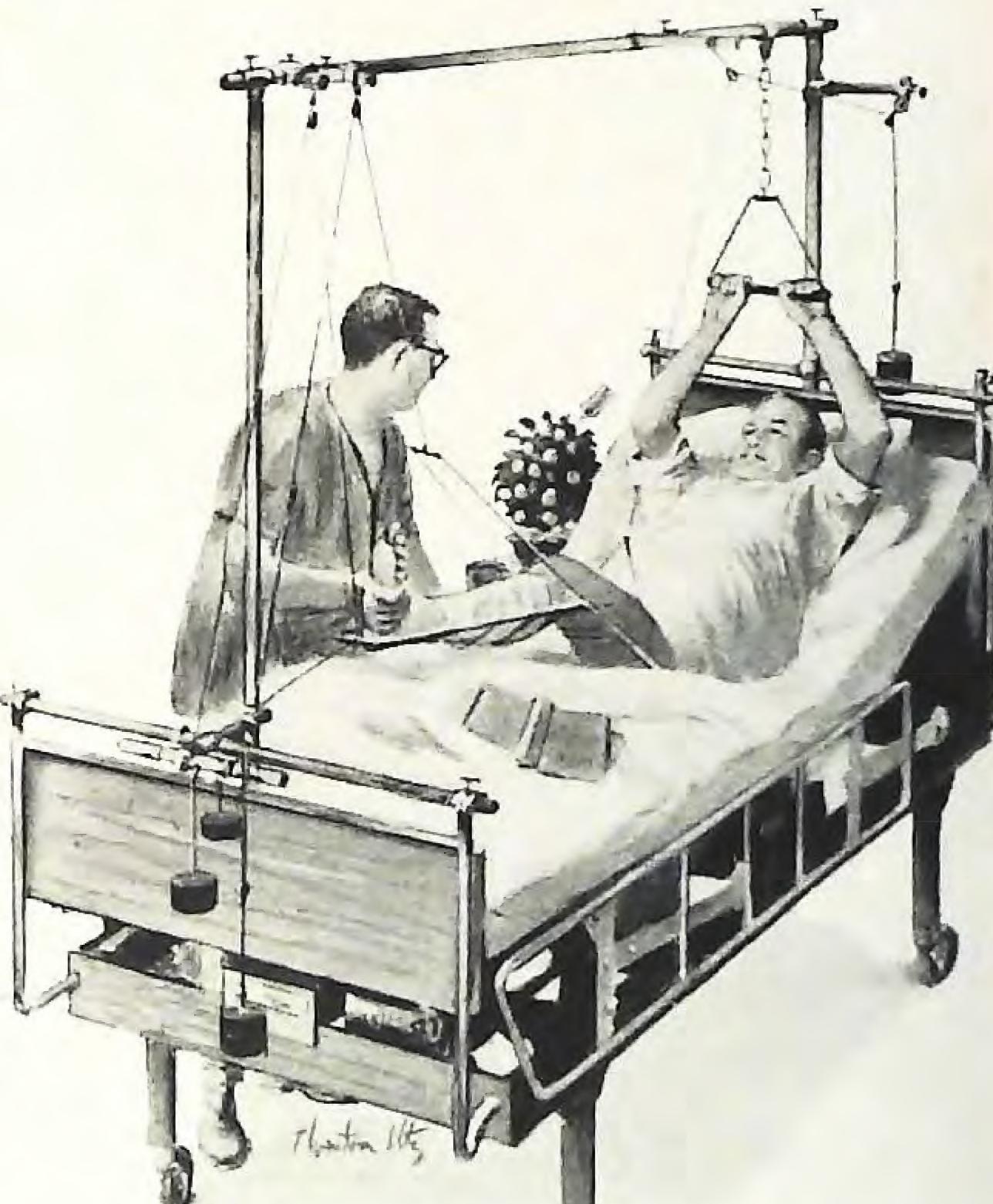


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TIME, APRIL 8, 1966



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**NORTHWESTERN  
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transcripts and official documents, turned out a sound, scholarly underpinning for the story of Sorge's espionage activities.

Sorge's major achievements were nothing short of remarkable. He had long been a top Red Army agent when he turned up in Tokyo as a correspondent for the Frankfurter Zeitung. He got so cozy with staffers in the German embassy that he was even permitted to edit the office newsletter. Before the Japanese got on to him, Sorge had succeeded in warning Moscow in advance of many of Hitler's plans, told his superiors of the impending Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, and gave them 38 days' advance notice of Hitler's invasion of Russia.

Deakin and Storry have done an admirable job in fitting together the bits and pieces in the Sorge case, and in doing so provide an engrossing study of the tedious side of spying. Spy-thriller fans should be warned, however, that the book is too densely packed with scholarly detail to be fast-moving and exciting; it bristles not with action but with footnotes.

#### Short Notices

**THE MONUMENT** by Nathaniel Benchley. 249 pages. McGraw-Hill. \$4.95.

Nathaniel Benchley novels all have a faintly spurious ring, like canned laughter or the new 25¢ piece. That is because Benchley's plots generally straddle the line of plausibility. Like most of his eight other novels, *The Monument* depends on readers who are willing to believe the unbelievable. Its story deals with a campaign to build a Korean War memorial in Hawley, a little inbred New England town on the Atlantic shore. Even before the selectmen vote on it, this modest proposal nourishes more intrigues than the Orient Express and incites more violence, including suicide and murder, than a Mafia convention. None of the characters ever fully escape their enormous and restrictive obligations to the story. But for all that, the reader may find himself wistfully trying to swallow Benchley's preposterous tale, if only for the bouquet. Benchley writes with a smooth comic skill that is at least reminiscent of that of his father, the late humorist Robert Benchley, who himself aspired to write serious stuff, but never got around to it.

**THE SOFT MACHINE** by William S. Burroughs. 182 pages. Grove. \$5.

To make *The Soft Machine* even less coherent than his grotesque *Naked Lunch*, William Burroughs scissored up his manuscript and pasted it back together higgledy-piggledy before turning it in to his publishers. Result: a hallucinatory little non-book of babble whose most distinguishing feature is a preoccupation with sodomy and the dubious joys thereof. Burroughs apologists insist that there are plot and profound meaning imbedded in the book, but only a cultist will find them.

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